POEMS

Mary ON Sliem

Several Occaſions.

By MAT. PRIOR, Eſq;



DUBLIN:

Printed for *J. Hyde* in *Dame-ſtreet*, *R. Gunne* in *Caple-ſtreet*, *R. Owen* in *Skinner-Row*, and *E. Dobſon* in *Caſtle-ſtreet*, Bookſellers. 1719.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable

LIONEL,

EARL of

DORSET and *MIDDLE-SEX*.

IT looks like no great Compliment to your Lordſhip, that I prefix Your Name to this Epiſtle; when, in the Preface, I declare the Book is publiſh'd almoſt againſt my Inclination. But, in all Caſes, My Lord, You have an Hereditary Right to whatever may be called Mine. Many of the following Pieces were written by the Command of your Excellent Father; and moſt of the reſt, under His Protection and Patronage.

The particular Felicity of Your Birth, My Lord; the natural Endowments of Your Mind, (which, without ſuſpicion of Flattery) I may tell You, are very Great; The good Education with which theſe Parts have been improved; and Your coming into the World, and ſeeing Men very early; make Us expect from Your Lordſhip all the Good, which our Hopes can form in Favour of a young Nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*,—— Our Eyes and our Hearts are turned on You. You muſt be a judge and

Master of Polite Learning; a Friend and Patron to Men of Letters and Merit; a faithful and able Counsellor to Your Prince; a true Patriot to Your Countrey; an Ornament and Honour to the Titles You possess; and in one Word, a Worthy Son to the Great Earl of *Dorset*.

It is as impossible to mention that Name, without desiring to Commend the Person; as it is to give Him the Commendations which His Virtues deserv'd. But I assure my self, the most agreeable Compliment I can bring Your Lordship, is to pay a grateful Respect to Your Father's Memory. And my own Obligations to Him were such; that the World must pardon my Endeavoring at His Character, however I may miscarry in the Attempt.

A Thousand Ornaments and Graces met in the Composition of this Great Man; and contributed to make Him universally Belov'd and Esteem'd. The Figure of His Body was Strong, Proportionable, Beautiful: and were His Picture well Drawn, it must deserve the Praise given to the Pourtraits of *Raphael*; and, at once, create Love and Respect. While the Greatness of His Mein inform'd Men, they were approaching the Nobleman; the Sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron. There was in His Look and Gesture something that is easier conceived than described; that gain'd upon You in His Favor, before He spake one Word. His Behavior was Easie and Courteous to all; but Distinguished and Adapted to each Man in particular, according to his Station and Quality. His Civility was free from the Formality of Rule, and flowed immediately from his good Sense.

Such were the Natural Faculties and Strength of His Mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from Education: and he owed those Advantages to his own Good Parts, which Others acquire by Study and Imitation. His Wit was Abundant, Noble, Bold. Wit in most Writers is like a Fountain in a Garden, supply'd by several Streams brought thro' artful Pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the Earl of *Dorset*'s was a Source

Source rising from the Top of a Mountain, which forced it's own way, and with inexhauſtible Supplies, delighted and inriched the Country thro' which it paſs'd. This extraordinary Genius was accompany'd with ſo true a Judgment in all Parts of fine Learning, that whatever Subject was before him, He Diſcours'd as properly of it, as if the peculiar Bent of his Study had been apply'd that way; and He perfected His Judgment by Reading and Digeſting the beſt Authors, tho' He quoted them very ſeldom.

Contemnebat potius literas, quam neſciebat:

And rather ſeem'd to draw His Knowledge from his own Stories, than to owe it to any Foreign Aſſiſtance.

The Brightneſs of his Parts, the Solidity of His Judgment, and the Candor and Generoſity of His Temper diſtinguiſh'd him in an Age of great Politeneſs, and at a Court abounding with Men of the fineſt Senſe and Learning. The moſt eminent Maſters in their ſeveral Ways appeal'd to His Determination. *Waller* thought it an Honor to conſult Him in the Softneſs and Harmony of his Verſe: and Dr. *Sprat*, in the Delecacy and Turn of his Proſe. *Dryden* determines by Him, under the Character of *Eugenius*; as to the Laws of Dramatick Poetry. *Butler* pw'd it to Him, that the Court taſted his *Hudibras*. *Wicherley*, that the Town liked his *Plain Dealer*: and the late Duke of *Buckingham* deferr'd to publiſh his *Rehearſal*; 'till He was ſure (as He expreſſed it) that my Lord *Dorſet* would not *Rehearſe* upon him again. If We wanted Foreign Teſtimony; *La Fontaine* and St. *Evremont* have acknowledg'd, that He was a perfect Maſter in the Beauty and Fineneſs of their Language, and of All that they call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this Nicety of His Judgment confined only to Books and Literature; but was the ſame in Statuary, Painting, and all other Parts of Art. *Bernini* would have taken His Opinion upon the Beauty and Attitude of a Figure; and King *Charles* did not agree with *Lely*, that my Lady

Cleveland's Picture was Finiſhed, 'till it had the Approbation of my Lord *Buckehurſt*.

As the Judgement which He made of Others Writings, could not be refuted; the Manner in which He wrote, will hardly ever be Equalled. Every one of His Pieces is an Ingot of Gold, intrinſically and ſolidly Valuable; ſuch as, wrought or beaten thinner, would ſhine thro' a whole Book of any other Author. His Thought was always New; and the Expreſſion of it ſo particularly Happy, that every body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord *Dorſet's*: and yet it was ſo Eaſy too, that Every body was ready to imagine himſelf capable of writing it. There is a Luſtre in His Verſes, like That of the Sun in *Claude Loraine's* Landskips; it looks Natural, and is Inimitable. His Love-Verſes have a Mixture of Delicacy, and Strength: they convey the Wit of *Petronius* in the Softneſs of *Tibullus*. His Satyr indeed is ſo ſeverely Pointed, that in it He appears, what His Great Friend the Earl of *Rocheſter* (that other Prodigy of the Age) ſays He was;

The beſt good Man, with the worſt-natur'd Muſe.

Yet even here, That Character may juſtly be Applied to Him, which PERSIUS gives of the beſt Writer in this Kind, that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus *amico*
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

And the Gentleman had always ſo much the better of the Satyriſt, that the Perſons touched did not know where to fix their Reſentments; and were forced to appear rather aſhamed than Angry. Yet ſo far was this great Author from Valuing himſelf upon His Works, that He cared not what became of them, though every body elſe did. There are many Things of His no Extant

Extant in Writing, which however are always repeated, like the Verſes and Sayings of the Ancient *Druids*, they retain an Unverſal Veneration; tho' they are preſerved only by Memory.

As it is often ſeen, that thoſe Men who are leaſt Qualified for Buſineſs, love it moſt; my Lord *Dorſet*'s Character was, that He certainly underſtood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very Young to the Poſſeſſion of two Plentiful Eſtates, and in an Age when Pleaſure was more in Faſhion than Buſineſs; He turned his Parts rather to Books and Converſation, than to Politicks, and what more immediately related to the Public. But whenever the Safety of His Countrey demanded His Aſſiſtance, He readily entred into the moſt Active Parts of Life; and underwent the greateſt Dangers, with a Conſtancy of Mind, which ſhewed, that He had not only read the Rules of Philoſophy, but underſtood the Practice of them.

In the firſt *Dutch* War He went a Voluntier under the Duke of *York*: His Behavior, during That Campaigne, was ſuch, as diſtinguiſh'd the *Sackville* deſcended from that *Hildebrand* of the Name, who was one of the greateſt Captains that came into *England* with the Conqueror. But His making a Song the Night before the Engagement (and it was one of the prettieſt that ever was made) carries with it ſo ſedate a Preſence of Mind, and ſuch an unuſual Gallantry, that it deſerves as much to be Recorded, as *Alexander*'s jeſting with his Soldiers, before he paſſed the *Granicus*: or *William* the Firſt of *Orange*, giving Order over Night for a Battel, and deſiring to be called in the Morning, leſt He ſhould happen to Sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining Part of King *Charles*'s Reign, He continued to Live in Honorable Leiſure. He was of the Bed-chamber to the King; and Poſſeſſed not only His Maſter's Favor, but (in a great Degree) His Familiarity; never leaving the Court,

but when He was ſent to That of *France*, on ſome ſhort Commiſſions and Embaſſies of Compliment: as if the King deſigned to ſhow the *French*, (who would be thought the Politeſt Nation) that one of the Fineſt Gentlemen in *Europe* was His Subject; and that We had a Prince who underſtood His Worth ſo well, as not to ſuffer Him to be long out of His Preſence.

The ſucceeding Reign neither reliſh'd my Lord's Wit, nor approved His Maxims; ſo He retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable Miſtakes of That unhappy Government, went on to Threaten the Nation with ſomething more Terrible than a *Dutch* War: He thought it became Him to reſume the Courage of his Youth, and once more to Engage Himſelf in defending the Liberty of His Countrey. He entred into the Prince of *Orange*'s Intereſt; and carried on His Part of That great Enterpriſe here in *London*, and under the Eye of the Court; with the ſame Reſolution, as His Friend and Fellow-Patriot the late Duke of *Devonſhire* did in open Arms at *Nottingham*; till the Dangers of thoſe Times increaſed to Extremity; and juſt Apprehenſions aroſe for the Safety of the Princeſs our preſent Glorious Queen: then the Earl of *Dorſet* was thought the propereſt Guide of Her neceſſary Flight, and the Perſon under whoſe Courage and Direction the Nation might moſt ſafely Truſt a Charge ſo Precious and Important.

After the Eſtabliſhment of Their late Majeſties upon the Throne, there was Room again at Court for Men of my Lord's Character. He had a Part in the Councils of thoſe Princes; a great Share in their Friendſhip; and all the Marks of Diſtinction, with which a good Government could reward a Patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majeſties Houſhold; a Place which he ſo eminently Adorn'd, by the Grace of His Perſon, the Fineneſs of His Breeding, and the Knowledge and Practice of what was Decent and Magnificent: that He could only be Rivalled in theſe Qualifications by one great Man, who has ſince held the ſame Staff.

The

The last Honors he receiv'd from his Sovereign, (and indeed they were the Greatest which a Subject could receive) were, That he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted One of the Regents of the Kingdom, during His Majesty's Absence. But his Health, about that time, sensibly Declining; and the Public Affairs not Threatned by any Imminent Danger; He left the Business to Those who delighted more in the State of it; and appeared only sometimes as Council, to show his Respect to the Commission: giving as much Leisure as He could to the Relief of those Pains, with which it pleased God to Afflict Him; and Indulging the Reflections of a Mind, that had looked thro' the World with too piercing an Eye, and was grown weary of the Prospect. Upon the whole; it may very justly be said of this Great Man, with Regard to the Public, that thro' the Course of his Life He Acted like an able Pilot in a long Voyage; contented to sit Quiet in the Cabin, when the Winds were allayed, and the Waters smooth; but Vigilent and Ready to resume the Helm, when the Storm arose, and the Sea grew Tumultuous.

I ask Your Pardon, My Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord *Dorset*'s Character: if I examine it not without some Intention of finding Fault; and (which is an odd way of making a Panegyric) set his Blemishes and Imperfections in open View.

The Fire of His Youth carried Him to some Excesses: but they were accompanied with a most lively Invention, and true Humour: The little Violences and easie Mistakes of a Night too gayly spent, (and That too in the Beginning of Life) were always set Right, the next Day, with great Humanity, and ample Retribution. His Faults brought their Excuse with them, and his very Failings had their Beauties. So much Sweetness accompanied what He said, and so great Generosity what He did; that People were always prepossess'd in his Favor: and it was in Fact true, what the late Earl of *Rochester* said, in Jest, to King *Charles*; That He did not

know how it was, but my Lord *Dorset* might do any thing, yet was never to Blame.

He was naturally very ſubject to Paſſion; but the ſhort Guſt was ſoon over, and ſerved only to ſet off the Charms of his Temper, when more Compos'd. That very Paſſion broke out with a Force of Wit, which made even Anger agreeable: While it laſted, He ſaid and forgot a Thouſand Things, which other Men would have been glad to have ſtudied and wrote: but the Impetuoſity was Corrected upon a Moment's Reflection, and the Meaſure altered with ſuch Grace and Delicacy, that you could ſcarce perceive where the Key was Changed.

He was very ſharp in his Reflections; but never in the wrong Place. His Darts were ſure to Wound; but they were ſure too to hit None but thoſe whoſe Follies gave Him very fair Aim. And when he allowed no Quarter; he had certainly been provoked by more than common Error: by Men's tedious and circumſtantial Recitals of their Affairs; or by their multiply'd Queſtions about his own: by extreme Ignorance and Impertinence; or the mixture of theſe, an ill-judg'd and never-ceaſing Civility: or laſtly, by the two Things which were his utter Averſion; the Inſinuation of a Flatterer, and the Whiſper of a Tale-bearer.

If therefore we ſet the Piece in it's worſt Poſition; if it's Faults be moſt expoſed, the Shades will ſtill appear very finely join'd with their Lights; and every Imperfection will be diminiſhed by the Luſtre of ſome Neighb'ring Virtue. But if We turn the great Drawings and wonderful Colourings to their true Light; the Whole muſt appear Beautiful, Noble, Admirable.

He poſſeſſed all thoſe Virtues in the higheſt Degree, upon which the Pleaſure of Society, and the Happineſs of Life depend: and he exerciſed them with the greateſt Decency, and beſt Manners. As good Nature is ſaid, by a great * Author, to belong more particularly to the *Engliſh*, than any other Nation; it may again be ſaid, that

* Sprat. *Hiſt. of the Royal Society.*

that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl o *Dorſet*, than to any other *Engliſh* Man.

A kind Husband He was, without Fondneſs: and an indulgent Father without Partiality. So extraordinary good a Maſter, that This Quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his Defects: for He was often worſe ſerved than became his Station; from his unwillingneſs to aſſume an Authority too Severe. And, during thoſe little Tranſports of Paſſion, to which I juſt now ſaid He was ſubject; I have known his Servants get into his way, that They might make a Merit of it immediately after: for He that had the good Fortune to be Chid, was ſure of being Rewarded for it.

His Table was one of the Laſt, that gave Us an Example of the Old Houſe-keeping of an *Engliſh* Nobleman. A Freedom reigned at it which made every one of his Gueſts think Himſelf at Home: and an Abundance, which ſhewed that the Maſter's Hoſpitality extended to many More, than Thoſe who had the Honor to ſit at Table with Him.

In his Dealings with Others: his Care and Exactneſs, that every Man ſhould have his Due, was ſuch, that You would think He had never ſeen a Court: the Politeneſs and Civility with which this Juſtice was adminiſtred, would convince You He never had lived out of One.

He was ſo ſtrict an Obſerver of his Word, that no Conſideration whatever, could make him break it: yet ſo cautious, leſt the Merit of his Act ſhould ariſe from that Obligation only; that He uſually did the greateſt Favors, without making any previous Promiſe. So inviolable was He in his Friendſhip; and ſo kind to the Character of Thoſe, whom He had once Honored with a more intimate Acquaintance; that nothing leſs than a Demonſtration of ſome Eſſential Fault, could make Him break with Them: and then too, his good Nature did not conſent to it, without the greateſt Reluctance and Difficulty. Let me give one Inſtance of this amongſt many.

When

When, as Lord Chamberlain, He was obliged to take the King's Penſion from Mr. *Dryden*, who had long before put Himſelf out of a Poſſibility of Receiving any Favor from the Court: my Lord allowed Him an Equivalent, out of his own Eſtate. However diſpleaſed with the Conduct of his old Acquaintance, He relieved his Neceſſities; and while He gave Him his Aſſiſtance in Private; in Public, He extenuated and pitied his Error.

The Foundation indeed of theſe Excellent Qualities, and the Perfection of my Lord *Dorſet*'s Character, was, That unbounded Charity which ran through the whole Tenor of his Life; and ſat as viſibly Predominant over the other Faculties of his Soul; as She is ſaid to do in Heaven, above Her Siſter Virtues.

Crouds of Poor daily thronged his Gates, expecting thence their Bread: and were ſtill leſſened by His ſending the moſt proper Objects of his Bounty to Apprenticeſhips, or Hoſpitals. The Lazar and the Sick, as He accidentally ſaw them, were removed from the Street to the Phyſician: and Many of Them not only reſtored to Health; but ſupplied with what might enable Them to reſume their former Callings, and make their future Life happy. The Priſoner has often been releaſed, by my Lord's paying the Debt; and the Condemned has been ſaved by his Interceſſion with the Sovereign; where He thought the Letter of the Law too rigid. To Thoſe whoſe Circumſtances were ſuch as made Them aſhamed of their Poverty; He knew how to beſtow his Munificence, without offending their Modeſty: and under the Notion of frequent Preſents, gave Them what amounted to a Subſiſtance. Many yet alive know This to be true, though He told it to None, nor ever was more uneaſy, than when any one mentioned it to Him.

We may find among the *Greeks* and *Latins*, *Tibullus*, and *Gallus*; the Noblemen that writ Poetry: *Auguſtus* and *Mæcenas*; the Protectors of Learning: *Ariſtides*, the good Citizen; and *Atticus*, the well-bred Friend: and bring Them in, as Examples, of my Lord

Lord *Dorſet's* Wit; his Judgment; his Juſtice; and his Civility. But for his Charity, My Lord, we can ſcarce find a Parallel in Hiſtory it ſelf.

Titus was not more the *Delicia Humani Generis*, on this Account, than my Lord *Dorſet* was. And, without any Exageration, that Prince did not do more good in Proportion out of the Revenue of the *Roman* Empire, than your Father out of the Income of a private Eſtate: Let this, my Lord, remain in You and Your Poſterity a Poſſeſſion for ever; to be Imitated, and if poſſible, to be Excelled.

As to my own Particular, I ſcarce knew what Life was, ſooner than I found my ſelf obliged to his Favor; nor have had Reaſon to feel any Sorrow, ſo ſenſibly as That of his Death.

Ille dies——— quem ſemper acerbum
Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo.

Æneas could not reflect upon the loſs of his own Father with greater Piety, My Lord, than I muſt recall the Memory of Yours: and when I think whoſe Son I am writing to, the leaſt I promiſe my ſelf from Your Goodneſs is an uninterrupted Continuance of Favor, and a Friendſhip for Life. To which, that I may with ſome Juſtice Intitle my ſelf, I ſend Your Lordſhip a Dedication, not filled with a long Detail of your Praiſes, but with my ſincereſt Wiſhes that you may Deſerve them. That you may Imploy thoſe extraordinary Parts and Abilities with which Heaven has bleſſed You, to the Honor of Your Family, the Benefit of Your Friends, and the Good of Your Countrey; That all Your Actions may be Great, Open, and Noble, ſuch as may tell the World whoſe Son and whoſe Succeſſor You are.

What I now offer to Your Lordſhip is a Collection of Poetry, a kind of Garland of Good Will. If any Verſes of My Writing ſhould appear in Print, under another Name and Patronage, than that of an Earl of *Dorſet*,

Peo-

People might ſuſpect them not to be Genuine. I have attained my preſent End, if theſe Poems prove the Diverſion of ſome of your Youthful Hours, as they have been occaſionally the Amuſement of ſome of Mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller Sheaf, and lay ſome Pieces of a very different Nature (the Product of my ſeverer Studies) at your Lordſhip's Feet, I ſhall engage Your more ſerious Reflection: Happy, if in all my Endeavors I may contribute to Your Delight, or to Your Inſtruction. I am, with all Duty and Reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

MAT. PRIOR.

THE PREFACE.

THE Greateſt Part of what I have Written having already been Publiſhed, either ſingly or in ſome of the Miſcellanies, it would be too late for Me to make any Excuſe for appearing in Print. But a Collection of Poems has lately appeared under my Name, tho' without my Knowledge, in which the Publiſher has given Me the Honor of ſome Things that did not belong to Me; and has Tranſcribed others ſo imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be Mine. This has obliged Me, in my own Defence, to look back upon ſome of thoſe lighter Studies, which I ought long ſince to have quitted, and to Publiſh an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worſe.

Thus I beg Pardon of the Public for Reprinting ſome Pieces, which, as they came ſingly from their firſt Impreſſion, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonſon's *Shop; and adding others to them, which were never before Printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more ſafely, in a Corner of my own Study.*

The Reader will, I hope, make Allowance for their having been written at very diſtant Times, and on very different Occaſions; and take them as they happen to come, Public Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, Serious Reflections, or idle Tales, the Product of his leiſure Hours, who had Buſineſs enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.

PREFACE.

I take this Occasion to thank my good Friend and School-fellow Mr. Dibben, *for his Excellent Version of the* Carmen Seculare, *though my Gratitude may justly carry a little Envy with it; for I believe the most accurate Judges will find the Translation exceed the Original.*

I must likewise own my self obliged to Mrs. Singer, *who has given Me Leave to Print a Pastoral of Her Writing; That Poem having produced the Verses immediately following it. I wish She might be prevailed with to publish some other Pieces of that Kind, in which the Softness of Her Sex, and the Fineness of Her Genius, conspire to give Her a very distinguishing Character.*

POSTSCRIPT.

I *Muſt help my Preface by a Poſtſcript, to tell the Reader that there is Ten Years Diſtance between my writing the One and the Other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have ſomewhere ſaid, that I would publiſh no more Poetry) He will find ſeveral Copies of Verſes ſcattered through this Edition, which were not printed in the Firſt. Thoſe relating to the publick ſtand in the Order They did before, and according to the ſeveral Years, in which They were Written; however the Diſpoſition of our National Affairs, the Actions, or the Fortunes of ſome Men, and the Opinion of others may have changed. Proſe, and other Human Things may take what Turn they can; but Poetry, which pretends to have ſomething of Divinity in it, is to be more permenent.* Odes *once printed cannot well be altered, when the Author has already ſaid, that he expects His Works ſhould Live for Ever. And it had been very fooliſh in my Friend* Horace, *if ſome Years after his* Exegi Monumentum, *he ſhould have deſired to ſee his Building taken down again.*

The Dedication *likewiſe is Reprinted to the Earl of* Dorſet, *in the foregoing Leaves without any Alteration; though I had the faireſt Opportunity, and the ſtrongeſt Inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming Hopes, which I ſaid the World expected from my then very Young Patron, have been confirmed by moſt Noble and diſtinguiſhed Firſt-Fruits, and His Life is going on towards a plentiful Harveſt of all accumulated Virtues. He has, in Fact, exceeded whatever the Fondneſs of my Wiſhes could invent in His Favor: His equally Good and Beautiful Lady enjoys in Him an Indulgent and Obliging Husband; His Children, a Kind and Careful Father; and His Acquaintance, a Faithful, Generous, and Polite Friend. His Fellow-Peers have attended to the Perſwaſion of His Eloquence; and have been convinced by the Solidity of His Reaſoning*

ſoning. He has, long ſince, deſerved and attained the Honor of the Garter. He has managed ſome of the greateſt Charges of the Kingdom with known Ability; and laid them down with entire Diſintereſsment. And as He continues the Exerciſes of theſe eminent Vertues (which that He may do to a very old Age, ſhall be my perpetual Wiſh) He may be One of the Greateſt Men that our Age, or poſſibly our Nation has bred; and leave Materials for a Panegyric, not unworthy the Pen of ſome future Pliny.

From ſo Noble a Subject as the Earl of Dorſet, *to ſo mean a one as my ſelf, is (I confeſs) a very Pindaric Tranſition. I ſhall only ſay one Word, and trouble the Reader no further. I publiſhed my Poems formerly, as Monſieur* Jourdain *ſold his Silk: He would not be thought a Tradeſman; but ordered ſome Pieces to be meaſured out to his particular Friends. Now I give up my Shop, and diſpoſe of all my Poetical Goods at once: I muſt therefore deſire, that the Public would pleaſe to take them in the Groſs; and that every Body would turn over what He does not like.*

THE

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

On *Exodus* iii. 14. *I am that I am.* An ODE.

Written in 1688, *as an Exerciſe at St.* JOHN'S *College,* CAMBRIDGE.

I.

MAN! Fooliſh Man!
Scarce know'ſt thou how thy ſelf began;
Scarce haſt thou Thought enough to prove
Thou art;
Yet ſteel'd with ſtudy'd Boldneſs, thou dar'ſt try
To ſend thy doubting Reaſon's dazled Eye
Through the myſterious Gulph of vaſt Immenſity.
Much thou canſt there diſcern, much thence impart.
Vain Wretch! ſuppreſs thy knowing Pride;
Mortifie thy learned Luſt:
Vain are thy Thoughts, while thou thy ſelf art Duſt.

II.

Let Wit her Sails, her Oars let Wiſdom lend;
The Helm let politick Experience guide:
Yet ceaſe to hope thy ſhort-liv'd Bark ſhall ride
Down ſpreading Fate's unnavigable Tide.
What, tho' ſtill it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its End;
And, in the Boſom of that boundleſs Sea,
Still finds its Error lengthen with its Way.

III.

With daring Pride and inſolent Delight
Your Doubts reſolv'd you boaſt, your Labours crown'd;
And, ΕΥΡΗΚΑ! your God, forſooth is found
Incomprehenſible and Infinite.
But is He therefore found? Vain Searcher! no:
Let your imperfect Definition ſhow,
That nothing You, the weak Definer, know.

IV.

Say, why ſhou'd the collected Main
It ſelf within it ſelf contain?
Why to its Caverns ſhou'd it ſometimes creep,
And with delighted Silence ſleep
On the lov'd Boſom of its Parent Deep?
Why ſhou'd its num'rous Waters ſtay
In comely Diſcipline, and fair Array,
'Till Winds and Tides exert their high Command?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the riſing Surges ſpread
Their op'ning Ranks o'er Earth's ſubmiſſive Head,
Marching thro' different Paths to different Lands?

V.

Why does the conſtant Sun
With meaſur'd Steps his radient Journeys run?
Why does He order the Diurnal Hours
To leave Earth's other Part, and riſe in Ours?
Why does He wake the correſpondent Moon,
And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
Commanding Her with delegated Pow'rs
To beautifie the World, and bleſs the Night?
Why does each animated Star
Love the juſt Limits of it's proper Sphere?
Why does each conſenting Sign
With prudent Harmony combine
In Turns to move, and ſubſequent appear,
To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year?

VI

VI.

Man does with dangerous Curiosity
These unfathom'd Wonders try:
With fancy'd Rules and arbitrary Laws
Matter and Motion he restrains;
And studyd Lines and fictious Circles draws:
Then with imagin'd Sovereignty
Lord of his new HYPOTHESIS he reigns.
He reigns: How long? 'till some Usurper rise;
And he too, mighty Thoughtful, mighty Wise,
Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns.
From this last Toil again what Knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his Predecessor's Rules
Were empty Cant, all JARGON of the Schools;
That he on t'other's Ruin rears his Throne;
And shows his Friend's Mistake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies,
Mountainous Heaps of Wonders rise;
Whose tow'ring Strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's Batteries, or the Mines of Wit:
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man,
Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dare onward press;
And levelling at GOD his wandring Guess,
(That feeble Engine of his reasoning War,
Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give:
Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that Will,
Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill:
Can tell us whence all BEINGS are, and how they move and live.
Thro' either Ocean, foolish Man!
That pregnant Word sent forth again,
Might to a World extend each ATOM there;
For every Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for every Star.

VIII.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide;
And only lift thy staggering Reason up To

To trembling CALVARY's aſtoniſh'd Top;
Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound thy Pride,
Explaining how Perfection ſuffer'd Pain,
Almighty languiſh'd, and Eternal dy'd:
How by her Patient Victor Death was ſlain;
And Earth profan'd, yet bleſs'd with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boaſted Volumes, down:
Only reſerve the Sacred One:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy ſtubborn Knowledge bow;
Weep out thy Reaſon's, and thy Body's Eyes;
Deject thy ſelf, that Thou may'ſt riſe:
To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reaſon's glimmering Light, ſhall give
Her Immortal Perſpective;
And Grace's Preſence Nature's Loſs retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd Soul ſhall ſee,
That all the Volumes of Philoſophy,
With all their Comments, never cou'd Invent,
So politick an Inſtrument,
To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high Abode,
Where MOSES places his Myſterious GOD,
As was that Ladder which old JACOB rear'd,
When Light Divine had human Darkneſs clear'd;
And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

TO THE *COUNTESS of* EXETER, *Playing on the* LUTE.

WHAT Charms You have, from what high Race You ſprung,
Have been the pleaſing Subjects of my Song:
Unskill'd and young, yet ſomething ſtill I writ,
Of CANDISH Beauty join'd to CECIL's Wit.
But when You pleaſe to ſhow the lab'ring Muſe,
What greater Theam your Muſick can produce; My

My babling Praiſes I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, ſtand ſilent, and adore.
The PERSIANS thus, firſt gazing on the Sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it ſhone;
But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughts were rais'd;
And ſoon they worſhip'd, what at firſt they prais'd.
ELIZA's Glory lives in SPENCER's Song;
And COWLEY's Verſe keeps Fair ORINDA young.
That as in Birth, in Beauty You excell,
The Muſe might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your Art no other Art can ſpeak; and You,
To ſhow how well you play, muſt play anew:
Your Muſick's Pow'r your Muſick muſt diſcloſe;
For what Light is, 'tis only Light that ſhows.
Strange Force of Harmony, that thus controuls
Our Thoughts, and turns and ſanctifies our Souls:
While with its utmoſt Art your Sex cou'd move
Our Wonder only, or at beſt our Love:
You far above Both theſe your GOD did place,
That your high Pow'r might worldly Thoughts deſtroy;
That with your Numbers You our Zeal might raiſe,
And, like Himſelf, communicate your Joy.
When to your Native Heav'n You ſhall repair,
And with your Preſence crown the Bleſſings there;
Your Lute may wind its Strings but little higher,
To tune their Notes to that immortal Quire.
Your Art is perfect here; your Numbers do,
More than our Books, make the rude Atheiſt know,
That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.
As in ſome Piece, while LUKE his Skill expreſt,
A cunning Angel came, and drew the reſt:
So when You play, ſome Godhead does impart
Harmonious Aid, Divinity helps Art;
Some Cherub finiſhes what You begun,
And to a Miracle improves a Tune.
To burning ROME when frantick NERO play'd,
Viewing that Face, no more he had ſurvey'd
The raging Flames; but ſtruck with ſtrange Surprize,
Confeſt them leſs than thoſe of ANNA's Eyes: But,

But, had he heard thy Lute, He soon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd:
Thine, like AMPHION's Hand, had wak'd the Stone,
And from Destruction call'd the rising Town:
Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he Burn so fast, as Thou cou'dst Build.

PICTURE *of* SENECA *dying in a Bath,*
By JORDAIN.
At the Right Honourable the EARL *of* EXETER's *at* Burleigh-House.

WHILE cruel NERO only drains
The moral SPANIARD's ebbing Veins,
By Study worn, and slack with Age,
How dull, how thoughtless is his Rage!
Heighten'd Revenge He should have took;
He should have burnt his Tutor's Book;
And long have reign'd supream in Vice:
One nobler Wretch can only rise;
'Tis he whose Fury shall deface
The Stoic's Image in this Piece.
For while unhurt, divine JORDAIN,
Thy Work and SENECA's remain,
He still has Body, still has Soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

An ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming Youth, and gay Delight
Sit on thy rosey Cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast.
My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
For I was born to Love, and Thou to Reign.

II.

II.

But would You meanly thus rely
On Power, You know I muſt Obey?
Exert a Legal Tyranny;
And do an Ill, becauſe You may?
Still muſt I Thee, as Atheiſts Heav'n adore;
Not ſee thy Mercy, and yet dread thy Power?

III.

Take Heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
As well as CUPID, TIME is blind:
Soon muſt thoſe Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauty Find:
The Thouſand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Muſt drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt Thou ſigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting peeviſh Humours on,
Seems but the ſad Effect of Years:
Kindneſs it ſelf too weak a Charm will prove,
To raiſe the feeble Fires of aged Love.

V.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows
Will ſhow Thee juſt above Neglect:
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold Reſpect:
A talking dull Platonic I ſhall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I ceaſe to burn.

VI.

Then ſhun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindneſs and Conſtancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vaſt a Weight, as that of Love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make My Flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

VII.

Haste, CELIA, haste, while Youth invites,
Obey kind CUPID's present Voice;
Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
And give thy Soul a Loose to Joys:
Let Millions of repeated Blisses prove,
That Thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.

VIII.

Be Mine, and only Mine; take care
Thy looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
To Me alone; nor come so far,
As liking any Youth beside:
What Men e'er court Thee, fly 'em, and believe,
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted EVE.

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age:
So TIME it self our Raptures shall improve,
While still We wake to Joy, and live to Love.

AN EPISTLE TO *FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD*, Esq;

Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

SIR,

As once a Twelvemonth to the Priest,
Holy at ROME, here Antichrist,
The SPANISH King presents a Jennet,
To show his Love; ——— That's all that's in it;
For if his Holiness wou'd thump
His reverend Bum 'gainst Horse's Rump,
He might b' equipt from his own Stable
With one more White, and eke more Able.

Or

Or as with Gondola's and Men, His
Good Excellence the Duke of VENICE
(I wish, for Rhime, 't had been the King)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
Which Trick of State, he wisely maintains,
Keeps Kindness up 'twixt old Acquaintance:
For else, in honest Truth, the Sea
Has much less need of Gold, than He.
Or, not to rove, and pump one's Fancy
For Popish Similies beyond Sea;
As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement
Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent;
Present a Turkey, or a Hen
To Those might better spare Them Ten:
Ev'n so, with all Submission, I
(For first Men instance, then apply)
Send You each Year a homely Letter,
Who may return Me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Respect, and not show Wit:
Nor look askew at what it saith;
There's no Petition in it,——Faith.
Here some would scratch their Heads, and try
What They shou'd write, and How, and Why;
But I conceive, such Folks are quite in
Mistakes, in Theory of Writing,
If once for Principle 'tis laid,
That Thought is Trouble to the Head;
I argue thus: The World agrees,
That He writes well, who writes with Ease:
Then He, by Sequel Logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.
Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light;
Meer human Pains can ne'er come by't:
The God, not we, the Poem makes;
We only tell Folks what he speaks.
Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
How like Brutes Organs are to Ours;

They

They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
A Bear might soon be made a Wit;
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.
MEMNON, tho' Stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.
ROME oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
With prompting Priest behind the Hanging:
The Wooden Head resolv'd the Question;
While You and PETTIS help'd the Jest on.
Your crabbed Rogues, that read LUCRETIUS,
Are against Gods, You know; and teach us,
The God makes not the Poet; but
The Thesis, *vice-versâ* put,
Should *Hebrew-wise* be understood;
And means, The Poet makes the God.
ÆGYPTIAN Gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the Leeks they after pray'd to;
And ROMISH Bakers praise the Deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety.
That when You Poets swear and cry,
The God inspires; I rave I die;
If inward Wind does truly swell Ye,
'T must be the Cholick in your Belly:
That Writing is but just like Dice;
And lucky Mains make People Wise:
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as DRYDEN, form a Poem;
Or make a Speech, correct and witty,
As you know who——at the Committee.
So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge, made all Things at a Venture.
But granting Matters shou'd be spoke
By Method, rather than by Luck;
This may confine their younger Stiles,
Whom DRYDEN pedagogues at WILL's:
But never cou'd be meant to tye
Authentic Wits, like You and I:

For

For as young Children, who are try'd in
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from sliding;
When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger,
Make use of such Machine no longer;
But leap *pro Libitu*, and scout
On Horse call'd Hobby, or without:
So when a School we first declaim,
Old BUSBEY walks us in a Theme,
Whose Props support our Infant Vein,
And help the Rickets in the Brain:
But when our Souls their Force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate;
In Verse or Prose, We write or chat,
Not Six-pence Matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an Author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers Praise.
TONSON, who is himself a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks.
Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see You;
I hope Y'are well; so God be wi' You;
Was all I thought at first to write:
But Things, since then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high:
So God knows when my Clack will lye:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your Pardon yet this half Hour.
So at pure Barn of loud NON-CON,
Where with my Granam I have gone,
When LOBB had sifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply. has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain Cant before.
For your Religion, first, of Her
Your Friends do sav'ry Things aver:
They say, She's honest, as your Claret,
Not sower'd with Cant, nor slum'd with Merit:

Your

Your Chamber is the sole Retreat
Of Chaplains ev'ry SUNDAY Night;
Of Grace, no doubt, a certain Sign,
When Lay-Man herds with Man Divine:
For if their Fame be justly great,
Who wou'd no Popish Nuncio treat;
That His is greater, We must grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Protestant.
One single Positive weighs more,
You know, than Negatives a Score.
In Politicks, I hear, You're stanch,
Directly bent against the FRENCH;
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe:
Are in no Plots; but fairly drive at
The Publick Welfare, in your Private:
And will, for ENGLAND's Glory, try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
And keep your Places till You die.
For me, whom wandring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and You:
Let me just tell You how my Time is
Past in a Country-Life. —— *Imprimis*,
As soon as PHOEBUS' Rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfast;
So on, 'till foresaid God does set,
I sometimes Study, sometimes Eat.
Thus, of your Heroes and brave Boys,
With whom old HOMER makes such Noise,
The greatest Actions I can find,
Are, that they did their Work, and Din'd.
The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such, as You have whilom con'd;
That treat of CHINA's Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in GOLCONDA;
Of Highway-Elephants at CEYLAN,
That rob in Clans, like Men o' th' HIGHLAND;
Of Apes that storm, or keep a Town,
As well almost, as Count LAUZUN;

Of

Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger Matters;
Which, tho' they're Things I've no Concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.
Criticks I read on other Men,
And Hypers upon Them again;
From whoſe Remarks I give Opinion
On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in One.
Then all your Wits, that ſtear and ſham,
Down from DON QUIXOTE to TOM TRAM;
From whom I Jeſts and Punns purloin,
And ſlily put 'em off for mine:
Fond to be thought a Country Wit:
The reſt;——when Fate and You think fit.
Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar;
Sometimes at STAMFORD take a Quart,
'Squire SHEPHARD's Health,——With all my Heart.
Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an idle Life;
'Till SHADWELL from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Sea-coal Fires,)
To bleſs the Wood with peaceful Lyric;
Then hey for Praiſe and Panegyric;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and Nations freed,
And Wreaths round WILLIAM's glorious Head.

TO THE COUNTESS of *DORSET*,

Written in her MILTON.

By Mr. *BRADBURY*.

SEE here how bright the firſt-born Virgin ſhone,
And how the firſt fond Lover was undone.
Such charming Words our beauteous Mother ſpoke,
As MILTON wrote, and ſuch as Yours Her Look.

Yours

Yours, the best Copy of th' Original Face:
Whose Beauty was to furnish all the Race:
Such Chains no Author cou'd escape but He;
There's no Way to be safe, but not to See.

TO THE LADY *DURSLEY*,

On the same Subject.

HERE reading how fond ADAM was betray'd,
And how by Sin EVE's blasted Charms decay'd;
Our common Loss unjustly You complain;
So small that Part of it, which You sustain.
You still, fair Mother, in your Off-spring trace
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for the Race:
Kind Nature, forming Them, the Pattern took
From Heav'n's first Work, and EVE's Original Look.
You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul:
Scarce any actual Guilt defiles your Soul:
And Hell does o'er that Mind vain Triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly EDEN lost.
With Virtue strong as Yours had EVE been arm'd,
In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd:
Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought;
Nor had frail ADAM fall'n, nor MILTON wrote.

TO My LORD *BUCKHURST*,

Very Young, Playing with a CAT.

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast
Was by his darling Cat possest,
Obtain'd of VENUS his Desire,
How'er irregular his Fire:
Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd:
The Cat became a blushing Maid;

And

And, on the happy Change, the Boy
Imploy'd his Wonder, and his Joy.
Take care, O beauteous Child, take care,
Lest Thou prefer so rash a Pray'r:
Nor vainly hope, the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve.
O quickly from her Shrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate.
The Queen of Love, who soon will see
Her own ADONIS live in Thee,
Will lightly her first Loss deplore;
Will easily forgive the Boar:
Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow;
With jealous Rage her Breast will glow:
And on her tabby Rival's Face
She deep will mark her new Disgrace.

An ODE.

I.

WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, You guess
The secret Passions of our Mind;
My heavy Eyes, You say, confess
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little Art,
To have this fatal Secret found:
With the same Ease You threw the Dart,
'Tis certain you may show the Wound.

III.

How can I see You, and not love;
While You as op'ning East are fair?
While cold as Northern Blasts You prove;
How can I love, and not despair?

IV.

The Wretch in double Fetters bound
Your Potent Mercy may release:
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Propheteſs, my Grief would cease.

A

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wiſh fair Winds may waft Him over:
Alas! what Winds can happy prove,
That bear Me far from what I love?
Alas! what Dangers on the Main
Can equal Thoſe that I ſuſtain,
From ſlighted Vows, and cold Diſdain?
Be gentle, and in Pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt Tempeſts looſe:
That thrown again upon the Coaſt,
Where firſt my Shipwrackt Heart was loſt;
I may once more repeat my Pain;
Once more in dying Notes complain
Of ſlighted Vows, and cold Diſdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS ſhun'd his Fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains:
(Heav'n guard us all from CUPID's Bow!
He loſt his Crook, He left his Flocks;
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs Woe.
The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came:
His Grief Some pity, Others blame;
The fatal Cauſe All kindly ſeek:
He mingled his Concern with Theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly Tears;
He ſigh'd, but wou'd not ſpeak.
CLORINDA came among the reſt;
And ſhe too kind Concern expreſt,

And

And ask'd the Reason of his Woe:
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.
The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head;
And will You pardon Me, He said,
While I the cruel Truth reveal?
Which nothing from my Breast shou'd tear;
Which never shou'd offend Your Ear,
But that You bid Me tell.
'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since You appear'd upon the Plain;
You are the Cause of all my Care:
Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart:
Ten thousand Torments vex My Heart:
I love, and I despair.
Too much, ALEXIS, I have heard
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon You, She cry'd:
But You shall promise ne'er again
To breath your Vows, or speak your Pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

To the Honourable
CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq;

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while Mankind
Thro' Fate's perverse *Meander* errs,
He can Imagin'd Pleasures find,
To combat against Real Cares.

II.

Fancies and Notions He pursues;
Which ne'er had Being but in Thought:
Each, like the GRÆCIAN Artist, woo's
The Image He himself has wrought.

III.

Againſt Experience He believes;
He argues againſt Demonſtration;
Pleas'd, when his Reaſon He deceives;
And ſets his Judgment by his Paſſion.

IV.

The hoary Fool, who many Days
Has ſtruggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hope, and blindly lays
The deſp'rate Bett upon to Morrow.

V.

To Morrow comes: 'tis Noon, 'tis Night;
This Day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to ſeek Delight
To Morrow, 'till to Night he dies.

VI.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
At Objects in an airy height:
The little Pleaſure of the Game
Is from afar to view the Flight.

VII.

Our anxious Pains We, all the Day,
In ſearch of what We like, employ:
Scorning at Night the worthleſs Prey,
We find the Labour gave the Joy.

VIII.

At Diſtance thro' an artful Glaſs
To the Mind's Eye Things well appear:
They loſe their Forms, and make a Maſs
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we ſee right, we ſee our Woes:
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows:
The only wretched are the Wiſe.

X.

We weary'd ſhould lye down in Death:
This Cheat of Life would take no more;
If you thought Fame but empty Breath;
I, PHILLIS but a perjur'd Whore.

HYMN to the SUN.

Set by Dr. *PURCELL.*

And Sung before their MAJESTIES *On New-Years-Day, 1694.*

I.

LIGHT of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
With happy Speed begin Thy great Career;
And, as Thou doſt thy radiant Journies run,
Through every diſtant Climate own,
That in fair ALBION Thou haſt ſeen
The greateſt Prince, the brighteſt Queen,
That ever ſav'd a Land, or bleſt a Throne,
Since firſt thy Beams were ſpread, or Genial Power was known.

II.

So may thy Godhead be confeſt,
So the returning Year be bleſt,
As his Infant Months beſtow
Springing Wreaths for WILLIAM's Brow;
As his Summer's Youth ſhall ſhed
Eternal Sweets around MARIA's Head:
From the Bleſſings they beſtow,
Our Times are dated, and our *Æra's* move:
They govern, and enlighten all Below,
As Thou doſt all Above.

III.

Let our Hero in the War
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:

Like Thee, great Son of JOVE, like Thee,
When clad in riſing Majeſty,
Thou marcheſt down o'er DELOS' Hills confeſt,
With all Thy Arrows arm'd, in all Thy Glory dreſt.
Like Thee, the Hero does his Arms imploy,
The raging PYTHON to deſtroy,
And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.

IV.

From faireſt Years, and Time's more happy Stores,
Gather all the ſmiling Hours;
Such as with friendly Care have guarded
Patriots and Kings in rightful Wars;
Such as with Conqueſt have rewarded
Triumphant Victors happy Cares;
Such as Story has recorded
Sacred to NASSAUS long Renown,
For Countries ſav'd, and Battels won.

V.

March Them again in fair Array,
And bid Them form the happy Day,
The happy Day deſign'd to wait
On WILLIAM's Fame, and EUROPE's Fate.
Let the happy Day be crown'd
With great Event, and fair Succeſs;
No brighter in the Year be found,
But that which brings the Victor home in Peace.

VI.

Again thy Godhead we implore,
Great in Wiſdom as in Power;
Again, for good MARIA's ſake, and Ours,
Chuſe out other ſmiling Hours;
Such as with joyous Wings have fled,
When happy Counſels were adviſing;
Such as have lucky Omens ſhed
O'er forming Laws, and Empires riſing;
Such as many Courſes ran,
Hand in Hand, a goodly Train,
To bleſs the great ELIZA's Reign;

And

And in the Typic Glory ſhow,
What fuller Bliſs MARIA ſhall beſtow.

VII.

As the ſolemn Hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the Dance
Many fraught with all the Treaſures,
Which thy Eaſtern Travel views;
Many wing'd with all the Pleaſures,
Man can aſk, or Heav'n diffuſe:
That great MARIA all thoſe Joys may know,
Which, from her Cares, upon her Subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own Glory ſing our Soy'reign's Praiſe,
God of Verſes and of Days:
Let all Thy tuneful Sons adorn
Their laſting Work with WILLIAM's Name;
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take great MARIA for their future Theam:
Eternal Structures let them raiſe,
On WILLIAM's and MARIA's Praiſe:
Nor want new Subject for the Song;
Nor fear they can exhauſt the Store;
'Till Nature's Muſick lyes unſtrung;
'Till Thou, great God, ſhalt loſe thy double Pow'r;
And touch thy Lyre, and ſhoot thy Beams no more.

THE LADY's LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other Day
Walk'd o'er the Sand-Hills to the Sea:
The ſetting Sun adorn'd the Coaſt,
His Beams entire, his Fierceneſs loſt:
And, on the Surface of the Deep,
The Winds lay only not aſleep:

The

The Nymph did like the Scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her Words, as flew the Air.
With secret Joy I heard Her say,
That She wou'd never miss one Day
A Walk so fine, a Sight so gay.

But, oh the Change! the Winds grow high;
Impending Tempests charge the Sky;
The Light'ning flies; the Thunder roars;
And big Waves lash the frighten'd Shoars.
Struck with the Horror of the Sight,
She turns her Head, and wings her Flight;
And trembling vows, She'll ne'er again
Approach the Shoar, or view the Main.

Once more at least look back, said I;
Thy self in that large Glass descry:
When thou art in good Humour drest;
When gentle Reason rules thy Breast;
The Sun upon the calmest Sea
Appears not half so bright as Thee:
'Tis then, that with Delight I rove
Upon the boundless Depth of Love:
I bless my Chain; I hand my Oar;
Nor think on all I left on Shoar.

But when vain Doubt, and groundless Fear
Do that Dear Foolish Bosom tear;
When the big Lip, and wat'ry Eye
Tell Me, the rising Storm is nigh:
'Tis then, Thou art yon' angry Main,
Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain;
And the poor Sailor, that must try
It's Fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make;
While Love and Fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE

LOVE and *FRIENDSHIP.*

A

PASTORAL.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the Skies the ruddy Sun deſcends;
And riſing Night the Ev'ning Shade extends:
While pearly Dews o'erſpread the fruitful Field;
And cloſing Flowers reviving Odours yield:
Let Us, beneath theſe ſpreading Trees, recite
What from our Hearts our Muſes may indite.
Nor need we, in this cloſe Retirement, fear,
Leſt any Swain our am'rous Secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry Shepherd I would Mine proclaim;
Since fair AMINTA is my ſofteſt Theme:
A Stranger to the looſe Delights of Love,
My Thoughts the nobler Warmth of Friendſhip prove:
And, while it's pure and ſacred Fire I ſing,
Chaſt Goddeſs of the Groves, thy Succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my Breaſt inſpire
With all thy Charms, with all thy pleaſing Fire:
Propitious God of Love, Thy Succour bring;
Whilſt I Thy Darling, Thy ALEXIS ſing.
ALEXIS, as the ope'ning Bloſſoms fair,
Lovely as Light, and ſoft as yielding Air.
For Him each Virgin ſighs; and on the Plains
The happy Youth above each Rival reigns.
Nor to the Ecchoing Groves, and whiſp'ring Spring,
In ſweeter Strains does artful CONON ſing;
When loud Applauſes fill the crowded Groves;
And PHOEBUS the ſuperior Song approves, *SYL.*

SILVIA.

Beauteous AMYNTA is as early Light,
Breaking the melancholy Shades of Night.
When She is near, all anxious Trouble flies;
And our reviving Hearts confess her Eyes.
Young Love, and blooming Joy, and gay Desires,
In ev'ry Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires:
And on the Plain when She no more appears;
The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears,
In vain the Streams roll on: the Eastern Breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling Trees.
In vain the Birds begin their Ev'ning Song,
And to the silent Night their Notes prolong:
Nor Groves, nor chrystal Streams, nor verdant Field
Does wonted Pleasure in Her Absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And in His Absence, all the pensive Day,
In some obscure Retreat I lonely stray;
All Day to the repeating Caves complain,
In mournful Accents, and a dying Strain.
Dear lovely Youth, I cry to all around:
Dear lovely Youth, the flattering Vales resound,

SILVIA.

On flow'ry Banks, by ev'ry murm'ring Stream,
AMINTA is my Muse's softest Theme;
'Tis She that does my artful Notes refine:
With fair AMINTA's Name my noblest Verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh Garlands for ALEXIS' Brows
And consecrate to Him eternal Vows:
The charming Youth shall my APOLLO prove;
He shall adorn my Songs, and tune my Voice to Love.

TO

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE Foregoing PASTORAL.

BY SILVIA if thy charming Self be meant;
If Friendſhip be thy Virgin Vows Extent;
O! let me in AMINTA's Praiſes join:
Her's my Eſteem ſhall be, my Paſſion Thine.
When for Thy Head the Garland I prepare;
A ſecond Wreath ſhall bind AMINTA's Hair;
And when my choiceſt Songs Thy Worth proclaim;
Alternate Verſe ſhall bleſs AMINTA's Name;
My Heart ſhall own the Juſtice of Her Cauſe;
And Love himſelf ſubmit to Friendſhip's Laws.
But, if beneath thy Numbers ſoft Diſguiſe,
Some favour'd Swain, ſome true ALEXIS lyes;
If AMARYLLIS breaths thy ſecret Pains;
And thy fond Heart beats Meaſure to thy Strains:
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind;
May VENUS long exert her happy Pow'r,
And make thy Beauty, like thy Verſe, endure:
May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford;
PAN guard thy Flock, and CERES bleſs thy Board.
But, if by chance the Series of thy Joys
Permit one Thought leſs chearful to ariſe;
Piteous transfer it to the mournful Swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated Paſſion's laſt Exceſs;
And dies in Woe, that Thou may'ſt live in Peace.

TO

To a LADY.

She refusing to continue a DISPUTE *with me, and leaving me in the* ARGUMENT.

An ODE.

I.

SPARE, Gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,
Who did unequal War pursue;
That more than Triumph He might have,
In being overcome by You.

II.

In the Dispute whate'er I said,
My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd;
And in my Looks You might have read,
How much I argu'd on your side.

III.

You, far from Danger as from Fear,
Might have sustain'd an open Fight:
For seldom your Opinions err;
Your Eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair One, wou'd You not rely
On Reason's Force with Beauty's join'd?
Cou'd I their Prevalence deny,
I must at once be Deaf and Blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the Fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous Foe in view
Was all the Glory I desir'd.

VI.

But She, howe'er of Vict'ry sure,
Contemns the Wreath too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,
Calls cruel Silence to her Aid.

VII.

VII.

Deeper to wound, She shuns the Fight.
She drops her Arms, to gain the Field:
Secures her Conquest by her Flight;
And triumphs, when She seems to yield.

VIII.

So when the PARTHIAN turn'd his Steed,
And from the Hostile Camp withdrew;
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He sent; and as He fled, He slew.

SEEING THE DUKE of *ORMOND's* PICTURE, AT Sir *GODFREY KNELLER's*.

OUT from the injur'd Canvas, KNELLER, strike
These Lines too faint, the Picture is not like.
Exalt thy Thought, and try thy Toil again:
Dreadful in Arms, on LANDEN's glorious Plain
Place ORMOND's Duke: impendent in the Air
Let His keen Sabre, Comet-like, appear,
Where-e'er it points, denouncing Death: below
Draw routed Squadrons, and the num'rous Foe
Falling beneath, or flying from His Blow:
'Till weak with Wounds, and cover'd o'er with Blood,
Which from the Patriot's Breast in Torrents flow'd,
He faints: His Steed no longer hears the Rein;
But stumbles o'er the Heap, His Hand had slain.
And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lyes;
Lovely, sad Object! in His half-clos'd Eyes

Stern

Stern Vengeance yet, and Hoſtile Terror ſtand,
His Front yet threatens; and His Frowns command;
The *Gallick* Chiefs their Troops around Him call;
Fear to approach Him, tho' they ſee Him fall.——

O KNELLER, could Thy ſhades and Lights expreſs
The perfect Hero in that glorious Dreſs;
Ages to come might ORMOND's Picture know;
And Palms for Thee beneath His Lawrels grow:
In ſpite of Time Thy Work might ever ſhine;
Nor HOMER's Colours laſt ſo long as Thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

Atque in Amore mala hæc proprio, ſummeque ſecundo
Inveniuntur—— Lucret. Lib. 4.

WHAT can I ſay, what Arguments can prove
My Truth, what Colours can deſcribe my Love;
If it's Exceſs and Fury be not known;
In what Thy CELIA has already done?

Thy Infant Flames, whilſt yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous Doubts, with Pity I beheld;
With eaſie Smiles diſpell'd the ſilent Fear,
That durſt not tell Me, what I dy'd to hear:
In vain I ſtrove to check my growing Flame,
Or ſhelter Paſſion under Friendſhip's Name:
You ſaw my Heart, how it my Tongue bely'd;
And when You preſs'd, how faintly I deny'd——

E'er Guardian Thought cou'd bring it's ſcatter'd Aid;
E'er Reaſon cou'd ſupport the doubting Maid;
My Soul ſurpriz'd, and from her ſelf disjoin'd,
Left all Reſerve, and all the Sex behind:
From your Command her Motions She receiv'd;
And not for Me, but You, She breath'd and liv'd.

But

But ever blest be CYTHEREA's Shrine;
And Fires Eternal on Her Altars shine;
Since Thy dear Breast has felt an equal Wound;
Since in thy Kindness my Desires are crown'd.
By Thy each Look, and Thought, and Care, 'tis shown,
Thy Joys are center'd All in Me Alone;
And sure I am, Thou would'st not change this Hour
For all the White ones, Fate has in it's Pow'r.

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to Excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning Bliss,
In this great Moment, in this golden Now,
When ev'ry Trace of What, or When, or How
Shou'd from my Soul by raging Love be torn,
And far on Swelling Seas of Rapture born;
A melancholy Tear afflicts my Eye;
And my Heart labours with a sudden Sigh:
Invading Fears repel my Coward Joy;
And Ills foreseen the present Bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, This Beauty was the Cause,
That with first Sighs Your panting Bosom rose:
But with no Owner Beauty long will stay,
Upon the Wings of Time born swift away:
Pass some but fleeting Years, and These poor Eyes,
(Where now without a Boast some Lustre lyes)
No longer shall their little Honours keep,
Shall only be of Use to read, or weep:
And on this Forehead, where your Verse has said,
The LOVES delighted, and the GRACES play'd;
Insulting Age will trace his cruel Way,
And leave sad Marks of his destructive Sway.

Mov'd by my Charms, with them your Love may cease,
And as the Fuel sinks, the Flame decrease:
Or angry Heav'n may quicker Darts prepare:
And Sickness strike what Time a while wou'd spare.
Then will my Swain His glowing Vows renew;
Then will His throbbing Heart to Mine beat true;
When my own Face deters Me from my Glass;
And KNELLER only shows, what CELIA was.

Fan.

Fantastic FAME may sound her wild Alarms:
Your Country, as You think, may want your Arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame,
Whose Smoak too long obscur'd your rising Name:
And quickly cold Indifference will ensue;
When You Love's Joys thro' Honour's Optic view.

Then CELIA's loudest Pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd Breast to bring You back;
When my lost Lover the tall Ship ascends,
With Musick Gay, and Wet with Jovial Friends:
The tender Accents of a Woman's Cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough Seamen's louder shouts prevail;
When fair Occasion shows the springing Gale;
And Int'rest guides the Helm; and Honour swells the Sail.

Some wretched Line from this neglected Hand
May find my Hero on the Foreign Strand,
Warm with new Fires, and pleas'd with new command:
While She who wrote 'em, of all Joy bereft,
To the rude Censure of the World is left;
Her mangl'd Fame in barb'rous Pastime lost,
The Coxcombs Novel, and the Drunkard's Toast.

But nearer Care (O pardon it) supplies
Sighs to my Breast, and Sorrow to my Eyes.
Love, Love himself (the only Friend I have)
May scorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave.
That Tyrant God, that restless Conqueror
May quit his Pleasure, to assert his Pow'r:
Forsake the Provinces that bless his Sway,
To vanquish Those which will not yet obey.

Another Nymph with fatal Pow'r may rise,
To damp the sinking Beams of CELIA's Eyes;
With haughty Pride may hear her Charms confest;
And scorn the ardent Vows that I have blest:
You ev'ry Night may sigh for Her in vain;
And rise each Morning to some fresh Disdain:
While CELIA's softest Looks may cease to Charm;
And Her Embraces want the Pow'r to warm,

While

While these fond Arms, thus circling You, may prove
More heavy Chains, than Those of hopeless Love.
Just Gods! All other Things their like produce:
The Vine arises from her Mother's Juice:
When feeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay;
They to their Seed their Images convey:
Where the old Myrtle her good Influence sheds;
Sprigs of like Leaf erect their Filial Heads:
And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies;
With a resembling Face the Daughter-Buds arise.
That Product only which our Passions bear,
Eludes the Planter's miserable Care:
While blooming Love assures us Golden Fruit;
Some inborn Poison taints the secret Root:
Soon fall the Flow'rs of Joy; soon Seeds of Hatred shoot.
Say, Shepherd, say, Are these Reflections true?
Or was it but the Woman's Fear, that drew
This cruel Scene, unjust to Love and You?
Will You be only, and for ever Mine?
Shall neither Time, nor Age our Souls disjoin?
From this dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
Or You grow Cold, Respectful, and Forsworn?
And can You not for Her You love do more,
Than any Youth for any Nymph before?

An ODE.

Presented to the King *on his* Majesty's *Arrival in* Holland. *After the* Queen's Death 1695.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? praecipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.

I.

AT Mary's Tomb, (sad, sacred Place!)
The Virtues shall their Vigils keep:
And every Muse, and every Grace
In solemn State shall ever weep.

II.

II.

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall visit Her distinguish'd Urn.

III.

For Her the Wise and Great shall mourn;
When late Records her Deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and Men unborn
Shall bless her Name, and sigh her Fate.

IV.

Fair ALBION shall, with faithful Trust,
Her holy Queen's sad Reliques guard;
'Till Heav'n awakes the precious Dust,
And gives the Saint her full Reward.

V.

But let the King dismiss his Woes,
Reflecting on his fair Renown;
And take the Cypress from his Brows,
To put his wonted Lawrels on.

VI.

If prest by Grief our Monarch stoops;
In vain the BRITISH Lions roar:
If He, whose Hand sustain'd them, droops;
The BELGIC Darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattel'd Princes wait the Chief,
Whose Voice should rule, whose Arm should lead;
And, in kind Murmurs, chide That Grief,
Which hinders EUROPE being freed.

VIII.

The great Example They demand,
Who still to Conquest led the Way;
Wishing Him present to Command,
As They stand ready to Obey.

IX.

They seek That Joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the Hero's Face;

When

When the thick Squadrons preſt the Foe,
And WILLIAM led the glorious Chance.

X.

To give the mourning Nations Joy,
Reſtore Them Thy auſpicious Light,
Great Sun: with radiant Beams deſtroy
Thoſe Clouds, which keep Thee from our Sight.

XI.

Let thy ſublime Meridian Courſe
For MARY's ſetting Rays attone;
Our Luſtre, with redoubl'd Force,
Muſt now proceed from Thee alone.

XII.

See, pious King with diff'rent Strife,
Thy ſtruggling ALBION's Boſom torn:
So much She fears for WILLIAM's Life,
That MARY's Fate ſhe dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her Beauty in thy ſofter Half
Bury'd and loſt, ſhe ought to grieve;
But let her Strength in Thee be ſafe:
And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV

Thou, Guardian Angel, ſave the Land
From thy own Grief, her fierceſt Foe;
Leſt BRITAIN, reſcu'd by Thy Hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath Thy Woe

XV.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new Trophies ſtill be ſought;
And hoary Majeſty ſuſtain
The Battles, which thy Youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful Love,
  Which made her hate the War's Alarms?
That ſoft Exceſs, with which She ſtrove
  To keep her Hero in her Arms?

XVII.

While ſtill She chid the coming Spring,
  Which call'd Him o'er his ſubject Seas:
While, for the Safety of the King,
  She wiſh'd the Victor's Glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad BRITAIN NOW
  Haſtens her Lord to Foreign Wars:
Happy, if Toils may break his Woe;
  Or Danger may divert his Cares.

XIX.

In Martial Din She drowns her Sighs,
  Leſt He the riſing Grief ſhould hear:
She pulls her Helmet O'er her Eyes,
  Leſt He ſhould ſee the falling Tear.

XX.

Go, mighty Prince, let FRANCE be taught,
  How conſtant Minds by Grief are try'd;
How great the Land, that wept and fought,
  When WILLIAM led, and MARY dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the Battel make it known,
  Where Death with all His Darts is ſeen,
That He can touch thy Heart with None,
  But That which ſtruck the Beauteous Queen.

XXII

XXII.

BELGIA indulg'd her open Grief,
While yet her Maſter was not near;
With ſullen Pride refus'd Relief,
And ſat Obdurate in Deſpair.

XXIII.

As Waters from her Sluices, flow'd
Unbounded Sorrow from her Eyes:
To Earth her bended Front She bow'd,
And ſent her Wailings to the Skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious Lord return'd;
Rais'd is her Head; her Eyes are dry'd:
She ſmiles, as WILLIAM ne'er had mourn'd:
She looks, as MARY ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That Freedom which all Sorrows claim,
She does for Thy Content reſign:
Her Piety itſelf would blame;
If Her Regrets ſhould waken Thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy Woe, She ſhews Thy Fame;
Leſt the great Mourner ſhould forget,
That all the Race, whence ORANGE came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

WILLIAM His Country's Cauſe could fight,
And with his Blood Her Freedom ſeal:
MAURICE and HENRY guard that Right,
For which Their pious Parents fell.

XXVIII.

How Heroes rise, how Patriots set,
Thy Father's Bloom and Death may tell
Excelling Others, These were Great:
Thou, greater still, must These excel.

XXIX.

The last fair Instance Thou must give,
Whence NASSAU's Virtue can be try'd;
And shew the World, that Thou can'st live
Intrepid, as thy Consort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy Virtue, whose resistless Force
No dire Event could ever stay,
Must carry on it's destin'd Course;
Tho' Death and Envy stop the Way.

XXXI.

For BRITAIN's Sake, for BELGIA's, live:
Pierc'd by them Grief forget Thy own;
New Toils endure; new Conquest give;
And bring Them Ease, tho' Thou hast None.

XXXII.

Vanquish again; tho' She be gone,
Whose Garland crown'd the Victor's Hair:
And Reign; tho' She has left the Throne,
Who made Thy Glory worth Thy Care.

XXXIII.

Fair BRITAIN never yet before
Breath'd to her King a Wish'es Pray'r;
Fond BELGIA never did implore,
While WILLIAM turn'd averse His Ear.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

But should the weeping Hero now
Relentless to Their Wishes prove;
Should He recal, with pleasing Woe,
The Object of his Grief and Love;

XXXV.

Her Face with thousand Beauties blest,
Her Mind with thousand Virtues stor'd,
Her Pow'r with boundless Joy confest,
Her Person only not ador'd.

XXXVI.

Yet ought his Sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his Passions to abate:
If the great Mourner would Reflect,
Her Glory in Her Death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great King, by long obeying Thee
Her Scepter, guided by Thy Hand,
Preserv'd the Isles, and Rul'd the Sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her Life
O'er Earth and Water bears thy Fame:
In Death, 'twas worthy WILLIAM's Wife,
Amidst the Stars to fix his Name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives it's Forms, Thy Virtues rowl;
From MARY's Glory Angels trace
The Beauty of her Partner's Soul.

XL.

Wise Fate, which does it's Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when They yield their Breath,
Hastens Thy Triumph. Half of Thee
Is Deify'd before thy Death.

XLI.

Alone to thy Renown 'tis given,
Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go:
While She great Saint rejoices Heav'n;
And Thou sustain'st the Orb below.

IN
IMITATION
OF
ANACREON.

LET 'em Censure: what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defie.
Let the Wretches know, I write
Regardless of their Grace, or Spight.
No, no: the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song.

All

All that they approve is ſweet:
And all is Senſe, that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire:
VENUS, ſtring thy Servant's Lyre:
Love ſhall be my endleſs Theme:
Pleaſure ſhall triumph over Fame:
And when theſe Maxims I decline,
APOLLO, may thy Fate be mine:
May I graſp at empty Praiſe;
And loſe the Nymph to gain the Bays.

An ODE.

I.

THE Merchant, to ſecure his Treaſure,
Convey's it in a borrow'd Name:
EUPHELIA ſerves to grace my Meaſure;
But CLOE is my real Flame.

II.

My ſofteſt Verſe, my darling Lyre,
Upon EUPHELIA's Toylet lay;
When CLOE noted her Deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

III.

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raiſe;
But with my Numbers mix my Sighs:
And whilſt I ſing EUPHELIA's Praiſe,
I fix my Soul on CLOE's Eyes.

IV.

Fair CLOE bluſh'd: EUPHELIA frown'd:
I ſung and gaz'd: I play'd and trembl'd:
And VENUS to the LOVES around
Remark'd, how ill We all diſſembl'd.

ODE

ODE

Sur la PRISE

De NAMVRE

Par Les ARMES du ROY,

L' Année, 1692.

Par Monsieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE douce & Sainte yvresse
Aujourd'huy me fait la loy ?
Chastes Nymphes du *Permesse*,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?
Accourez, Troupe Sçavante :
Des sons que ma Lyre enfante,
Ces Arbres sont réjoüis :
Marquez en bien la cadence :
Et vous, Vents, faites Silence :
Je vais Parler de LOUIS.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un Aigle audacieux,
PINDARE étendant ses aisles,
Fuit loin des Vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele Lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
Tu peux suivre mes Transports ;
Les chesnes de Monts de *Thrace*

N'ou

An ENGLISH *BALLAD*,

ON

The Taking of NAMUR

BY

The King of *Great Britain*, 1692.

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.

I. and II.

SOME Folks are drunk, yet do not know it;
So might not BACCHUS give you Law?
Was it a Muſe, O lofty Poet,
Or Virgin of St. CYR, You ſaw?
Why all this Fury? What's the Matter,
That Oaks muſt come from *Thrace* to dance?
Muſt ſtupid Stocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no ſuch Wood in *France*?
Why muſt the Winds all hold their Tongue?
If they a little Breath ſhould raiſe,
Would that have ſpoil'd the Poet's Song,
Or puff'd away the Monarch's Praiſe?

PINDAR, that Eagle, mounts the Skies,
While Virtue leads the noble Way:
Too like a Vultur BOILEAU flies,
Where ſordid Intereſt ſhows the Prey.
When once the Poet's Honour ceaſes,
From Reaſon far his Tranſports rove:

N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Eſt-ce *Apollon* & *Neptune*,
Qui ſur ces Rocs Sourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Baſti ces Murs orgueilleux ?
De leur enceinte fameuſe
La *Sambre* unie à la *Meuſe*,
Deffend le fatal abord ;
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain ſur ces Monts terribles
Vomit le Fer, & la Mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans ALCIDES
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs Remparts ;
Et dans ſon Sein infidele
Par tout la Terre y recele
Un feu preſt à s'élancer,
Qui ſoudain perçant ſon goufre,
Ouvre un Sepulchre de ſoufre
A quiconque oſe avancer.

V.

Mamur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la *Grece* euſt vingt Ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ſes plus fiers Combattans.
Quelle effroyable Puiſſance
Aujourd-huy pourtant s'avance,
Preſte a foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'eſt JUPITER en Perſonne ;
Ou c'eſt le Vainqueur de *Mons*.

VI. N'en

And BOILEAU, for eight hundred Pieces,
Makes LOUIS take the Wall of JOVE.

III.

NEPTUNE and SOL came from above,
Shap'd like MEGRIGNY and VAUBAN:
They arm'd theſe Rocks; then ſhow'd old JOVE
Of *Marli* Wood, the wond'rous Plan.
Such Walls theſe three wiſe Gods agreed,
By Human Force cou'd ne'er be ſhaken:
But you and I in HOMER read
Of Gods, as well as Men, miſtaken.
Sambre and *Maeſe* their Waves may join;
But ne'er can WILLIAM's Force reſtrain:
He'll paſs them both, who paſs'd the *Boyn*;
Remember this, and arm the *Sein*.

IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty Fellows
With Fire and Sword the Fort maintain:
Each was a HERCULES, You tell us;
Yet out they march'd like common Men.
Cannons above and Mines below
Did Death and Tombs for Foes contrive;
Yet Matters have been order'd ſo,
That moſt of Us are ſtill alive.

V.

If *Namur* be compar'd to *Troy*;
Then BRITAIN's Boys excell'd the GREEKS:
Their Siege did ten long Years employ;
We've done our Buſ'neſs in ten Weeks.
What Godhead does ſo faſt advance,
With dreadful Pow'r thoſe Hills to gain?
'Tis little WILL the Scourge of *France*;
No Godhead, but the firſt of Men.
His mortal Arm exerts the Pow'r,
To keep ev'n MONS's Victor under:
And that ſame JUPITER no more
Shall fright the World with impious Thunder.

VI. Our

VI.

N'en doute point : c'eſt luy-meſme,
Tout brille en luy ; Tout eſt Roy,
Dans *Bruxelles* NASSAU bléme
Commence á trembler pour Toy,
En vain il voit le *Batâve*,
Deſormais docile Eſclâve,
Rangé Sous ſes étendars :
En vain au Lion *Belgique*
Il voit l' Aigle *Germanique*
Uni Sous les Leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ſes ſens ſont agitez,
A ſon ſecours il appelle
Les Peuples les plus vantéz.
Ceux-la viennent du rivage,
Ou s'enorgueillit le *Tage*
De l'or, qui roule en ſes eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la *Norvége*
Neuf mois couvre les roſeaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la *Sambre* ?
Sous les *Jumeaux* effrayéz,
Des froids Torrens de *Decembre*
Les Champs par tout ſont noyéz.
CERES s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proye à BORRE
Ses guerets d'epics chargez,
Et Sous les Urnes fangeuſes
Des *Hyades* orageuſes
Tous ſes Tréſors ſubmergéz.

De-

VI.

Our King thus trembles at *Namur*,
Whilſt VILLEROY, who ne'er afraid is,
To *Bruxelles* marches on ſecure,
To bomb the Monks, and ſcare the Ladies.
After this glorious Expedition,
One Battle makes the Marſhal Great:
He muſt perform the King's Commiſſion;
Who knows, but ORANGE may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the Gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to Fight:
And mighty LOUIS hop'd, no doubt,
That WILLIAM wou'd preſerve that Right.

VII.

From *Seyn* and *Loyre*, to *Rhone* and *Po*,
See every Mother's Son appear:
In ſuch a Caſe ne'er blame a Foe,
If he betrays ſome little Fear.
He comes, the mighty VILL'ROY comes;
Finds a ſmall River in his Way:
So waves his Colours, beats his Drums;
And thinks it prudent there to ſtay.
The *Gallic* Troops breath Blood and War
The Marſhal cares not to march faſter;
Poor VILL'ROY moves ſo ſlowly here,
We fancy'd all, it was his Maſter.

VIII.

Will no kind Flood, no friendly Rain
Diſguiſe the Marſhal's plain Diſgrace?
No Torrents ſwell the low *Mehayne*?
The World will ſay, he durſt not paſs.
Why will no *Hyades* appear,
Dear Poet, on the Banks of *Sambre*?
Juſt as they did that mighty Year,
When You turn'd *June* into *December*.
The Water-*Nymphs* are too unkind
To VILL'ROY; are the Land-*Nymphs* ſo?
And fly They All, at Once Combin'd
To ſhame a General, and a Beau?

IX.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, Vents Peuples, Primats;
Ramaſſez tous vos nuages;
Raſſamblez tous vos Soldats.
Malgré vous *Namur* en poudre
S'en va tomber ſous la foudre
Qui domta *Lille*, *Courtray*,
Gand la Superbe Eſpagnole,
Saint Omer, *Bezançon*, *Dole*,
Ypres, *Maſtricht*, & *Cambray*.

X

Mes préſages s'accompliſſent:
Il commence à chanceler:
Sous les coups qui retentiſſent
Ses Murs s'en vont s'écrouler
MARS en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine;
Et les Bombes dans les airs
Allant chercer le tonnere,
Semblent tombant ſur la Terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les Enfers.

XI.

Accourez, NASSAU, BAVIERE,
De ces Murs l'unique eſpoir:
A couvert d'une Riviere
Venez: vous pouvez tout voir
Conſiderez ces approches:
Voyez grimper ſur ces roches
Ces Athletes belliqueux;

Et

IX.

Truth, Juſtice, Senſe, Religion, Fame
May join to finiſh WILLIAM's Story:
Nations ſet free may bleſs his Name;
And *France* in Secret own his Glory.
But *Ipres*, *Maſtrich*, and *Cambray*,
Beſançon, *Ghent*, St. *Omers*, *Lyſle*,
Courtray, and *Dole*—— Ye Criticks, ſay,
How poor to this was PINDAR's Style;
With Eke's and Alſo's tack thy Strain,
Great Bard; and ſing the deathleſs Prince.
Who loſt *Namur* the ſame Campaign,
He bought *Dixmude*, and plunder'd *Deynſe*.

X.

I'll hold Ten Pound, my Dream is out:
I'd tell it You, but for the Rattle
Of thoſe confounded Drums: no doubt
Yon' bloody Rogues intend a Battel.
Dear me! a hundred thouſand *French*,
With Terror fill the neighb'ring Field;
While WILLIAM carries on the Trench,
'Till both the Town and Caſtle yield.
VILL'ROY to BOUFFLERS ſhould advance,
Says MARS, thro' Cannons Mouths in Fire;
Id eſt, one Mareſchal of *France*
Tells t'other he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the Lines the ſhorteſt Way,
Vill'roy; or to *Verſailles* take Poſt:
For, having ſeen it, Thou can'ſt ſay
The Steps, by which *Namur* was loſt.
The Smoke and Flame may vex thy Sight:
Look not once back: but as thou goeſt,
Quicken the Squadrons in their Flight;
And bid the D———l take the ſloweſt.

Think

Et dans les Eaux, dans la Flame,
Louis a tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeſte,
Qui ſort de ces Boulevars,
La Plume qui ſur ſa teſte
Attire tous les regards.
A cet Aſtre redoutable
To jours un ſort favorable
S'attache dans les Combats:
Et toûjours avec la Gloire
MARS amenant la Victoire
Vôle, & le ſuit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands Deffenſeurs de l'*Eſpagne*,
Montrez-vous: il en eſt temps:
Courage; vers la *Matagne*
Voilà vos Drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ſes ondes craintives
N'ont veû ſur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amaſſer.
Courez donc: Qui vous retarde.
Tout l'Univers vous regarde:
N'oſez-vous la traverſer?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le paſſage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
LUXEMBOURG a du rivage
Reculé ſes pavillons.
Quoy? leur ſeul aſpect vous glace?
Où ſont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis ſi prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la *Tamiſe*,
Et de la *Drave* ſoûmiſe,
Juſqu'à *Paris* nous chercher?

XV.

Think not what Reaſon to produce,
From LOUIS to conceal thy Fear:
He'll own the Strength of thy Excuſe;
Tell him that WILLIAM was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for LOUIS' Feather,
That us'd to ſhine ſo like a Star:
The Gen'rals could not get together,
Wanting that Influence, great in War.
O Poet! Thou hadſt' been diſcreeter,
Hanging the Monarchs' Hat ſo high;
If Thou had'ſt dubb'd thy Star, a Meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful Fight,
Namur in vain expects that Ray:
In vain *France* hopes, the ſickly Light
Shou'd ſhine near WILLIAM's fuller Day.
It knows *Verſailles*, it's proper Station;
Nor cares for any foreign Sphere:
Where You ſee BOILEAU's Conſtellation,
Be ſure no Danger can be near.

XIV.

The *French* had gather'd all their Force;
And WILLIAM met them in their Way:
Yet off they bruſh'd, both Foot and Horſe.
What has Friend BOILEAU left to ſay?
When his high Muſe is bent upon't,
To ſing her King, that Great Commander,
Or on the Shores of *Helleſpont*,
Or in the Valleys near *Scamander*;
Wou'd it not ſpoil his noble Task,
If any fooliſh *Phrygian* there is,
Impertinent enough to aſk,
How far *Namur* may be from *Paris*?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
Sur les Remparts de *Namur*,
Son Gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
Déja jusques á ses portes
Je voy monter nos cohortes,
La Flame & le Fer en main:
Et sur les Monceaux de piques,
De Corps morts, de Rocs, de Briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces Rochers éperdus
Battre un Signal pour se rendre:
Le Feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers Ennemis de la *France*,
Et desormais gracieux.
Allez à *Liege*, à *Bruxelles*,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De *Namur* pris à vos yeux.

XV.

Two Stanza's more before we end,
Of Death, Pike, Rocks, Arms, Bricks, and Fire:
Leave 'em behind You, honeſt Friend:
And with your Country Men retire.
Your Ode is ſpoilt; *Namur* is freed;
For *Dixmuyd* ſomething yet is due:
So good Count GUISCARD may proceed;
But BOUFFLERS, Sir, one Word with you.——

XVI.

'Tis done. In Sight of theſe Commanders,
Who neither Fight, nor raiſe the Siege,
The Foes of *France* march ſafe thro' *Flanders*;
Divide to *Bruxelles* or to *Liege*.
Send, FAME, this News to *Trianon*;
That BOUFFLERS may new Honours gain:
He the ſame Play by Land hath ſhown,
As TOURVILLE did upon the Main.
Yet is the Marſhal made a Peer:
O WILLIAM may thy Arms advance;
That He may loſe *Dinant* next Year,
And ſo be Conſtable of *France*.

Presented to the

KING,

AT HIS

ARRIVAL in *HOLLAND*,

AFTER THE

DISCOVERY *of the* CONSPIRACY

1696.

Serus in cælum redeas; diuque
Lætus interfis populo Quirini:
Neve Te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura
Tollat—— Hor. ad Augustum

YE careful Angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on Earth and human Acts to wait;
Who turn with secret Pow'r this restless Ball,
And bid predestin'd Empires rise and fall:
Your sacred Aid religious Monarchs own;
When first They merit, then ascend the Throne:
But Tyrants dread Ye, lest your just Decree
Transfer the Pow'r, and set the People free:
See rescu'd BRITAIN at your Altars bow:
And hear her Hymns your happy Care avow:
That still her Axes and her Rods support
The Judge's Frown, and grace the awful Court;
That Law with all her pompous Terror stands,
To wrest the Dagger from the Traitor's Hands;
And rigid Justice reads the fatal Word;
Poises the Ballance first, then draws the Sword.
BRITAIN Her Safety to your Guidance owns,
That She can sep'rate Parricides from Sons;

That,

That, impious Rage diſarm'd, She lives and Reigns,
Her Freedom kept by Him, who broke Her Chains.
And Thou, great Miniſter, above the reſt
Of Guardian Spirits, be thou for ever bleſt:
Thou, who of old wert ſent to ISRAEL's Court,
With ſecret Aid great DAVID's ſtrong Support;
To mock the frantick Rage of cruel SAUL;
And ſtrike the uſeleſs Jav'lin to the Wall.
Thy later Care o'er WILLIAM's Temples held,
On BOYN's propitious Banks, the heav'nly Shield;
When Pow'r Divine did Sov'reign Right declare;
And Cannons mark'd, Whom They were bid to ſpare.
Still, bleſſed Angel, be thy Care the ſame;
Be WILLIAM's Life untouch'd, as is his Fame:
Let Him own Thine, as BRITAIN owns His Hand:
Save Thou the King, as He has ſav'd the Land.
We Angels Forms in pious Monarchs view:
We reverence WILLIAM; for He acts like You;
Like You, Commiſſion'd to chaſtize and bleſs,
He muſt avenge the World, and give it Peace.
Indulgent Fate our potent Pray'r receives;
And ſtill BRITANNIA ſmiles, and WILLIAM lives:
The Hero dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By Troubles muſt be vex'd, by Dangers prov'd:
His Foes muſt aid to make his Fame compleat,
And fix his Throne ſecure on their Defeat.
So, tho' with ſudden Rage the Tempeſt comes;
Tho' the Winds roar; and tho' the Water foams;
Imperial BRITAIN on the Sea looks down,
And ſmiling ſees her Rebel Subject frown:
Striking her Cliff the Storm confirms her Pow'r:
The Waves but whiten her Triumphant Shore:
In vain They wou'd advance, in vain retreat:
Broken They daſh, and periſh at her Feet.
For WILLIAM ſtill new Wonders ſhall be ſhown:
The Pow'rs that reſcu'd, ſhall preſerve the Throne.
Safe on his Darling BRITAIN's joyful Sea,
Behold, the Monarch plows his liquid Way:

His Fleets in Thunder thro' the World declare,
Whose Empire they obey, whose Arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring Winds He finds the Strand
Blacken'd with Crowds; He sees the Nations stand
Blessing his Safety, proud of his Command.
In various Tongues He hears the Captains dwell
On their great Leader's Praise: by Turns they tell,
And listen, each with emulous Glory fir'd,
How WILLIAM conquer'd, and how FRANCE retir'd;
How BELGIA freed the Hero's Arm confess'd,
But trembl'd for the Courage which She blest.
O LOUIS, from this great Example know,
To be at once a Hero, and a Foe:
By sounding Trumpets, Hear, and rattling Drums,
When WILLIAM to the open Vengeance comes:
And See the Soldier plead the Monarch's Right,
Heading His Troops, and Foremost in the Fight.
Hence then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your Native Seats of Night repair.
And Thou, BELLONA, weep thy cruel Pride
Restrain'd, behind the Victor's Chariot ty'd
In brazen Knots, and everlasting Chains.
(So EUROPE's Peace, so WILLIAM's Fate ordains.)
While on the Ivory Chair, in happy State
He sits, Secure in Innocence, and Great
In regal Clemency; and views beneath
Averted Darts of Rage, and pointless Arms of Death.

To CLOE *Weeping.*

SEE, whilst Thou weep'st, fair CLOE, see
The World in Sympathy with Thee.
The chearful Birds no longer sing,
Each drops his Head, and hangs his Wing.
The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r.

The

The Brooks beyond their Limits flow;
And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares:
They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears.
Fantastic Nymph! That Grief should move
Thy Heart, obdurate against Love.
Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften All,
But That dear Breast on which they fall.

TO
Mr. *HOWARD*.
An ODE.

I.

DEAR HOWARD, from the soft Assaults of Love,
Poets and Painters never are Secure:
Can I untouch'd the Fair ones Passions move?
Or Thou draw Beauty, and not feel it's Pow'r?

II.

To great APPELLES when Young AMMON brought
The darling Idol of his Captive Heart;
And the pleas'd Nymph with kind Attention sat,
To have Her Charms recorded by His Art:

III.

The am'rous Master own'd Her potent Eyes:
Sigh'd when He look'd, and trembl'd as He drew:
Each flowing Line confirm'd his first Surprize;
And as the Piece advanc'd, the Passion grew.

IV.

While PHILLIP's Son, while VENUS' Son was near,
What different Tortures does his Bosom feel?
Great was the Rival, and the God severe:
Nor could He hide his Flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The Prince, renown'd in Bounty as in Arms,
With Pity saw the ill-conceal'd Distress; Quited

Quitted his Title to CAMPASPE's Charms,
And gave the Fair one to the Friend's Embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous CLOE sat to thee,
Good HOWARD, emu'lous of the GRÆCIAN Art:
But happy thou, from CUPID's Arrow free,
And Flames that pierc'd Thy Predeceſſor's Heart.

VII.

Had thy poor Breaſt receiv'd an equal Pain;
Had I been veſted with the Monarch's Pow'r;
Thou muſt have ſigh'd, unlucky Youth, in vain;
Nor from My Bounty hadſt Thou found a Cure.

VIII.

Tho' to convince Thee, that the Friend did feel
A kind Concern for Thy ill-fated Care,
I would have ſooth'd the Flame, I could not heal;
Giv'n Thee the World; tho' I with-held the Fair.

LOVE Diſarm'd.

BENEATH a Myrtle's verdant Shade
As CLOE half aſleep was laid,
CUPID perch'd lightly on Her Breaſt,
And in That Heav'n deſir'd to reſt:
Over her Paps his Wings He ſpread:
Between he found a downy Bed,
And neſtl'd in His little Head.

Still lay the God: The Nymph ſurpriz'd,
Yet Miſtreſs of her ſelf, deviſ'd,
How She the Vagrant might inthral,
And Captive Him, who Captives All.

Her Boddice half way She unlac'd:
About his Arms She ſlily caſt
The ſilken Bond, and held him faſt.

The God awak'd; and thrice in vain
He ſtrove to break the cruel Chain;
And thrice in vain He ſhook his Wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken String.

Flut-

Flutt'ring the God, and weeping said,
Pity poor CUPID, generous Maid,
Who happen'd, being Blind, to stray,
And on thy Bosom lost his Way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never There must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended Harm to Thee.

To Me pertains not, She replies,
To know or care where CUPID flies;
What are his Haunts, or which his Way;
Where He would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set Thee free:
For Harm was meant, and Harm to Me.

Vain Fears that vex thy Virgin Heart!
I'll give thee up my Bow and Dart:
Untangle but this cruel Chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: Secure my Virgin Heart,
Instant give up thy Bow and Dart:
The Chain I'll in Return unty;
And freely Thou again shalt fly.

Thus She the Captive did deliver
The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.

The God disarm'd e'er since that Day
Passes his Life in harmless Play;
Flies round, or sits upon her Breast,
A little, flutt'ring, idle Guest.

E'er since that Day the Beauteous Maid
Governs the World in CUPID's stead;
Directs his Arrow as She wills;
Gives Grief, or Pleasure; spares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her Neck her comely Tresses ty'd,
Her Iv'ry Quiver graceful by her Side,

A-

A-Hunting CLOE went: She loſt her Way,
And thro' the Woods uncertain chanc'd to ſtray.
APPOLLO paſſing by beheld the Maid;
And, Siſter Dear, bright CYNTHIA turn, He ſaid:
The hunted Hind lyes cloſe in yonder Brake.
Loud CUPID laugh'd, to ſee the God's Miſtake;
And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine,
To know Thy Kindred, and to honour Mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence Thy Siſter ſeek,
Or on MEANDER's Bank, or LATMUS' Peak.
But in This Nymph, My Friend, My Siſter know:
She draws My Arrows, and She bends My Bow:
Fair THAMES She haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove
Sacred to ſoft Receſs, and gentle Love.
Go, with Thy CYNTHIA, hurl the pointed Spear
At the rough Boar; or chace the flying Deer:
I and My CLOE take a nobler Aim:
At human Hearts We fling, nor ever miſs the Game.

CUPID and *GANYMEDE.*

IN Heav'n, one Holy-day, You read
In wiſe *Anacreon*, GANYMEDE
Drew heedleſs CUPID in, to throw
A Main, to paſs an Hour, or ſo.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By HERMES taught, play'd All the Play.
The God unhappily engag'd,
By Nature raſh, by Play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and ſigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;
Loſt ev'ry earthly thing He betted:
In ready Mony, all the Store
Pick'd up long ſince from DANAE's Show'r;
A Snuff-Box, ſet with bleeding Hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with Diamond Darts;
His Nine-pins, made of Myrtle Wood;
(The Tree in IDA's Foreſt ſtood)

His

His Bowl pure Gold, the very same
Which PARIS gave the CYPRIAN Dame;
Two Table-Books in Shaggreen Covers;
Fill'd with good Verse from real Lovers;
Merchandise rare! A Billet-doux,
It's Matter passionate, yet true:
Heaps of Hair Rings, and cypher'd Seals;
Rich Trifles; serious Bagatelles,
What sad Disorders Play begets!
Desp'rate and mad, at length He sets
Those Darts, whose Points make Gods adore
His Might, and deprecate his Pow'r:
Those Darts, whence all our Joy and Pain
Arise: those Darts——come, Seven's the Main,
Cries GANYMEDE: The usual Trick:
Seven, slur a Six; Eleven: A Nick.
Ill News goes fast; 'Twas quickly known,
That simple CUPID was undone.
Swifter than Lightning VENUS flew:
Too late she found the Thing too true.
Guess how the Goddess greets her Son;
Come hither, Sirrah; no, begone;
And, hark Ye, Is it so indeed?
A Comrade You for GANYMEDE?
An Imp as wicked, for his Age,
As any Earthly Lady's Page;
A Scandal and a Scourge to TROY;
A Prince's Son? A Black-guard Boy;
A Sharper, that with Box and Dice
Draws in young Deities to Vice,
All Heav'n is by the Ears together,
Since first that little Rogue came hither;
JUNO her self has had no Peace:
And truly I've been favour'd less:
For JOVE, as FAME reports, (but FAME
Says Things not fit for me to Name)
Has acted ill for such a God,
And taken Ways extremely odd.

And

And thou, unhappy Child, She said
(Her Anger by her Grief allay'd)
Unhappy Child, who thus hast lost
All the Estate We e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy Name despis'd, thy Weakness known?
Nor shall thy Shrine on Earth be crown'd:
Nor shall thy Pow'r in Heaven be own'd;
When Thou, nor Man, nor God can'st wound.

Obedient CUPID kneeling cry'd,
Cease, dearest Mother, cease to chide:
GANY'S a Cheat, and I'm a Bubble:
Yet why this great Excess of Trouble?
The Dice were false: The Darts are gone:
Yet how are You, or I undone?

The Loss of these I can supply
With keener Shafts from CLOE'S Eye:
Fear not, we e'er can be disgrac'd,
While that bright Magazine shall last:
Your crowded Altars still shall smoke;
And Man your Friendly Aid invoke:
JOVE shall again revere your Pow'r,
And rise a Swan, or fall a Show'r.

CUPID *Mistaken.*

I.

AS after Noon, one Summer's Day,
VENUS stood bathing in a River;
CUPID a-shooting went that Way,
New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

II.

With Skill He chose his sharpest Dart:
With all his Might his Bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart
The too well guided Arrow flew.

III.

III.

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd:
O cruel, could'st thou find none other,
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like NERO, Thou hast slain thy Mother.

IV.

Poor CUPID sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye:
Alas! how easy my Mistake?
I took You for your Likeness, CLOE.

VENUS *Mistaken.*

I.

WHEN CLOE's Picture was to VENUS shown;
Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for her own.
And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I Bathing thus, or naked seen?

II.

Pleas'd CUPID heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd.
'Tis CLOE's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast:
Friend HOWARD's Genius fancy'd all the rest.

A SONG.

IF Wine and Musick have the Pow'r,
To ease the Sickness of the Soul;
Let PHOEBUS ev'ry String explore;
And BACCHUS fill the sprightly Bowl.
Let Them their friendly Aid imploy,
To make my CLOE's Absence light;
And seek for Pleasure, to destroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But She to Morrow will return:
VENUS, be thou to Morrow great;
Thy Myrtles strow, Thy Odours burn;
And meet thy Favourite Nymph in State.
Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs
Let us to Morrow's Blessings own:
Thy darling LOVES shall guide the Hours;
And all the Day be Thine alone.

The DOVE.

---- Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? Virg.

I.

IN VIRGIL's Sacred Verse we find,
That Passion can depress or raise
The Heavenly, as the Human Mind:
Who dare deny what VIRGIL says?

II.

But if they shou'd; what our great Master
Has thus laid down, my Tale shall prove.
Fair VENUS wept the sad Disaster
Of having lost her Favorite Dove.

III.

In Complaisance poor CUPID mourn'd;
His Grief reliev'd his Mother's Pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no Stone unturn'd,
But She should have her Dove again.

IV.

Tho' none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the Fellon well enough:
But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal Proof.

With that, his longest Dart he took,
As Constable wou'd take his Staff;
That Gods desire like Men to look,
Wou'd make ev'n HERACLITUS laugh.

V

VI.

LOVES Subaltern, a Duteous Band,
Like Watchmen round their Chief appear;
Each had his Lanthorn in his Hand:
And VENUS mask'd brought up the Rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager Step
To CLOE's Lodging They directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That CLOE is of Theft ſuſpected.)

VIII.

Late They ſet out, had far to go:
St. DUNSTAN's, as They paſs'd, ſtruck One.
CLOE, for Reaſons good, You know,
Lives at the ſober End o'th' Town.

IX.

With one great Peal They rap the Door,
Like Footmen on a Viſiting-Day.
Folks at Her Houſe at ſuch an Hour!
Lord! what will all the Neighbours ſay?

X.

The Door is open'd: up They run:
Nor Prayers, nor Threats divert their Speed.
Thieves, Thieves! cries SUSAN; We're undone;
They'll kill my Miſtreſs in her Bed.

XI.

In Bed indeed the Nymph had been
Three Hours: for all Hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at Ten,
Unleſs *Picquet* was in the Way.

XII.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange Surprize.
O CUPID, is this Right or Law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt Eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

XIII.

Have You obſerv'd a ſitting Hare,
Liſtning, and fearful of the Storm

of

Of Horns and Hounds, clap back her Ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her Form?

XIV.

Or have You mark'd a Partridge quake,
Viewing the tow'ring Faulcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the Brake:
Nor wou'd she ſtay; nor dares she fly.

XV.

Then have You ſeen the Beauteous Maid;
When gazing on her Midnight Foes,
She turn'd each Way her frighted Head,
Then ſunk it deep beneath the Cloaths.

XVI.

VENUS this while was in the Chamber
Incognito: for SUSAN ſaid,
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of Myrrh and Amber——
And SUSAN is no lying Maid.

XVII.

But ſince We have no preſent Need
Of VENUS for an Epiſode;
With CUPID let us e'en proceed;
And thus to CLOE ſpoke the God.

XVIII.

Hold up your Head: hold up your Hand;
Wou'd it were not my Lot to ſhow ye
This cruel *Writ*, wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the Name of CLOE.

XIX.

For that by ſecret Malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an emulous Pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite Bird,
In which my Mother moſt delighted.

XX.

Her bluſhing Face the lovely Maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white Sheet.
A Roſe-Tree in a Lilly Bed,
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

XXI. Are

XXI.

Are You not He whom Virgins fear,
And Widows court? Is not your Name
CUPID? If so, pray come not near ——
Fair Maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to say;
Or do with Her, You call your Mother?
If I shou'd meet Her in my Way,
We hardly court'sy to each other.

XXIII.

DIANA Chaste, and HEBE sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true:
I wou'd not give my Paroquet
For all the DOVES that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this Midnight Noise,
Go freely search where e'er you please:
(The Rage that rais'd, adorn'd Her Voice)
Upon yon' Toilet lie my Keys.

XXV.

Her Keys He takes; her Doors unlocks;
Thro' Wardrobe, and thro' Closet bounces,
Peeps into ev'ry Chest and Box;
Turns all her Furbeloes and Flounces.

XXVI.

But DOVE, depend on't, finds He none;
So to the Bed returns again:
And now the Maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat Him with Disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, She smiling said,
Your Poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder Slipper dead,
Or, may be, in the Tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, Traytor, angry Love replies
He's hid somewhere about Your Breast;

A Place, nor God, nor Man denies,
For VENUS' DOVE the proper Neſt.

XXIX.

Search then, She ſaid, put in your Hand,
And CYNTHIA, dear Protectreſs, guard Me:
As guilty I, or free may ſtand,
Do Thou, or puniſh, or reward Me.

XXX.

But ah! what Maid to Love can truſt?
He ſcorns, and breaks all Legal Power:
Into her Breaſt his Hand He thruſt;
And in a Moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do thoſe Fingers rove,
Cries CLOE, treacherous Urchin, whither?
O VENUS! I ſhall find thy DOVE,
Says He; for ſure I touch his Feather.

A LOVER's ANGER.

AS CLOE came into the Room t'other Day,
I peeviſh began; Where ſo long cou'd You ſtay?
In your Life-time You never regarded your Hour:
You promis'd at Two; and (pray look Child) 'tis Four.
A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels:
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals.
A Temper ſo heedleſs no Mortal can bear———
Thus far I went on with a reſolute Air.
Lord bleſs Me! ſaid She; let a Body but ſpeak:
Here's an ugly hard Roſe Bud faſt'n into my Neck:
It has hurt Me, and vext Me to ſuch a Degree———
See here; for You never believe Me; pray ſee,
On the left Side my Breaſt what a Mark it has made.
So ſaying, her Boſom She careleſs diſplay'd.
That Seat of Delight I with Wonder ſurvey'd;
And forgot ev'ry Word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

ME

MERCURY and CUPID.

IN ſullen Humour one Day JOVE
Sent HERMES down to IDA's Grove,
Commanding CUPID to deliver
His Store of Darts, his total Quiver;
That HERMES ſhou'd the Weapons break,
Or throw 'em into LETHE Lake.

HERMES, You know, muſt do his Errand:
He found his Man, produc'd his warrant:
CUPID, your Darts ——— this very Hour ———
There's no contending againſt Power.

How ſullen JUPITER, juſt now
I think I ſaid: and You'll allow,
That CUPID was as bad as He:
Hear but the Youngſter's Repartée.

Come Kinſman (ſaid the little God)
Put off your Wings; lay by your Rod;
Retire with Me to yonder Bower;
And reſt your ſelf for half an Hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heav'n:
And You fly faſt: and 'tis but Seven.
We'll take one cooling Cup of Nectar;
And drink to this Celeſtial Hector ———

He break my Darts, or hurt my Pow'r!
He, LEDA's Swan, and DANAE's Show'r!
Go, bid him his Wife's Tongue reſtrain;
And mind his Thunder, and his Rain. ———
My Darts? O certainly I'll give 'em:
From CLOE's Eyes He ſhall receive 'em.
There's One, the Beſt in all my Quiver,
Twang! thro' his very Heart and Liver.
He then ſhall Pine, and Sigh, and Rave:
Good Lord! what Buſtle ſhall We have!
NEPTUNE muſt ſtraight be ſent to Sea;
And FLORA ſummon'd twice a day:

One must find Shells, and t'other Flow'rs,
For cooling Grotts, and fragrant Bow'rs,
That CLOE may be serv'd in State:
The HOURS must at Her Toilet wait:
Whilst all the reasoning Fools below,
Wonder their Watches go too slow.
LYBS must fly South, and EURUS East,
For Jewels for Her Hair and Breast:
No Matter tho' their cruel Haste
Sink Cities, and lay Forrests waste.
No Matter tho' This Fleet be lost;
Or That lie wind-bound on the Coast.
What whis'pring in my Mother's Ear!
What Care, that JUNO shou'd not hear!
What Work among You Scholar Gods!
PHOEBUS must write Him am'rous Odes:
And Thou, poor Cousin, must compose
His Letters in submissive Prose:
Whilst haughty CLOE, to sustain
The Honour of My mystic Reign,
Shall all his Gifts and Vows disdain;
And laugh at your Old Bully's Pain.
Dear Couz, said HERMES in a Fright,
For Heav'n sake keep Your Darts: Good Night.

On BEAUTY.

A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE Me, CLOE, what is THIS:
Or forfeit me One precious Kiss.
'Tis the first Off-spring of the Graces;
Bears diff'rent Forms in diff'rent Places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas FLORA's Wealth, and CIRCE's Charm;
PANDORA's Box of Good and Harm;

'Twas

'Twas MARS's Wish, ENDYMION's Dream;
APELLES' Draught, and OVID's Theme.
THIS guided THESEUS thro' the Maze;
And sent Him home with Life and Praise.
But THIS undid the PHRYGIAN Boy;
And blew the Flames that ruin'd TROY.
THIS shew'd great Kindness to old GREECE,
And help'd rich JASON to the Fleece.
THIS thro' the East just Vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor ANTHONY the World.
Injur'd tho' LUCRECE found her Doom;
THIS banish'd Tyranny from ROME.
Appeas'd, tho' LAIS gain'd her Hire;
THIS set PERSEPOLIS on Fire.
For THIS ALCIDES learn'd to spin;
His Club laid down, and Lions Skin.
FOR THIS APPOLLO deign'd to keep,
With servile Care, a Mortal's Sheep.
For THIS the Father of the Gods,
Content to leave His high Abodes,
In borrow'd Figures loosely ran,
EUROPA's Bull, and LEDA's Swan.
For THIS He reassumes the Nod;
(While SEMELE commands the God)
Launces the Bolt, and shakes the Poles;
Tho' MOMUS laughs, and JUNO scolds.

Here list'ning CLOE smil'd, and said;
Your Riddle is not hard to read:
I Guess it ——— Fair one, if You do;
Need I, alas! the Theme pursue?
For THIS, Thou seest, for THIS I leave,
Whate'er the World thinks Wise or Grave,
Ambition, Business, Friendship, News,
My useful Books, and serious Muse.
For THIS I willingly decline
The Mirth of Feasts, and Joys of Wine;
And chuse to sit and talk with Thee
(As Thy great Orders may decree)

Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
Of idle Tales, and foolish Riddles.

The Question to LISETTA.

WHat Nymph shou'd I admire, or trust,
But CLOE Beauteous, CLOE Just?
What Nymph shou'd I desire to see,
But Her who leaves the Plain for me?
To whom shou'd I compose the Lay,
But Her who listens, when I play?
To whom in Song repeat my Cares,
But Her who in my Sorrow shares?
For whom shou'd I the Garland make,
But Her who Joys the Gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my Sake?
In Love am I not fully blest?
LISETTA, pr'ythee tell the rest.

LISETTA's *Reply.*

SURE CLOE Just, and CLOE Fair
Deserves to be Your only Care;
But when You and She to Day
Far into the Wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by;
Which way did you cast your Eye?
But when your Cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring;
Does it not more afflict your Heart,
That in those Cares She bears a Part?
When you the Flow'rs for CLOE twine,
Why do you to her Garland join
The meanest Bud that falls from mine?
Simplest of Swains! the World may see,
Whom CLOE loves, and who loves Me.

The

The GARLAND.

I.

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I chose,
The Violet sweet, and Lilly fair,
The dappl'd Pink, and blushing Rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's Hair.

II.

At Morn the Nymph vouchsafe to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
The Flow'rs less blooming than her Face,
The Scent less fragrant than her Breath.

III.

The Flow'rs she wore along the Day:
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
That in her Hair they lookt more gay,
Than glowing in their native Bed.

IV.

Undrest at Evening, when She found
Their Odours lost, their Colours past;
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
Her Garland and her Eye she cast.

V.

That Eye dropt Sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's Tongue cou'd speak:
When from it's Lid a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

VI.

Dissembling, what I knew too well,
My Love, my Life, said I, explain
This Change of Humour? Pr'ythee tell:
That falling Tear——What does it mean?

VII.

She sigh'd, she smil'd: and to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely Moralist said:
See! Friend, in some few fleeting Hours,
See yonder, what a Change is made.

VIII.

VIII.

Ah Me! the blooming Pride of MAY,
And That of Beauty are but One:
At Morn Both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At Dawn poor STELLA danc'd and ſung;
The am'rous Youth around Her bow'd;
At Night her fatal Knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd Her in her Shrowd.

X.

Such as She is, who dy'd to Day;
Such I, alas! may be to Morrow:
Go, DAMON, bid Thy Muſe diſplay
The Juſtice of thy CLOE's Sorrow.

The LADY *who offers her Looking-Glaſs to* VENUS.

VENUS, take my Votive Glaſs:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this Day I ſhall be,
VENUS, let me never ſee.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to ask Me, why I weep;
Vext CLOE to her Shepherd ſaid;
'Tis for my Two poor ſtragling Sheep
Perhaps, or for my Squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what You late have writ?
Your ſubtle Queſtions, and Replies;
Emblems, to teach a Female Wit
The Ways, where changing CUPID flies,

III. Your

III.

Your Riddle, purpos'd to rehearse
The general Pow'r that Beauty has:
But why did no peculiar Verse
Describe one Charm of CLOE's Face?

IV.

The Glass, which was at VENUS' Shrine,
With such Mysterious Sorrow laid:
The Garland (and You call it Mine)
Which shew'd how Youth and Beauty fade.

V.

Ten thousand Trifles light as These
Nor can my Rage, nor Anger move:
She should be humble, who wou'd please:
And She must suffer, who can love.

VI.

When in My Glass I chanc'd to look;
Of VENUS what did I implore?
That ev'ry Grace which thence I took
Shou'd know to charm my DAMON more.

VII.

Reading Thy Verse; who heeds, said I,
If here or there his Glances flew?
O free for ever be His Eye,
Whose Heart to Me is always true.

VIII.

My Bloom indeed, my little Flow'r
Of Beauty quickly lost it's Pride:
For sever'd from it's Native Bow'r,
It on Thy glowing Bosom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might presage
Or withering Wreath, or fleeting Youth:
Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
And Time less permanent than Truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroll'd my Tears, and free:

O Da-

O DAMON, 'tis the only Woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from Thee.

XI.

The secret Wound with which I bleed,
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my Herse;
But on my Tomb-stone Thou shalt read
My Answer to thy dubious Verse.

ANSWER to *CLOE* Jealous,

In the same *Stile*.

The AUTHOR Sick.

I.

YES, fairest Proof of Beauty's Pow'r,
Dear Idol of my panting Heart,
Nature points this my fatal Hour;
And I have liv'd; and we must part.

II.

While now I take my last Adieu,
Heave thou no Sigh, nor shed a Tear;
Lest yet my half-clos'd Eye may view
On Earth an Object worth it's Care.

III.

From Jealousy's tormenting Strife
For ever be thy Bosom freed:
That nothing may disturb thy Life,
Content I hasten to the Dead.

IV.

Yet when some better-fated Youth
Shall with his am'rous Parly move Thee;
Reflect one Moment on His Truth,
Who dying thus, persists to love Thee.

A better ANSWER.

I.

DEAR CLOE, how blubber'd is that pretty Face?
Thy Cheek all on Fire, and thy Hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this Caprice; and (as Old FALSTAFF says)
Let us e'en talk a little like Folks of this World.

II.

How can'ſt Thou preſume, Thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The Beauties, which VENUS but lent to thy keeping?
Thoſe Looks were deſign'd to inſpire Love and Joy:
More ord'nary Eyes may ſerve People for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a Trifle or two that I write,
Your Judgment at once, and my Paſſion you wrong:
You take that for Fact, which will ſcarce be found Wit:
Od's Life! muſt One ſwear to the Truth of a Song?

IV.

What I ſpeak, my fair CLOE, and what I indite, ſhews
The Diff'rence there is betwixt Nature and Art:
I court others in Verſe; but I love Thee in Proſe:
And they have my Whimſies; but Thou haſt my Heart.

V.

The God of us Verſe-men (You know, Child) the Sun,
How after his Journeys he ſets up his Reſt:
If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run;
At Night he reclines on his THETIS's Breaſt.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all Day;
To thee my Delight in the Evening I come:
No Matter what Beauties I ſaw in my Way:
They were but my Viſits; but Thou art my Home.

VII.

Then finiſh, dear CLOE, this paſtoral War,
And let us like HORACE and LYDIA agree:
For thou art a Girl as much brighter than Her,
As He was a Poet ſublimer than me.

PALLAS

PALLAS and VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE TROJAN Swain had judg'd the great Dispute;
And Beauty's Pow'r obtain'd the Golden Fruit;
When VENUS, loose in all her naked Charms,
Met JOVE's great Daughter clad in shining Arms.
The wanton Goddess view'd the Warlike Maid
From Head to Foot, and tauntingly she said.

Yield, Sister; Rival, yield: Naked, you see,
I vanquish: Guess how Potent I should be;
If to the Field I came in Armour drest;
Dreadful, like Thine, my Shield, and terrible my Crest.

The Warrior Goddess with Disdain reply'd;
Thy Folly, Child, is equal to thy Pride:
Let a brave Enemy for once advise,
And VENUS (if 'tis possible) be wise.
Thou to be strong must put off every Dress;
Thy only Armour is thy Nakedness:
And more than once, (or Thou art much bely'd)
By MARS himself That Armour has been try'd.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN in LOVE. A TALE.

FROM publick Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busy Ills of Life,
Take me, my CELIA, to Thy Breast;
And lull my wearied Soul to Rest:

For

For ever in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;
None enter else, but Love—and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.
To painted Roofs, and shining Spires
(Uneasy Seats of high Desires)
Let the unthinking Many croud,
That dare be Covtous and Proud:
In golden Bondage let them wait,
And barter Happiness for State:
But Oh! my CELIA, when Thy Swain
Desires to see a Court again;
May Heav'n around this destin'd Head
The choicest of it's Curses shed:
To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
In the Two Things I dread and hate;
May'st Thou be False, and I be Great.
Thus on his CELIA's panting Breast,
Fond CELADON his Soul expreſt;
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows, She thus repaid:
Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Blest Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted Mine,
My Love and Life long since are thine:
A real Joy I never knew;
'Till I believ'd Thy Passion true:
A real Grief I ne'er can find;
'Till Thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind.
Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy Presence, I can bear.
Thro' Waters, and thro' Flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and Solace of Thy Woe:
Trace me some yet unheard of Way,
That I Thy Ardour may repay;
And make my constant Passion known,
By more than Woman yet has done.

Had

Had I a Wish that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear;
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And die to let it out again.
No: VENUS shall my Witness be,
(If VENUS ever lov'd like Me)
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,
To be the PERSIAN Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his Pow'r and Pride;
Or Rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of JOVE.
O happy these of Human Race!
But soon, alas! our Pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended Knee;
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea,
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Hasten'd to Court, to beg a Place.
While She his Absence to bemoan,
The very Moment He was gone,
Call'd THYRSIS from beneath the Bed;
Where all this time He had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE Men have these Ambitious Fancies;
And wanton Wenches read Romances;
Our Sex will——What? Out with it. Lye;
And Their's in equal Strains reply.
The Moral of the Tale I sing
(A Posy for a Wedding Ring)
In this short Verse will be confin'd:
Love is a Jest; and Vows are Wind.

AN

AN
ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danae, when Fair and Young
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.
The Reason of the thing is clear;
Would Jove the naked Truth aver:
Cupid was with Him of the Party;
And show'd himself sincere and hearty:
For, give That Whipster but his Errand,
He takes my Lord Chief Justice' Warrant:
Dauntless as Death away He walks;
Breaks the Doors open; snaps the Locks;
Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study;
Nor stops, 'till He has Culprit's Body.
Since This has been Authentick Truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us,
Why so Mysterious, why so Jealous?
Does the Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar
Make Us less Curious, Her less Fair?
The Spy, which does this Treasure keep,
Does She ne'er say her Prayers, nor sleep?
Does She to no Excess incline?
Does She fly Musick, Mirth, and Wine?
Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r,
To purchase One unguarded Hour?
Your Care does further yet extend:
That Spy is guarded by your Friend.——
But has This Friend nor Eye, nor Heart?
May He not feel the cruel Dart,
Which, soon or late, all Mortals feel?
May He not, with too tender Zeal,

Give

Give the Fair Priſ'ner Cauſe to ſee,
How much He Wiſhes, She were free?
May He not craftily infer
The Rules of Friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated Truſt;
Which make him wretched to be juſt?
And may not She, this Darling She,
Youthful and healthy, Fleſh and Blood,
Eaſie with Him, ill-us'd by Thee,
Allow this Logic to be good?
Sir, will your Queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither Spy nor Friend.
In ſhort I keep Her from the Sight
Of ev'ry Human Face——She'll write.——
From Pen and Paper She's debarr'd.——
has She a Bodkin and a Card?
She'll prick her Mind.—— She will, You ſay:
But how ſhall ſhe that Mind convey?
I keep her in one Room: I lock it:
The Key (look here) is in this Pocket.
The Key-hole, is That left? Moſt certain.
She'll thruſt her Letter thro'—Sir MARTIN.
Dear angry Friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no Way?——There is but One.
Send Her abroad; and let her ſee,
That all this mingled Maſs, which She
Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
Powder, and Pocket-Glaſs, and Beau;
A Staple of Romance and Lies,
Falſe Tears, and real Perjuries:
Where Sighs and Looks are bought and ſold:
And Love is made but to be told:
Where the fat Bawd, and laviſh Heir
The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty Share:
And Youth ſeduc'd from Friends and Fame,
Muſt give up Age to Want and Shame.
Let Her behold the Frantick Scene,
The Women wretched, falſe the Men:

And when, these certain Ills to shun,
She would to thy Embraces run;
Receive Her with extended Arms:
Seem more delighted with her Charms:
Wait on Her to the Park and Play:
Put on good Humour; make Her gay;
Be to her Virtues very kind:
Be to her Faults a little blind:
Let all her ways be unconfin'd:
And clap your *Padlock* —— on her Mind.

HANS CARVEL.

Hans Carvel, Impotent and Old,
Married a Lass of *London* Mould:
Handsome? enough; extreamly Gay:
Lov'd Musick, Company, and Play:
High Flights She had, and Wit at will;
And so her Tongue lay seldom still:
For in all Visits who but She,
To Argue, or to Repartée?
She made it plain, that Human Passion
Was order'd by Predestination;
That, if weak Women went astray,
Their Stars were more in Fault than They:
Whole Tragedies She had by Heart;
Enter'd into *Roxana*'s Part:
To triumph in Her Rival's Blood,
The Action certainly was good.
How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd!
Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World!
She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.
She, first of all the Town, was told,
Where newest *India* Things were sold;
So in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Thody*'s;

To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen:
What elſe cou'd ſo much Virtue mean?
For to prevent the leaſt Reproach,
Betty went with Her in the Coach.
But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care;
She without fail was wak'd at Ten;
Drank Chocolate, then ſlept again:
At Twelve She roſe: with much ado
Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two:
Then; Does my Lady Dine at home?
Yes ſure;——but is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the Afternoon,
And not come Home again too ſoon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day;
A Turn in Summer to *Hyde-Park*,
When it grew tolerably Dark.
Wife's Pleaſure cauſes Huſband's Pain:
Strange Fancies come in *Hani's* Brain:
He thought of what He did not name;
And wou'd reform; but dar'ſt not blame.
At firſt He therefore Preach'd his Wife
The Comforts of a pious Life:
Told Her, how Tranſient Beauty was;
That All muſt die, and Fleſh was Graſs:
He bought Her Sermons, Pſalms, and Graces;
And doubled down the uſeful Places.
But ſtill the Weight of worldly Care
Allow'd Her little time for Pray'r;
And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,
While *Scot* and *Wake*, and Twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the Shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet:
No fear that Thumb of Her's ſhould ſpoil it:
In ſhort, the Trade was ſtill the ſame:
The Dame went out; the Colonel came.

What's

What's to be done? poor *Carvel* cry'd:
Another Batt'ry must be try'd:
What if to Spells I had Recourse?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.
The End must justifie the Means:
He only Sins who Ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.
Forthwith the Devil did appear
(For name him and he's always near)
Not in the Shape in which he plies
At Miss's Elbow when She lies;
Or stands before the Nursery Doors,
To take the naughty Boy that roars:
But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
Like a grave Barrister at Law.
Hans Carvel, lay aside your Grief,
The Devil says: I bring Relief.
Relief, says *Hans*; pray let me crave
Your Name, Sir. ——— *Satan.* ——— Sir, your Slave.
I did not look upon your Feet;
You'll pardon Me: ——— Ay, now I see't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell?
Our Friends there, did you leave Them well?
All well; but pr'ythee, honest *Hans*,
(Says *Satan*) leave your Complaisance;
The Truth is this: I can not stay
Flaring in Sun-shine all the Day:
For, *entre Nous*, We Hellish Sprites,
Love more the Fresco of the Nights;
And oft'ner our Receipts convey
In Dreams, than any other Way.
I tell you therefore as a Friend,
E'er Morning dawns, your Fears shall end:
Go then this Ev'ning, Master *Carvel*,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel;
Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care;
Whilst I the great Receipt prepare:

To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith;
Believe for once what *Satan* saith.
Away went *Hans*: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;
Invited Friends some half a Dozen,
The Colonel, and my Lady's Cousin.
The Meat was serv'd; the Bowls were crown'd;
Catches were sung; and Healths went round;
Barbadoes Waters for the Close;
'Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose:
The Colonel toasted to the best:
The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest:
The Chimes went Twelve: the Guests withdrew:
But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
Some Modern Anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his Elbow Chair;
From thence was carry'd off to Bed:
John held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
My Lady was disturb'd: new Sorrow!
Which *Hans* must answer for to Morrow.
In Bed then view this happy Pair;
And think how *Hymen* Triumph'd there.
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid;
The Duty of the Night unpaid:
The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppress,
That made Her Hate both Him and Rest;
By such a Husband, such a Wife!
'Twas *Acme*'s and *Septimius*'s Life.
The Lady sigh'd: the Lover snor'd:
The punctual Devil kept his Word;
Appear'd to honest *Hans* again;
But not at all by Madam seen:
And giving Him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King;
Dear *Hans*, said He, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for *Satan*'s Sake:
'Twill do your Business to a Hair:
For long as You this Ring shall wear, I

As ſure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er ſhall happen which You think on.
Hans took the Ring with Joy extream;
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thruſting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, He cry'd: I've gain'd my Point:——
What Point, ſaid She, You ugly Beaſt?
You neither give Me Joy nor Reſt:
'Tis done.——What's done, You drunken Bear?
You've thruſt your Finger G——d knows where.

A Dutch *Proverb.*

FIRE, Water, Woman, are Man's Ruin;
Says wiſe Profeſſor *Vander Bruin.*
By Flames a Houſe I hir'd was loſt
Laſt Year: and I muſt pay the Coſt.
This Spring the Rains o'erflow'd my Ground;
And my beſt Flanders Mare was drown'd.
A Slave I am to *Clara*'s Eyes:
The Gipſey knows her Pow'r, and flies.
Fire, Water, Woman, are My Ruin:
And great Thy Wiſdom, *Vander Bruin.*

PAULO PURGANTI

And His WIFE

An Honeſt, but a Simple Pair.

Eſt enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute, quod Deceat: quod Cogitatione magis à Virtute poteſt quam Re ſeparari. Cic. de Officiis. Lib. 1.

BEYOND the fix'd and ſettl'd Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the Letter of the Law,
Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe,

The better Sort should set before 'em
A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum;
Something, that gives their Acts a Light;
Makes 'em not only just, but bright;
And sets 'em in that open Fame,
Which witty Malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting:
Much may be Right, yet much be Wanting:
From Lines drawn true, our Eye may trace
A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face:
May justly own the Picture wrought
Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault:
Yet if the Colouring be not there,
The *Titian* Stroke, the *Guido* Air;
To nicest Judgment show the Piece;
At best 'twill only not displease:
It would not gain on *Jersey*'s Eye:
Bradford would frown, and set it by.
Thus in the Picture of our Mind
The Action may be well design'd;
Guided by Law, and bound by Duty;
Yet want this *Je ne sçay quoy* of Beauty;
And tho' it's Error may be such,
As *Knags* and *Burgess* cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer Touch
Of *Wicherley*'s or *Congreve*'s Wit.
What is this Talk? replies a Friend:
And where will this dry Moral end?
The Truth of what you here lay down
By some Example should be shown.——
With all my Heart.——for once;——read on.
An Honest, but a Simple Pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this *Thesis* clear.
A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,
Paulo Purganti was his Name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife:
No Woman led a better Life:

She

She to Intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted;
She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted:
And thought the Nation ne'er would thrive,
'Till all the Whores were burnt alive.
On marry'd Men, that dare be bad,
She thought no Mercy should be had;
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
Or serv'd like *Romish* Priests in *Swede*.——
In short, all Lewdness She defy'd;
And stiff was her Parochial Pride.
Yet in an honest Way, the Dame
Was a great Lover of That same;
And could from Scripture take her Cue,
That Husbands should give Wives their Due.
Her Prudence did so justly steer
Between the Gay and the Severe,
That if in some Regards She chose
To curb poor *Paulo* in too close;
In others She relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser Rein.
Thus tho' She strictly did confine
The Doctor from Excess of Wine;
With Oysters, Eggs, and Vermicelli
She let Him almost burst his Belly:
Thus drying Coffee was deny'd;
But Chocolate that Loss supply'd:
And for Tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy Concomitant of Claret!
(Blest Revolution!) one might see
Eringo Roots, and Bohé Tea.
She often set the Doctor's Band,
And strok'd his Beard, and squeez'd his Hand;
Kindly complain'd, that after Noon
He went to pore on Books too soon:
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the Couch:——
About his Waste in Bed a-nights
She clung so close—— for fear of Sprites.

The Doctor understood the Call;
But had not always wherewithal.
The Lion's Skin too short, you know,
(As *Plutarch*'s Morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the Fox's Tail:
And Art supplies, where Strength may fail.
Unwilling then in Arms to meet
The Enemy, He could not beat;
He strove to lengthen the Campaign,
And save his Forces by Chicane.
Fabius, the *Roman* Chief, who thus
By fair Retreat grew *Maximus*,
Shows us, that all that Warrior can do
With Force inferior, is *Cunctando*.
One Day then, as the Foe drew near,
With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear;
Our Don, who knew this Tittle Tattle,
Did, sure as Trumpet, call to Battel;
Thought it extreamly *à propos*,
To ward against the coming Blow:
To ward: but how? Ay, there's the Question;
Fierce the Assault, unarm'd the Bastion.
The Doctor feign'd a strange Surprise:
He felt her Pulse: he view'd her Eyes:
That beat too fast: These rowl'd too quick:
She was, He said, or would be Sick:
He judg'd it absolutely good,
That She should purge and cleanse her Blood.
Spaw Waters or that end were got:
If they past easily or not
What matters it? the Lady's Feaver
Continu'd violent as ever.
For a Distemper of this Kind,
(*Blackmore* and *Hans* are of my Mind)
If once it youthful Blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex;
Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion;
What e'er might be our Doctor's Notion.

One

One luckleſs Night then, as in Bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel Feaver came,
High Pulſe, ſhort Breath, and Blood in Flame.
What Meaſures ſhall poor *Paulo* keep
With Madam, in this piteous taking?
She, like *Macbeth*, has murder'd Sleep,
And won't allow Him Reſt, tho' waking.
Sad State of Matters! when we dare
Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War;
Nor *Livy* nor *Comines* have ſhown,
What in this Juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that *Paulo*'s Caſe is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongſt his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.
He ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
By dint of Logic to maintain,
That all the Sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyſhip from *Eve*.
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience;
Back'd his Opinion with Quotations,
Divines and Moraliſts; and run ye on
Quite thro' from *Seneca* to *Bunyan*.
As much in vain He bid Her try
To fold her Arms, to cloſe her Eye;
Telling Her, Reſt would do Her good;
If any thing in Nature cou'd:
So held the *Greeks* quite down from *Galen*,
Maſters and Princes of the Calling:
So all our Modern Friends maintain
(Tho' no great *Greeks*) in *Warwick-Lane*.
Reduce, my Muſe, the wand'ring Song:
A Tale ſhould never be too long.
The more He talk'd, the more She burn'd,
And ſigh'd, and toſt, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At laſt, I wiſh, ſaid She, my Dear ———
(And whiſper'd ſomething in his Ear.)
You wiſh! wiſh on, the Doctor cries:
Lord! when will Womankind be wiſe?

What,

What, in your Waters? are You mad?
Why Poyson is not half so bad.
I'll do it——But I give You Warning:
You'll die before To-morrow Morning.——
'Tis kind, my Dear, what You advise;
The Lady with a Sigh replies:
But Life, You know, at best is Pain:
And Death is what We should disdain.
So do it therefore, and Adieu:
For I will die for Love of You:——
Let wanton Wives by Death be fear'd;
But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

The LADLE.

THE Scepticks think, 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down *Incognito*,
To see Who were Their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or rose:
That since They gave Things their Beginning;
And set this Whirligig a Spinning;
Supine They in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from Passion, and from Pain:
And frankly leave us Human Elves,
To cut and shuffle for our selves:
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As Matter, and as Motion jumble.
The Poets now, and Painters hold
This *Thesis* both absurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, They say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day:
Else all these Things We toil so hard in,
Would not avail one single Farthing:
For when the Hero We rehearse,
To grace His Actions, and Our Verse;

'Tis

'Tis not by dint of Human Thought.
That to his *Latium* He is brought:
Iu descends by *Fate's* Commands,
To guide his Steps thro' Foreign Lands:
And *Amphitrite* clears his Way
From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.
And if You see Him in a Sketch;
(Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Caroche*)
He shows not half his Force and Strength,
Strutting in Armour, and at Length:
That He may make his proper Figure,
The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger:
The *Nymphs* conduct Him to the Field:
One holds his Sword, and One his Shield:
Mars standing by asserts his Quarrel:
And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel.
These Points, I say, of Speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink the Nation)
Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms sustains the Fight;
'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.
Is it in *Equilibrio*,
If Deities descend or no?
Then let th' Affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my Tale:
For by all Parties 'tis confest,
That those Opinions are the best,
Which in their Nature most conduce
To present Ends, and private Use.
Two Gods came therefore from above,
One *Mercury*, and t'other *Jove*:
The Humour was (it seems) to know,
If all the Favours They bestow,
Could from our own Perverseness ease Us;
And if our Wish injoy'd would please Us.

Dis-

Diſcourſing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales Their Godſhips came;
Till well nigh tir'd at almoſt Night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in Diſguiſe a God or Goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernat'ral Powers;
But acts on Maxims much like Ours.
They ſpy'd at laſt a Country Farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For Woods before, and Hills behind
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind:
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing:
Good Grain was ſow'd: good Fruit was growing;
Of laſt Years Corn in Barns great ſtore;
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door:
And wealth (in ſhort) with Peace conſented,
That People here ſhould live contented:
But did they in Effect do ſo?
Have Patience, Friend; and Thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt Farmer and his Wife,
To Years declin'd from Prime of Life,
Had ſtruggl'd with the Marriage Nooſe;
As almoſt ev'ry Couple does:
Sometimes, My Plague! ſometimes, My Darling!
Kiſſing to Day, to Morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure.
Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd:
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard;
Thought they were Folks that loſt their Way;
And ask'd them civily to ſtay:
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.
So ſaid, ſo done: the Gods conſent:
All three into the Parlour went:
They complement: They ſit: They chat;
Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State:

A thouſand knotty Points they clear;
Till Supper and my Wife appear.
Jove, made his Leg, and kiſs'd the Dame:
Obſequious *Hermes* did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the Farmer's wife, You ſay.
He did——but in an honeſt way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and Life,
With which he kiſs'd *Amphitryon*'s wife.——
VVell then, Things handſomely were ſerv'd;
My Miſtreſs for the Strangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the Beer, how good the Meat,
How loud They laught, how much They eat,
In Epic ſumptuous would appear;
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in ſilence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That, by a fine Deſcription led,
I made my Epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.
The Grace-Cup ſerv'd, the Cloth away,
Jove thought it time to ſhow his Play:
Landlord and Landlady, He cry'd,
Folly and Jeſting laid aſide,
That Ye thus hoſpitably live,
And Strangers with good Chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
And makes ev'n Gods themſelves your Debtors.
To give this *Theſis* plainer Proof,
You have to Night beneath your Roof
A pair of Gods: (nay never wonder)
This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.
I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,
My Page, my Son indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then Three VViſhes, You and Madam;
And ſure, as You already had 'em,
The Things deſir'd in half an Hour,
Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.
Thank Ye, great Gods, the VVoman ſays;
Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.

A Ladle for our Silver Diſh
Is what I want, is what I Wiſh: ——
A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle!
'Odzooks, *Coriſca*, You have pray'd ill:
What ſhould be Great, You turn to Farce:
I Wiſh the Ladle in your A——.
With equal Grief and Shame my Muſe
The Sequel of the Tale purſues.
The Ladle fell into the Room,
And ſtuck in old *Coriſca*'s Bum.
Our Couple weep Two Wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt,
To eaſe the Woman's aukward Pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head achs for a Coronet;
And Who is Bleſs'd that is not Great?
Some Senſe, and more Eſtate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n:
What then? He muſt have Rule and Sway:
And all is wrong, till He's in Play.
The Miſer muſt make up his Plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum:
The ſickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his laſt Dregs of Life.
Againſt our Peace We arm our Will:
Amidſt our Plenty, *Something* ſtill
For Horſes, Houſes, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
That cruel *Something* unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and levens all the reſt,
That *Something*, if We could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future Pain:

And

And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
Tis all a *Wish*, and all a *Ladle*.

Written at PARIS, 1700.

In the Beginning of

ROBE's GEOGRAPHY.

OF All that *William* Rules, or *Robe*
Describes, Great *Rhea*, of Thy Globe;
When or on Post-Horse, or in Chaise,
With much Expence, and little Ease,
My destin'd Miles I shall have gone,
By *Thames* or *Maese*, by *Po* or *Rhone*,
And found no Foot of Earth my own;
Great Mother, let Me Once be able
To have a Garden, House, and Stable;
That I may Read, and Ride, and Plant,
Superior to Desire, or Want;
And as Health fails, and Years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in Peace.
Oblige Thy Fav'rite Undertakers
To throw Me in but Twenty Acres;
This Number sure They may allow;
For Pasture Ten, and Ten for Plow:
'Tis all that I wou'd Wish, or Hope,
For *Me*, and *John* and *Nell*, and *Crop*.
Then, as Thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not *Fortune* spoil the Jest)
To Those, who at the Market-Rate
Can barter Honour for Estate.
Now if Thou grant'st Me my Request,
To make Thy Vot'ry truly blest,
Let curst Revenge, and sawcy Pride
To some bleak Rock far off be ty'd;
Nor e'er approach my Rural Seat,
To tempt Me to be Base, and Great.

And,

And, *Goddess*, This kind Office done,
Charge *Venus* to command her Son,
(VVhere-ever else She lets Him rove)
To shun my House, and Field, and Grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.
Hear, gracious *Rhea*, what I say:
And Thy Petitioner shall Pray.

Written in the Beginning of *MEZERAY's* HISTORY of *FRANCE*.

I.

WHATE'ER thy Countrymen have done
By Law and VVit, by Sword and Gun,
In Thee is faithfully recited:
And all the Living VVorld, that view
Thy work, give Thee the Praises due,
At once Instructed and Delighted.

II.

Yet for the Fame of all these Deeds,
VVhat Begger in the *Invalides*,
VVith Lameness broke, with Blindness smitten,
VVish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either *Mezeray*,
Or any Monarch He has written?

III.

It strange, dear Author, yet it true is,
That down from *Pharamond* to *Louis*,
All covet Life, yet call it pain:
All feel the Ill, yet shun the Cure:
Can Sense this Paradox endure?
Resolve me, *Cambray*, or *Fontaine*.

IV.

The Man in graver Tragic known
(Tho' his best Part long since was done)

Still

Still on the Stage desires to tarry:
And He who play'd the *Harlequin*,
After the Jest still loads the Scene,
Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary.

Written in the *Nouveaux Interests des* PRINCES *de l'* EUROPE.

BLEST be the Princes, who have fought
For Pompous Names, or wide Dominion;
Since by Their Error We are taught,
That Happiness is but Opinion.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS Ad Animam Suam.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, Comesque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

By Monsieur FONTENELLE.

MA petite Ame, ma Mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu sçache où Tu vas
Tu pars seulette, nuë, & tremblotante, Helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

POOR little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost Thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight Thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly
Lyes all neglected, all forgot:
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st Thou know'st not what.

A PASSAGE in the
MORIÆ ENCOMIUM
of ERASMUS *Imitated.*

IN awful Pomp, and Melancholy State,
See settl'd REASON on the Judgment Seat:
Around Her croud DISTRUST, and DOUBT, and FEAR,
And thoughtful FORESIGHT, and tormenting CARE:
Far from the Throne, the trembling PLEASURES stand,
Chain'd up, or Exil'd by her stern Command.
Wretched her Subjects, gloomy sits the Queen;
'Till happy CHANCE reverts the cruel Scene:
And apish FOLLY with her wild Resort
Of Wit and Jest disturbs the solemn Court.
See the fantastic Minstrelsy advance,
To breathe the Song, and animate the Dance.
Blest the Usurper! happy the Surprize!
Her Mimic Postures catch our eager Eyes:
Her Jingling Bells affect our captive Ear:
And in the Sights We see, and Sounds We hear,
Against our Judgment She our Sense employs:
The Laws of troubl'd REASON She destroys:
And in Their Place rejoices to indite
Wild Schemes of Mirth, and Plans of loose Delight.

To Dr. SHERLOCK,

On his PRACTICAL DISCOURSE *Concerning* DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muſe, who in unhallow'd Strains
The Saint one Moment from his GOD detains:
For ſure, whate'er You do, where-e'er You are,
'Tis all but one good Work, one conſtant Pray'r:
Forgive Her; and intreat That GOD, to Whom
Thy favour'd Vows with kind Acceptance come,
To raiſe her Notes to that ſublime Degree,
Which ſuits a Song of Piety and Thee.
Wond'rous good Man! whoſe Labours may repel
The Force of Sin, may ſtop the Rage of Hell:
Thou, like the BAPTIST, from thy GOD waſt ſent
The crying Voice, to bid the World repent.
Thee YOUTH ſhall ſtudy; and no more engage
Their flatt'ring Wiſhes for uncertain AGE;
No more with fruitleſs Care, and cheated Strife
Chace fleeting Pleaſure thro' this Maze of Life;
Finding the wretched All They here can have,
But preſent Food, and but a future Grave:
Each, great as PHILIP's Victor Son, ſhall view
This abject World, and weeping, aſk a New.
Decrepit AGE ſhall read Thee, and confeſs,
Thy Labours can aſſwage, where Med'cines ceaſe;
Shall bleſs thy Words, their wounded Souls Relief,
The Drops that ſweeten their laſt Dregs of Life:
Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath;
Own Riches gather'd, Trouble; Fame, a Breath;
And LIFE an Ill, whoſe only Cure is DEATH.
Thy even Thoughts with ſo much Plainneſs flow;
Their Senſe untutor'd INFANCY may know:
Yet to ſuch height is all That Plainneſs wrought;
WIT may admire, and letter'd PRIDE be taught;

Eaſie in Words thy Style, in Senſe ſublime:
On it's bleſt Steps each Age and Sex may riſe:
'Tis like the Ladder in the PATRIARCH's Dream,
It's Foot on Earth, it's Height above the Skies.
Diffus'd it's Virtue, boundleſs is it's Pow'r:
'Tis Publick Health, and Univerſal Cure:
Of Heav'nly MANNA 'tis a ſecond Feaſt,
A Nation's Food, and all to ev'ry Taſte.
To it's laſt Height mad BRITAIN's Guilt was rear'd:
And various DEATH for various Crimes She fear'd;
With your kind Work her drooping Hopes revive:
You bid Her read, repent, adore, and live;
You wreſt the Bolt from Heav'ns avenging Hand;
Stop ready DEATH, and ſave a ſinking Land.
O! ſave Us ſtill! ſtill bleſs Us with thy Stay:
O! want thy Heav'n, 'till We have learnt the Way:
Refuſe to leave thy deſtin'd Charge too ſoon:
And for the Church's Good, defer thy own.
O! live; and let thy Works urge our Belief;
Live to explain thy Doctrine by thy Life;
'Till future INFANCY, baptiz'd by Thee,
Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety;
'Till CHRISTIANS, yet unborn, be taught to die.
Then in full Age, and hoary Holineſs
Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd Bliſs:
Untouch'd thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy Duſt,
As thy own Fame among the future Juſt;
'Till in laſt Sounds the dreadful Trumpet ſpeaks:
'Till JUDGMENT calls; and quick'ned NATURE wakes:
'Till thro' the utmoſt Earth, and deepeſt Sea
Our ſcatter'd ATOMS find their deſtin'd Way,
In haſte to cloath their Kindred Souls again;
Perfect our State, and build immortal Man:
Then fearleſs Thou, who well ſuſtain'dſt the Fight,
To Paths of Joy, and Tracts of endleſs Light
Lead up all thoſe who heard Thee, and believ'd:
'Midſt thy own Flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd:
And glad all Heav'n with Millions Thou haſt ſav'd.

CARMEN

CARMEN SECULARE

For the Year 1700.

TO THE KING.

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut Omnia Sæ'lo:
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

Virg. Eclog. 4.

I.

THY elder Look, Great JANUS, cast
Into the long Records of Ages past:
Review the Years in faireſt Action dreſt
With noted White, Superior to the reſt;
ÆRAS deriv'd, and Chronicles begun
From Empires founded, and from Battels won:
Show all the Spoils by valiant Kings atchiev'd,
And groaning Nations by Their Arms reliev'd;
The Wounds of Patriots in Their Country's Cauſe,
And happy Pow'r ſuſtain'd by wholeſom Laws:
In comely Rank call ev'ry Merit forth:
Imprint on ev'ry Act it's Standard Worth:
The glorious Parallels then downward bring,
To Modern Wonders, and to BRITAIN'S King:
With equal Juſtice and Hiſtoric Care
Their Laws, Their Toils, Their Arms with His compare:
Confeſs the various Attributes of Fame
Collected and compleat in WILLIAM'S Name:
To all the liſt'ning World relate,
(As Thou doſt His Story read)
That Nothing went before ſo Great,
And nothing Greater can ſucceed.

II.

Thy Native LATIUM was Thy darling Care,
Prudent in Peace, and terrible in War:

The boldeſt Virtues that have govern'd Earth
From Latium's fruitful Womb derive their Birth.
Then turn to Her fair-written Page:
From dawning Childhood to eſtabliſh'd Age,
The Glories of Her Empire trace:
Confront the Heroes of Thy Roman Race:
And let the juſteſt Palm the Victor's Temples grace.

III.

The Son of Mars redue'd the trembling Swains,
And ſpread His Empire o'er the diſtant Plains:
But yet the Sabins violated Charms
Obſcur'd the Glory of His riſing Arms.
Numa the Rights of ſtrict Religion knew;
On ev'ry Altar laid the Incenſe due;
Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear,
Or lead the forward Youth to noble War.
Stern Brutus was with too much Horror good,
Holding his *Faſces* ſtain'd with Filial Blood.
Fabius was Wiſe, but with Exceſs of Care:
He ſav'd his Country; but prolong'd the War:
While Decius, Paulus, Curius greatly Fought;
And by Their ſtrict Examples taught,
How wild Deſires ſhould be controll'd;
And how much brighter Virtue was, than Gold;
They ſcarce Their ſwelling Thirſt of Fame could hide;
And boaſted Poverty with too much Pride.
Exceſs in Youth made Scipio leſs Rever'd;
And Cato dying ſeem'd to own, He Fear'd.
Julius with Honour tam'd Rome's foreign Foes:
But Patriots fell, e'er the Dictator roſe.
And while with Clemency Auguſtus reign'd
The Monarch was ador'd; the City chain'd.

IV.

With juſteſt Honour be Their Merits dreſt:
But be Their Failings too conſeſt:
Their Virtue, like their Tyber's Flood
Rolling, it's Courſe deſign'd the Country's Good:
But oft the Torrent's too impetuous Speed
From the low Earth tore ſome polluting Weed: And

And with the Blood of JOVE there always ran
Some viler Part, some Tincture of the Man.

V.

Few Virtues after These so far prevail,
But that their Vices more than turn the Scale:
Valour grown wild by Pride, and Pow'r by Rage,
Did the true Charms of Majesty impair;
ROME by Degrees advancing more in Age,
Show'd sad Remains of what had once been fair:
'Till Heav'n a better Race of Men supplies;
And Glory shoots new Beams from Western Skies.

VI.

Turn then to PHARAMOND, and CHARLEMAIN,
And the long Heroes of the GALLIC Strain;
Experienc'd Chiefs, for hardy Prowess known,
And bloody Wreaths in vent'rous Battles won.
From the First WILLIAM, our great NORMAN King;
The bold PLANTAGENETS, and TUDORS bring;
Illustrious Virtues, who by turns have rose,
In foreign Fields to check BRITANNIA's Foes;
With happy Laws Her Empire to sustain;
And with full Power assert the Ambient Main:
But sometimes too Industrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the Turns of Fate,
They open'd Camps deform'd by Civil Fight:
And made proud Conquest trample over Right:
Disparted BRITAIN mourn'd Their doubtful Sway;
And dreaded Both, when Neither would obey.

VII.

From DIDIER, and Imperial ADOLPH trace
The Glorious Offspring of the NASSAW Race,
Devoted Lives to Publick Liberty;
The Chief still dying, or the Country free.
Then see the Kindred Blood of ORANGE flow,
From warlike CORNET, thro' the Loins of BRAU;
Thro' CHALON next; and there with NASSAW join,
From RHONE's fair Banks transplanted to the RHINE.
Bring next the Royal List of STUARTS forth,
Undaunted Minds, that rul'd the rugged North; 'Till

'Till Heav'n's Decrees by ripʼning Times are ſhown;
'Till SCOTLAND'S Kings aſcend the ENGLISH Throne;
And the fair Rivals live for ever One.

VIII.

Janus, mighty Deity,
Be kind; and as Thy ſearching Eye
Does our Modern Story trace,
Finding ſome of STUART'S Race
Unhappy, paſs Their Annals by:
No harſh Reflection let Remembrance raiſe:
Forbear to mention, what Thou canſt not praiſe:
But as thou dwell'ſt upon that Heav'nly * Name,
To Grief for ever Sacred, as to Fame,
Oh! read it to Thy ſelf; in Silence weep;
And Thy convulſive Sorrows inward keep;
Leſt *Britain's* Grief ſhould waken at the Sound;
And Blood guſh freſh from Her eternal Wound.

IX.

Whither would'ſt Thou further look?
Read WILLIAM'S Acts, and cloſe the ample Book:
Peruſe the Wonders of His dawning Life;
How, like *Alcides*, He began;
With Infant Patience calm'd Seditious Strife,
And quell'd the Snakes which round his Cradle ran.

X.

Deſcribe His Youth, attentive to Alarms,
By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms:
When Conqu'ring, mild; when Conquer'd, not diſgrac'd;
By Wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd:
Superior to the blind Events
Of little Human Accidents;
And conſtant to His firſt Decree,
To curb the Proud, to ſet the Injur'd free;
To bow the haughty Neck, and raiſe the ſuppliant Knee.

XI.

His opening Years to riper Manhood bring;
And ſee the Hero perfect in the King:
Imperious Arms by Manly Reaſon ſway'd,
And Power Supreme by free Conſent obey'd:

* *MARY.* With

With how much Haſte His Mercy meets his Foes:
And how unbounded His Forgiveneſs flows:
With what Deſire He makes His Subjects bleſs'd,
His Favours granted e'er His Throne addreſs'd:
What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts He rears,
By Arts of Peace more potent, than by Wars:
How o'er Himſelf, as o'er the World, He Reigns,
His Morals ſtrength'ning, what His Law ordains.

XII.

Thro' all His Thread of Life already ſpun,
Becoming Grace and proper Action run:
The Piece by *Virtue's* equal Hand is wrought,
Mix'd with no Crime, and ſhaded with no Fault:
No Footſteps of the Victor's Rage
Left in the Camp, where WILLIAM did engage:
No Tincture of the Monarch's Pride
Upon the Royal Purple ſpy'd:
His Fame, like Gold, the more is try'd,
The more ſhall it's intrinſic Worth proclaim;
Shall paſs the Combat of the ſearching Flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd Heat,
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor it's Luſtre, nor it's Weight.

XIII.

Janus be to WILLIAM juſt;
To faithful *Hiſtory* His Actions truſt:
Command Her, with peculiar Care
To trace each Toil, and comment ev'ry War:
His ſaving Wonders bid Her write
In Characters diſtinctly bright;
That each revolving Age may read
The Patriot's Piety, the Hero's Deed:
And ſtill the Sire inculcate to his Son
Tranſmiſſive Leſſons of the King's Renown:
That WILLIAM's Glory ſtill may live;
When all that preſent Art can give,
The Pillar'd Marble, and the Tablet Braſs,
Mould'ring, drop the Victor's Praiſe:

When

When the great Monuments of His Pow'r
Shall now be visible no more:
When SAMBRE shall have chang'd her winding Flood;
And Children ask, where NAMUR stood.

XIV.

NAMUR, proud City, how her Towr's were arm'd!
How She contemn'd th' approaching Foe!
'Till She by WILLIAM's Trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his Blow.
JOVE and PALLAS, mighty Pow'rs,
Guided the Hero to the hostile Tow'rs.
PERSEUS seem'd less swift in War,
When wing'd with Speed, he flew thro' Air.
Embattl'd Nations strive in vain
The Hero's Glory to restrain:
Streams arm'd with Rocks, and Mountains red with Fire
In vain against his Force conspire.
Behold him from the dreadful Height appear!
And lo! BRITANNIA's Lions waving there.

XV.

EUROPE freed, and FRANCE repell'd
The Hero from the Height beheld:
He spake the Word, that War and Rage should cease:
He bid the *Maese* and *Rhine* in Safety flow;
And dictated a lasting Peace
To the rejoycing World below:
To rescu'd States, and vindicated Crowns
His equal Hand prescrib'd their ancient Bounds;
Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province should obey;
How far each Monarch should extend His Sway:
Taught 'em how Clemency made Pow'r rever'd;
And that the Prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his Side unspotted Honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess Him not so Great as Good:
His Head with brighter Beams fair VIRTUE deck't
Than Those which all His num'rous Crowns reflect:
Establish'd FREEDOM clap'd her joyful Wings;
Proclaim'd the First of Men, and best of Kings.

XVI.

XVI.

Whither would the Muſe aſpire
With PINDAR's Rage without his Fire?
Pardon me, JANUS, 'twas a Fault,
Created by too great a Thought:
Mindleſs of the God and Day
I from thy Altars, JANUS, ſtray,
From Thee, and from My ſelf born far away.
The fiery PEGASUS diſdains
To mind the Rider's Voice, or hear the Reins:
When glorious Fields and opening Camps He views;
He runs with an unbounded Looſe:
Hardly the Muſe can ſit the headſtrong Horſe;
Nor would She, if She could, check his impetuous Force:
With the glad Noiſe the Cliffs and Vallies ring;
While She thro' Earth and Air purſues the King.

XVII.

She now beholds Him on the BELGIC Shoar;
Whilſt BRITAIN's Tears His ready Help implore,
Diſſembling for Her ſake his riſing Cares,
And with wiſe Silence pond'ring vengeful Wars.
She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views Him advancing his auſpicious Prow;
Combating adverſe Winds and Winter Seas,
Sighing the Moments that defer Our Eaſe;
Daring to wield the Scepter's dang'rous Weight,
And taking the Command, to ſave the State;
Tho' e'er the doubtful Gift can be ſecur'd,
New Wars muſt be ſuſtain'd, new Wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Thro' rough IERNE's Camp She ſounds Alarms,
And Kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by Arms;
In the dank Marſhes finds her glorious Theme;
And plunges after Him thro' BOYN's fierce Stream.
She bids the NEREIDS run with trembling Haſte,
To tell old OCEAN how the Hero paſt.
The God rebukes their Fear, and owns the Praiſe
Worthy that Arm, Whoſe Empire He obeys.

XIX.

XIX.

Back to His ALBION She delights to bring
The humbleſt Victor, and the kindeſt King.
ALBION, with open Triumph would receive
Her Hero, nor obtains His Leave:
Firm He rejects the Altars She would raiſe;
And thanks the Zeal, while He declines the Praiſe.
Again She follows Him thro' BELGIA's Land,
And Countries often ſav'd by WILLIAM's Hand;
Hears joyful Nations bleſs thoſe happy Toils,
Which freed the People, but return'd the Spoils.
In various Views She tries her conſtant Theme;
Finds Him in Councils, and in Arms the Same:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to ſave,
Tardy to Vengeance, and with Mercy, Brave.

XX.

Sudden another Scene employs her Sight:
She ſets her Hero in another Light:
Paints His great Mind Superior to Succeſs,
Declining Conqueſt, to eſtabliſh Peace:
She brings ASTREA down to Earth again,
And Quiet, brooding o'er His future Reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary'd Wing the Goddeſs ſoars
Eaſt, over DANUBE and PROPONTIS Shoars;
Where jarring Empires ready to engage,
Retard their Armies, and ſuſpend their Rage;
'Till WILLIAM's Word, like that of Fate, declares,
If They ſhall ſtudy Peace, or lengthen Wars.
How ſacred His Renown for equal Laws,
To whom the World defers it's Common Cauſe!
How fair His Friendſhips, and His Leagues how juſt,
Whom ev'ry Nation courts, Whom all Religions truſt!

XXII.

From the MÆOTIS to the Northern Sea,
The Goddeſs wings her deſp'rate Way;
Sees the young MUSCOVITE, the mighty Head.
Whoſe Sov'reign Terror forty Nations dread,

In-

Inamour'd with a greater Monarch's Praise,
And passing half the Earth to his Embrace:
She in His Rule beholds His VOLGA's Force,
O'er Precipices, with impetuous Sway
Breaking, and as He rowls His rapid Course,
Drowning or bearing down, whatever meets his Way.
But her own King She likens to His *Thames*,
With gentle Course devolving fruitful Streams:
Serene yet strong, Majestic yet Sedate,
Swift without Violence, without Terror great.
Each ardent Nymph the rising Current craves:
Each Shepherd's Pray'r retards the parting Waves:
The Vales along the Bank their Sweets disclose:
Fresh Flow'rs for ever rise: and fruitful Harvest grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' advent'rous Goddess go?
Sees She not Clouds, and Earth, and Main below?
Minds She the Dangers of the *Lycian* Coast,
And Fields, where mad *Belerophon* was lost?
Or is her tow'ring Flight reclaim'd
By Seas from *Icarus*'s Downfal nam'd?
Vain is the Call, and useless the Advice:
To wise Perswasion Deaf, and human Cries,
Yet upward she incessant flies;
Resolv'd to reach the high Empyrean Sphere,
And tell Great JOVE, She sings His Image here,
To ask for *William* an Olympic Crown,
To *Chromius*' Strength, and *Theron*'s Speed unknown,
Till lost in trackless Fields of shining Day,
Unable to discern the Way
Which *Nassaw's* Virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before.
She, from the noble Precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon Ruin down.
Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate!
The Song too daring, and the Theme too great!
Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continu'd Annals live, to sing
A second Hero, or a vulgar King.

And

And with ignoble Safety fly
In ſight of Earth, along a middle Sky.

XXIV.

To JANUS Altars, and the numerous Throng,
That round his myſtic Temple preſs,
For WILLIAM's Life, and ALBION's Peace,
Ambitious Muſe reduce the roving Song.
JANUS, caſt Thy forward Eye
Future, into great RHEA's pregnant Womb;
Where young Ideas brooding lye,
And tender Images of Things to come:
'Till by Thy high Commands releas'd;
'Till by Thy Hand in proper Atoms dreſs'd,
In decent Order They advance to Light;
Yet then too ſwiftly fleet by human Sight;
And meditate too ſoon their everlaſting Flight.

XXV.

Nor Beaks of Ships in Naval Triumph born,
Nor Standards from the hoſtile Ramparts torn,
Nor Trophies brought from Battles won,
Nor Oaken Wreath, nor Mural Crown
Can any future Honours give
To the Victorious Monarch's Name:
The Plenitude of WILLIAM's Fame
Can no accumulated Stores receive.
Shut then, auſpicious God, Thy Sacred Gate,
And make Us Happy, as our King is Great.
Be kind, and with a milder Hand,
Cloſing the Volume of the finiſh'd Age,
(Tho' Noble, 'twas an Iron Page)
A more delightful Leaf expand,
Free from Alarms, and fierce BELLONA's Rage:
Bid the great Months begin their joyful Round,
By FLORA ſome, and ſome by CERES Crown'd:
Teach the glad Hours to ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and endleſs Joy:
Lead forth the Years for Peace and Plenty fam'd,
From SATURN's Rule, and better Metal nam'd.

XXVI. Secure

XXVI.

Secure by WILLIAM's Care let BRITAIN ſtand;
Nor dread the bold Invader's Hand:
From adverſe Shoars in ſafety let Her hear
Foreign Calamity, and diſtant War;
Of which let Her, great Heav'n, no Portion bear,
Betwixt the Nations let Her hold the Scale;
And as She wills, let either Part prevail:
Let her glad Vallies ſmile with wavy Corn:
Let fleecy Flocks her riſing Hills adorn:
Around her Coaſt let ſtrong Defence be ſpread:
Let fair Abundance on her Breaſt be ſhed:
And Heav'nly Sweets bloom round the Goddeſs' Head.

XXVII.

Where the white Towers and ancient Roofs did ſtand
Remains of WOLSEY's or great HENRY's Hand,
To Age now yielding, or devour'd by Flame;
Let a young PHŒNIX raiſe her tow'ring Head:
Her Wings with lengthen'd Honour let Her ſpread;
And by her Greatneſs ſhow her Builder's Fame.
Auguſt and Open, as the Hero's Mind,
Be her capacious Courts deſign'd:
Let ev'ry Sacred Pillar bear
Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War.
The King ſhall there in PARIAN Marble breath,
His Shoulder bleeding freſh: and at His Feet
Diſarm'd ſhall lye the threat'ning DEATH:
(For ſo was ſaving JOVE's Decree compleat.)
Behind, That Angel ſhall be plac'd, whoſe Shield
Sav'd EUROPE, in the Blow repell'd:
On the firm Baſis, from his Oozy Bed
BOYN ſhall raiſe his Laurell'd Head;
And his Immortal Stream be known,
Artfully waving thro' the wounded Stone.

XXVIII.

And Thou, Imperial WINDSOR, ſtand inlarg'd,
With all the Monarch's Trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair Heav'n, that doſt the Stars incloſe,
Which WILLIAM's Boſom wears, or Hand beſtows. On

On the great Champions who ſupport his Throne,
And Virtues neareſt to his own.

XXIX.

Round *Ormond*'s Knee thou ty'ſt the myſtic String,
That makes the Knight Companion to the King.
From glorious Camps return'd, and foreign Fields,
Bowing before thy ſainted Warrior's Shrine,
Faſt by his great Forefather's Coats, and Shields
Blazon'd from BOHUN's or from BUTLER's Line,
He hangs his Arms; nor fears thoſe Arms ſhould ſhine
With an unequal Ray; or that his Deed
With paler Glory ſhould recede,
Eclips'd by Theirs; or leſſen'd by the Fame
Ev'n of his own Maternal NASSAW's Name.

XXX.

Thou ſmiling ſee'ſt great DORSET's Worth confeſt,
The Ray diſtinguiſhing the Patriot's Breaſt:
Born to proteſt and love, to help and pleaſe;
Sov'reign of Wit, and Ornament of Peace,
O! long as Breath informs this fleeting Frame,
Ne'er let me paſs in Silence *Dorſet*'s Name;
Ne'er ceaſe to mention the continu'd Debt,
Which the great Patron only would forget,
And Duty, long as Life, muſt ſtudy to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in Thy Records ſhall *Ca'ndiſh* ſtand,
Aſſerting legal Pow'r, and juſt Command:
To the great Houſe thy Favour ſhall be ſhown,
The Father's Star tranſmiſſive to the Son.
From Thee the *Talbot*'s and the *Seymour*'s Race
Inform'd, Their Sire's immortal Steps ſhall trace:
Happy may their Sons receive
The bright Reward, which thou alone canſt give.

XXXII.

And if a God theſe lucky Numbers guide;
If ſure *Apollo* o er the Verſe preſide,
Jerſey, belov'd by all (for all muſt feel
The Influence of a Form and Mind,
Where comely Grace and conſtant Virtue dwell,
Like mingl'd Streams, more forcible when join'd.) *Jer.*

Jersey shall at Thy Altars stand;
Shall there receive the Azure Band,
That fairest Mark of Favour and of Fame,
Familiar to the *Villier's* Name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and Knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great Master's future Charge;
To write His own Memoirs, and leave His Heirs
High Schemes of Government, and Plans of Wars:
By fair Rewards our Noble Youth to raise
To emulous Merit, and to Thirst of Praise;
To lead Them out from Ease e'er opening Dawn,
Through the thick Forest and the distant Lawn,
Where the fleet Stag employs their ardent Care;
And Chases give Them Images of War.
To teach them Vigilance by false Alarms;
Inure Them in feign'd Camps to real Arms;
Practise Them now to curb the turning Steed,
Mocking the Foe; now to his rapid Speed
To give the Rein; and in the full Career,
To draw the certain Sword, or send the pointed Spear.

XXXIV.

Let Him unite His Subjects Hearts,
Planting Societies for peaceful Arts;
Some that in Nature shall true Knowledge found,
And by Experiment make Precept sound;
Some that to Morals shall recal the Age,
And purge from vitious Dross the sinking Stage;
Some that with Care true Eloquence shall teach,
And to just Idioms fix our doubtful Speech:
That from our Writers distant Realms may know,
The Thanks We to our Monarch owe;
And Schools profess our Tongue through ev'ry Land,
That has invok'd His Aid, or blest His Hand.

XXXV.

Let His high Pow'r the drooping *Muses* rear,
The *Muses* only can reward His Care:
'Tis They that guard the great *Atrides'* Spoils;
'Tis They that still renew *Ulysses'* Toils:

To them by smiling *Jove* 'twas giv'n, to save
Distinguish'd Patriots from the Common Grave;
To them, Great *William*'s Glory to recal,
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall.
Nor let the *Muses*, with ungrateful Pride,
The Sources of their Treasure hide:
The Heroe's Virtue does the String inspire,
When with big Joy They strike the living Lyre:
On *William*'s Fame their Fate depends:
With Him the Song begins: with Him it ends.
From the bright Effluence of His Deed
They borrow that reflected Light,
With which the lasting Lamp They feed,
Whose Beams dispel the Damps of envious Night.

XXXVI.

Through various Climes, and to each distant Pole
In happy Tides let active Commerce rowl:
Let *Britain's* Ships export an Annual Fleece,
Richer than *Argos* brought to ancient *Greece*;
Returning loaden with the shining Stores,
Which lye profuse on either *India*'s Shores.
As our high Vessels pass their wat'ry Way,
Let all the Naval World due Homage pay;
With hasty Reverence their Top-Honours lower,
Confessing the asserted Power,
To Whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy Sway
To calm the Earth and vindicate the Sea.

XXXVII.

Our Pray'rs are heard, our Master's Fleets shall go,
As far as Winds can bear, or Waters flow,
New Lands to make, new *Indies* to explore,
In Worlds unknown to plant *Britannia*'s Power;
Nations yet wild by Precept to reclaim,
And teach 'em Arms, and Arts, in *William*'s Name.

XXXVIII.

With humble Joy, and with respectful Fear
The list'ning People shall His Story hear.
The Wounds He bore, the Dangers He sustain'd,
How far he Conquer'd, and how well he Reign'd;

shall

Shall own his Mercy equal to His Fame;
And form their Children's Accents to His Name,
Enquiring how, and when from Heav'n He came.
Their Regal Tyrants shall with Blushes hide
Their little Lusts of Arbitrary Pride,
Nor bear to see their Vassals ty'd:
When *William*'s Virtues raise their opening Thought,
is forty Years for Publick Freedom fought.
Europe by His Hand sustain'd,
His Conquest by His Piety restrain'd,
And o'er Himself the last great Triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer shall their wretched Zeal adore
Ideas of destructive Power,
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that devour:
New Incense They shall bring, new Altars raise,
And fill their Temples with a Stranger's Praise;
When the Great Father's Character They find
Visibly stampt upon the Hero's Mind;
And own a present Deity confest,
In Valour that preserv'd, and Power that bless'd.

XL.

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky
(For thither Nature casts our common Eye)
Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light;
And Comets march with lawless Horror bright:
These bear no Rule, no righteous Order own;
Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown:
Thro' threaten'd Lands They wild Destruction throw;
'Till ardent Prayer averts the Publick Woe:
But the bright Orb that blesses all above,
The sacred Fire, the real Son of *Jove*,
Rules not His Actions by Capricious Will;
Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill;
Fix'd by just Laws He goes for ever right:
Man knows His Course, and thence adores His Light.

XLI.

O *Janus*! would intreated Fate conspire
To grant what *Britain*'s wishes could require

Above, That Sun ſhould ceaſe his Way to go,
E'er *William* ceaſe to rule, and bleſs below:
But a relentleſs Deſtiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her Arms, *Britannia* once muſt mourn
The Demi-God: The Earthly Half muſt die.
Yet if our Incenſe can Your Wrath remove;
If human Prayers avail on Minds above;
Exert, great God, Thy Int'reſt in the Sky;
Gain each kind Pow'r each Guardian Deity,
That conquer'd by the publick Vow,
They bear the diſmal Miſchief far away:
O! long as utmoſt Nature may allow,
Let Them retard the threaten'd Day:
Still be our Maſter's Life Thy happy Care:
Still let His Bleſſings with His Years increaſe;
To His laborious Youth conſum'd in War,
Add laſting Age, adorn'd and crown'd with Peace:
Let twiſted Olive bind thoſe Laurels faſt,
Whoſe Verdure muſt for ever laſt.

XLII.

Long let this growing *Æra* bleſs His Sway:
And let our Sons His preſent Rule obey:
On His ſure Virtue long let Earth rely:
And late let the Imperial Eagle fly,
To bear the Hero thro' His Father's Sky,
To *Leda*'s Twins, or He whoſe glorious Speed
On Foot prevail'd, or He who tam'd the Steed;
To *Hercules*, at length abſolv'd by Fate
From Earthly Toil, and above Envy great;
To *Virgil*'s Theme, bright *Cytherea*'s Son,
Sire of the *Latian*, and the *Britiſh* Throne;
To all the radiant Names above,
Rever'd by Men, and dear to *Jove*,
Late, *Janus*, let the *Naſſaw*-Star
New born, in riſing Majeſty appear,
To triumph over vanquiſh'd Night,
And guide the proſp'rous Mariner
With everlaſting Beams of friendly Light.

CAR-

CARMEN SECULARE,

Latinè redditum.

Per THO. DIBBEN, è Trin: Coll: Cant:

———*Ego Dis amicum,*
Seculo festas referente Luces,
Reddidi Carmen.——— Hor:

*I*Ane Bifrons, priſcos à tergo reſpice lapſi
Annales ævi, feliceſque ordine longo
Evolvas Faſtos, quos cætera Tempora ſupra
Conſpicuos Albo, ſec'lis Monumenta futuris
Urbes fundatæ, & parti poſuêre Triumphi.
Aggredere inſignes ſpoliis, lauroque decoros
Enumerare Duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
Impulit ulciſci populum; qui ſacra cruore
Jura Patrum ſanxêre ſuo; ſceptriſve potiti
Miſerunt lætum placidis ſub legibus Orbem.
Agmine perpetuo Series ornata Laborum
Procedat; ſuus omnis Honos, ſua debita quemque
Laus inſcripta notet: tum Noſtra ad Tempora caſus
Inſignes ducas, Famamque & Fata Parentum
Mirac'lis oppone Novis, Regique *Britanno.*
Dumque fide curâque pari per ſingula curris;
Dum varios recolis populos, varioſque labores;
Et ſtudia, & leges, pugnataque prælia ſeris
Temporibus mandas; Tute ipſe fatebere, *Jane,*
Omnium in *Auriaco* cumulari Nomine famam;
Et dices Orbi attonito; nîl Sæcula Tale
Prima tulêre Hominum, nîl Majus poſtera reddent.

Vertice ſublimi ſurgat, tua Maxima cura,
Bello & Pace potens *Latium*. Fortiſſima corda,
Egregios rerum Dominos dabat *Itala* tellus,
Felix prole virûm; fœcundam hanc aſpice Gentem,
Romanoſque tuos; huc vertere, & altiùs omnem
Naſcentis primâ repetens ab Origine Regni
Expedias famam; pulchro in certamine Pubem
Oppone *Auſoniam*; & cedat ſua Palma merenti.
Si potuit ferro *Latii* turbare Colonos
Palantes *Mavorte* ſatus, ſi ruſtica latè
Regna domare armis; raptæ ſine more *Sabinæ*
Surgenti famæ, cæptiſque ingentibus obſtant.
Sacra Deûm, ſanctaſque Aras, & Templa tueri
Cura *Numam* ſubiit: ſed frigida Dextera bello,
Non haſtam torquere ſciens, enſemque rotare
Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementûm.
Conſiliis, eſto, *Fabii* Romana vigebant
Arma: at res omnes gelidè tardéque miniſtrans,
Dilator nimiùm Sapiens ingrata trahebat
Bella. Quid immani Patrem pietate cruentum
Ultorem *Brutum* referam, Fortéſque ſub armis
Æmilium, *Decium*, *Curium*? Tot magna Animorum
Nos Exempla monent, quâ poſſit lege Libido
Frænari, & quantùm cedat Virtutibus Aurum:
Hos quoque ſed nimiùm gaudens popularibus auris,
Hos rapit Ambitio, tumidoque Superbia faſtu
Oſtentans humileſque caſas, parvoſque Penates:
Sit quanquam Illuſtris, primos Inglorius annos
Scipiades egit: nec Mens invicta Catonis
Semper erat, tunc faſſa metum, vel viſa fateri,
Cùm ceſſit Fato, & lucem indignata refugit.
Julius Externos fruſtrà domat, omnia *Romæ*
Subjiciens, *Romamque* Sibi; Surgitque triumphans
Afflictos Cives ſuper, oppreſſumque Senatum.
Imperium lene *Auguſtus*, Patriamque ſubactam
Mollia vincla pati juſſit: ſed vincula paſſa eſt,
Purpureum cultu inſolito venerata Tyrannum.

Pas

Fas Veterum laudes juſtis celebrare Triumphis:
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre ſub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magnâ ſeſe impete verſat
Vivida vis animi, Patrii ceu *Tybridis* unda,
Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquæ fons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit ſe turbidus Amnis;
Et limo caſtas obſcœno polluit Undas:
Diis quanquam Geniti, atque invicti viribus eſſent,
Mortalem infecto faſſi ſunt Sanguine Matrem.
Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus Ætas,
Degenerare auſa eſt: rumpit vinc'la omnia Miles
Acer, acerba fremens; Majeſtatemque verendam
Effrænis violat rabies: jam Segnior annis
Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima *Roma*;
Heu! Vix agnoſces veteris Veſtigia Formæ:
Donec gens Divûm, nati venientibus annis,
Heroüm novus Ordo datur, nova Lumina Surgunt;
Heſperioque Dies melior procedit Olympo.
Aſpice ut inſignis Spoliis *Pharamondus* opimis
Ingreditur, *Magnuſque* Aquilis qui Lilia junxit
Carolus; inde Alii, quos *Gallica* terra Triumphis
Dives alit, genus acre Virûm, ſpectataque bello
Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet Imago:
Sanguineæ en! Lauri, victriciaque arma *Wilhelmi*
Normanni: Viden' externis quanta intonet oris
Teudorum manus armipotens, & Nomina magna,
Plantagenûm metuenda Domus? quid plurima Virtus
Amborum potuit, Te, victrix *Anglia*, teſtor,
Quam labor Heroüm imperio Maria omnia circum
Aſſeruit, fundanſque Armis & Legibus ornans:
Felix, ſi nunquam regnandi dira cupido
Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
Egiſſet, Patriæque in viſcera vertere Vires:
Illa afflicta ſedet, variis incerta Triumphis,
Cui det colla Jugo, quem ſit paſſura Tyrannum.
Quò *Deſideri* ſoboles, quò *Cæſar Adolphus*,
Naſſoviique alii rapiunt, celeberrima Proles?
Omnes illuſtres, omnes in utrumque parati,
Aut Patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere Morti:

Hos juxta *Auriacus* pleno fluit agmine Sanguis,
Immortale genus: Primusque en! Martius Auctor
Corniger; inde Heros qui *Bello* à corpore nomen
Obtinuit; nosco crines, frontemque venustum
Francigenæ Juvenis; Domus hinc *Chalonia* mixta est
Nassovio; sedesque novas. *Rhenumque* bicornem
Inde petit, linquens *Rhodanum*, ripamque Sonantem.
Jamque *Stuartiadum* Series longissima Regum
Emicat. Illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat
Effrænem Populum, & duris Regna horrida glebis:
Donec Fata Deûm, & lustris labentibus Ætas
Scotorum manibus transcribi Sceptra jubebant
Anglica; feceruntq; Omnes uno ore *Britannos*.
Atque hîc, Magne Deus, cùm res scrutabere nostras,
Sis bonus O! passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti
Si quid forte Tibi occurrat de Gente *Stuartûm*
Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata Minores)
Pro Patriâ, obtestor, pro Majestate *Britanni*
Imperii, nihil Ingratum, nihil Acre dolores
Obductos vulgare sinas: Preme, *Jane*, tenebris,
Quæ laudare nequis; Teque ad Meliora reserves.
Utq; erit ad * *NOMEN* ventum, quod flebile semper,
Semper honoratum (sic, Dii, voluistis) habemus;
Supprime singultus, submissâ & voce dolores
Hos compesce, Tuo ne docta *Britannia* Luctu
Ire iterùm in lachrymas, iterùm gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; stilletque cruore recenti
Æternùm crudele patens sub Pectore vulnus.
Quò jam Raptus abis? *Nassovi*, *Jane*, labores
Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude Volumen.
En! Infans Victor, nutu dum temperat iras
Turbati Populi; jacet en! *Tiryntbius* alter;
Ardentesq; Hostes, & sibila Colla tumentes
Sternit; & in cunis Infans Se vindicat Heros.
En! quantis tollit se rebus firmior Ætas?
Quales Primitiæ Juvenis, bellique ferocis
Dura Rudimenta, & primis nova Gloria in Armis?
Sublimis Marte adverso, Mitisque secundo,

* *MARIÆ.* Even-

Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile Fatum
Subjecit pedibus: Non Mens elata Triumphis,
Non depreſſâ Malis; ſed in omnia Pectus Honeſtum
Fertur idem, Fatis contraria Fata rependens.
Dum Curas hominum, dum Spes contemnit inanes,
Fortunæque vices cæcas; quocunque cadat res,
Hoc animo fixum ſedet, æternúmque ſedebit,
" *Parcere Subjectis, & debellare Superbos.*
En! totum Heroem, Maturum, & Sceptra tenentem
Contemplare Virum: en! ut juſtâ fulminet Irâ
Terrarum egregius Vindex; placiduſque volentes
Per Populos det jura; infeſto & leniat Hoſti
Pectora flexanimus Victor; mitiſque jacentûm
Dat vitam lachrymis! quo Pectora fida ſuorum
Amplecti ſtudio properat? quàm totus in Illis?
Quàm curas Pater indulgens deſcendit in omnes?
Nec Regem pudet Officio certare Priorem.
Hâc arte, O Bellis ingens, ingentior almâ
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
Aſſueta Imperiis: longos hâc arte Triumphos
Maxime Victor agis, cùm Teque, animoſque Tuorum;
Pacatumque regas æquis Virtutibus Orbem.
Per varias Vitæque vices, Operumque colores
Idem cautus Honos, metuens & Gratia culpæ,
Puraque ſimplicitas totâ deſcripta Tabellâ
Effulget; Conſtanſque ſibi ſervatur ad imum.
Victoris caſtra ingrederis? Certamina nulla
Cum Victis, belli nulla horrida ſigna cruenti
Apparent infixa agris; Non Militis ardor
Turbavit pectus; nec Purpura picta ſuperbos
Induxit Regum faſtus: ſed Fama perić'lo
Explorata (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum)
Emicat innocuo: fruſtrà Vulcania peſtis
Circùm immanè fremit: Contemptorique minatur
Flamma ſuo: cæco contra dominata furori
Ardens ſpectatur Virtus, Ponduſque Nitoremque
Illæſum ſervans; & Amico vivit in Igne.

Unum

Unum, *Jane*, oro (quando Nos noſtraque morti
Debemur) magni ſaltem mirac'la *Wilhelmi*
Exuperare, Virûmque ſinas volitare per ora;
Ut nati natorum, & qui naſcentur ab illis
Virtutem ex Illo moniti, pulchrumque Laborem
Cognoſcant, & Sancta procul Veſtigia adorent.
Exoriare aliquis, Regis qui geſta *Britanni*,
Fataque Fortunaſque docens, Moreſque Manuſque
(Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
Auſis, & ſerum producere Nomen in ævum:
Cùm Statuæ, multo cùm victum tempore Marmor,
Æraque labentur; cum bello Sævior omni
Invidioſa Dies Famæ monumenta *Britannæ*
Delebit; tardis cùm *Sabis* flexibus ibit
Per terras mutata novas; ſerique Nepotes
Quærent, quâ ſtabant immania Saxa *Namurcæ*.
En! Urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit Aſtris
Ambitioſa Caput; toties quæ pertulit omnem
Irriſi Nubem belli: ſed non ita ſenſit
Armatos *Britonas*; non irrita tela *Wilhelmi*
Experta eſt; vaſtis dum Victor Turribus inſtans,
Cùm Populo, & Signis victricibus, & magnis Diis,
Fundamenta quatit: Mortaliaque Agmina fruſtrà
Contra *Naſſovium* atq; *Jovem*, contraq; *Minervam*
Tela tenent: medio diſcrimine cædis & ignis,
Ceu *Perſeus* per apperta volans, Ipſe arduus Arces
Oppoſitas Scandit; fruſtraque objecta retardant
Flumina, flammarumque globi, Scopulique minaces:
En! tandem Summis inſultans Arcibus Heros;
Atque *Angli* juxtà, fulgentia Signa, Leones.
Et jam finis erat; cùm Victor vertice ab alto
Deſpexit *Gallum* attonitum, & tum libera vinc'lo
Littoraque, & latos populos; Pacemque ſilenti
Indulſit felicem Orbi: longè audiit æther,
Et terræ, & fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis
Moſa; feruſque ſuas *Rhenus* compeſcuit iras.
Continuò leges æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit Manus æque locis; quam ſingula Metam,

Et

Et quem quæque ferat Dominum, quem quæque recuſet
Gens, ſemel edixit; Mirantemque admonet Orbem,
Quantus Amor Populi, quanta & Reverentia mitem
Proſequitur Regem: Comes indiviſus amico
Adſtat *Honos* lateri: ſupra caput explicat alas
Libertas firmata novas; Pulchræque Sorores,
Et *Virtus* & *Fama*, pari diſcrimine certant,
Utrum ornare magis Regemne, Virumne deceret.
Quid Loquor? aut ubi ſum? quis Me per opaca viarum
Ire furor ſuadet? quos *Muſa* affurgit in Auſus?
Dum Vatis Furias *Thebani* concipit (Ignes
O ſi conciperet ſimiles!) Te, *Jane*, relinquit,
Teque, Araſque tuas, ut Cœlum & ſidera tentet;
Demens! quæ nimbos & non imitabile fulmen
Pindaricum ſimulare auſa eſt. Da, *Jane*, furenti,
Da veniam *Muſæ*, ſua quam rapit ampla volantem
Materia; & tollit volvens ſub Naribus ignem
Pegaſus ardua in aſtra; neque audit anhelus habenas.
Cùm latos campos, immenſumque aſpicit æquor,
Expatiatur Equus; vix hæret *Muſa* frementi;
Nec ſcit, quà ſit iter; nec ſi ſciat, Imperet illi.
Saxa per, & ſcopulos, & depreſſas convalles
Inſequitur Regem; Telluſque ſub ungue tonanti
Icta gemit; reboant Sylvæque, & magnus Olympus.
Nunc caſus *Muſa* antiquos, annoſque reducit
Præteritos, Patriiſque Virum meditatur in arvis:
Hic *Britonum* motus curâ, lachrymiſque ſuorum,
Conſilium vultu tegit; & Secum ante peractum
Belli & Regnorum volvit ſub Pectore fatum:
Et mox armatas Hyberno ſydere claſſes
Molitur; contráque iras Cœlique, Mariſque
Impavidus grande urget iter: tum ſanguine multo
Tutandas *Anglorum* Arces, oblataque Regna
Occupat; amiſſo fluitantem errare Magiſtro
Senſit; & Ipſe Ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
Jamque alias hinc in Lachrymas, alia horrida Bella,
Per deſolatæ Regna infelicia *Iernes*
Diva Virum ſequitur; Fluctuſque irrumpit in altos

Bovindæ Bello undantis; tum *Naïdas* ad Se
Impatiens trepidas vocat; hortaturque Sorores
Maturare fugam, quantusque emerserat Heros,
Oceano narrare Patri: vanum Ille timorem
Ridet eamque Manum victis agnoscit in undis,
Imperio dignam Pelagi, sævoque Tridente.
Hinc pleno *Britonum* Victor subit ostia velo
Stans celsâ in puppi: Pueri, inupræque Puellæ,
Effusique Patres resonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt Reduci: Sed reppulit Ille molestum
Officium; poscitque Animos, Laudesque recusat.
Mox charos iterùm *Belgas*, sedesque suorum,
Et Patriam, & totiès raptos ex hoste Penates
Hospes adit: Varii Populi, diversaque Signa,
Externique Duces omnes socia Arma ferentes
Communem celebrare Ducem; quàm tardus ad Iram,
Quàm placidus Victor, fortunatusque laborum
Securus Palmæ, dum prædam rejicit Heros!
Nunc versæ scenæ discedunt: altera rerum
Nunc surgit facies: aliâ sub Luce videri
Heros grandis amat; Successuque Altior ipso
Innumeris Belli Spoliis, partisque Trophæis
Pacem lætus emit: Jam *Virgo* reddita terras
Pacatas visit; jamque aurea Tempora circum
Felices secura quatit *Concordia* pennas.
Mox ad *Danubium*, raucæque *Propontidis* undam,
Eöasque plagas alis audacibus ardens
Musa volat; lethi quà jam discrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubrè minantes;
Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,
Compressâ belli rabie, suspensa tenentur;
Donec consilia ingentis spectata *Wilhelmi*
Ostendant, Pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quæ regio in terris, ubi Regis fœdera Sancta,
Aut Leges placidæ ignotæ? Quæ Regna per Orbem
(Qualemcunque Fidem, Dominum quemcunque fatentur)
Communem *Auriaco* dubitent submittere Causam?
Hinc ad *Hyperboream* glaciem, montesque nivales
Urget Diva viam; quà *Moscoviticus* altum Fus-

Fulminat ad *Tanaim Cæsar*; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis Juvenis dat gentibus unus:
Hic tamen, Hic *Cæsar* perculsus Nomine Regis
Majoris, non Legatis, neque dulce Ministris
Officium impatiens cessit; Se, Se Ipse, Suumque
Objecit Caput, infidi Maris omnia vincens
Tædia, dimidiumque Orbis post Terga relinquens,
Tangeret ut Sanctam, per quam stetit *Anglia*, dextram.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnúmque fluentem
Cernere erat *Volgam*; multâ cui spumeus undâ,
Saxosúmque sonans, obstantia pondera torrens
Aut secum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
Sed Nostrum, Sed *Musa* suum tibi, *Tame*, tuisque
Rivis assimulat Regem: non Amnis abundans,
Sed plenus per opima virûm Fortem absque Furore
Fundit aquam, tardoque procul Languore Serenam;
Quoscunque O! *Britonum* lambis pulcherrimus agros,
Omnia ibi ridere facis: Tibi candida *Nais*
Purpureas inter violas, & suavé rubentes
Vota facit resoluta rosas; Te lentus in umbrâ
Labentem expectat Pastor: Te mollia Prata,
Te sitiunt croceis halantes floribus Horti.
Quò feror? Unde abii? Tuque audaciſſima *Musa*,
Quò peritura ruis? Si formidabile littus,
Si *Lycios* temnas saltus, fataliaque Arva,
Bellerophontæi quæ signavêre furores;
I, sequere infidos ventos, nova Nomina lapsu
Subjectis posituræ undis: Ea surda monenti
Ardet in Astra magis; perque inconcessa Diei
Luxurians Spatia æterni, petit intima Divûm
Sacra, *Jovem*, similemque *Jovi*, dictura *Wilhelmum*:
Indefessa Illi maturos poscit Honores:
Illi ut *Olympiacæ* referantur præmia palmæ,
Quam Velox *Theron*, quam vastis viribus ingens
Sperabat nunquam *Chromius*: *Musam* Illius ergo
Per nitidos orbes Lucis, camposque patentes
Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare Priorum
Curæ iter ignotum; sed inextricabilis error,

Et cæcæ ambages, quas una resolvere Virtus
Nassovii novit, securam, & vana tumentem
Exuperant longè Divam; jamque æthere toto
Præcipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis instar
Fertur: & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
O Cæptum Sublime! infelix exitus ausi
Nobilis! O *Musa*, & Vires pro Nomine tanto
Exiguæ! sed sic potiùs cecidisse juvabit
Audentem, quàm venâ humili inferiora secutam
Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.
Nunc ad Te, & Tua Sacra, Pater, turbamque Sonantem
(Matres atque Viros) quæ circum plurima clausas
Fusa fores, Pacem *Britonum*, Vitamque *Wilhelmi*
Ardens implorat, nunc Ambitiosa vagantes
Musa modos revocet: Tuque O! quâ sæcula fronte
Jane vides ventura, *Rheæ* genetricis in alvum
Descendas, partûs ubi semina prima futuri,
Et teneræ Species, simulachraque carcere clauso
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes, & Rerum sumere formas.
Tum Tua vox, divine Autor, Tua cæca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; jussis emissa Figuris
Dum vestit Junctura decens & amabilis Ordo.
Sed nimiùm brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
Transit: & æternam repetunt nascentia noctem.
Non de Navali surgentes ære Triumphi,
Captivi Currus, ereptaque ab hoste Trophæa;
Non Civilis honos Quercûs, non umbra Coronæ
Muralis, Laurique novum decus addere Regi
Angliaco possunt; satis Illum conscia Virtus,
Gestaque sublimem tollunt: ad sydera raptim
Vi propriâ nituntur, opisque haud indiga nostræ.
Nunc ergò, ut Populus felix cum Rege potenti
Fortunis paribus surgat; compagibus arctis
Claudantur Belli portæ: Et jam, Mystice Custos,
Mitior O! jam, Dive, precor, melioribus Orbis
Auspiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem
Tandem habeat, jubeas: hûc ferrea desinat Ætas

(Magna, esto, sed Ferrea erat) fassusque Metallum
Pulchrius, Annorum se gratior explicet Ordo.
Haud iterum pavidos Bellum turbabit Agrestes;
At secura Quies, at mollis Somnus, Amores
Jecundi, suavesque Joci cum dulcibus Horis
Perpetuum ducant orbem: Hoc à cardine rerum
Paulatim incipiant magni procedere Menses:
Atque his flava *Ceres* his formosissima *Flora*
Aspiret; surgatque novo gens Aurea sec'lo.
Immunis belli dextræque innixa *Wilhelmi*
Terra *Britanna* sui, sedeat; spectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, & Lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura est
Externas; iræque hominum miseretur inanis.
Illa inter motas fatum immutabile Gentes
Dispenset; vincantque Illæ quas vincere mavult.
Sic noto celsos tuti sub Matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: Sic vallibus imis,
Irriguos Amnes inter, Seges aurea in altum
Surget; & ipsa suas mirabitur *Anglia* messes:
Delicias Diva æternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet; & Ambrosios spirabit vertice odores.
Aulaï Antiquæ cæcis exorta Ruinis
(Qua *Turres Albas*, veterum penetralia Regum
Wolsei fabricata manu, *Henricique* Labores,
Cernere erat) juvenile caput Phœnicis ad instar
Regia sublimis tollat melioribus, oro,
Auspiciis; & quæ fuerit minus obvia flammis,
Alta, Augusta, ingens, Dominoque simillima magno,
Pandat se veneranda Domus: Captiva Columnæ
Arma ferant sacræ, belli monumenta cruenti,
Spiculaque clypeosque atque horrida sanguine Signa;
Stabunt & Parii lapides, mediusque *Wilhelmus*,
En spirans: Humerusque recens à vulnere vivis
Rorabit guttis: metuens pro Vindice mundi
A tergo apparet *Genius*, capitique minacem
Avertit Mortem: jacet illa innoxia, inermis
(Nam sic consuluit *Jovis* indulgentia terris)
Intrepidi ante pedes Heros. Tu quoque magnam

Partem

Partem opere in tanto, viridi *Bovinda* reclinans
Lecto, habeas, imo Senior de gurgite visus
Lauriferum quassare Caput: Saxum evomit undas;
Æternique cadunt cæso de marmore Rivi.
Tuque O! quæ Famæ servas monumenta *Britannæ*,
Regis opus, Regumque decus, cape dona Tuorum,
Inclyta *Winsoriæ* turris. Tu, Stellifer æther,
Signa geris, quibus Ipse suum & delecta suorum
Pectora distinguit, Divisque accedere jussit
Nassovius, proprioque Pater decoravit honore.
Tu circum *Ormondi* robustum mystica nectens
Vinc'la genu, potuisti Equitem socium addere Regi:
Redditus his Victor terris, Spoliisque potitus,
Suppliciter venerans Divi sub *Militis* Aram
Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta Parentum,
Botleros inter, victriciaque arma *Bohuni*
Ipse suum clypeum, suaque æmula signa superbis
Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor Hæres
Nominis, aut Proavûm dubitans extendere famam;
Utcunque Illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
Attulit *Offoridæ* mater *Nassovia* Genti.
Sacvilli Tu, Diva, latus, Tu lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis Honos, ubi mille placendi
Conjurant Artes; labor unus & una voluptas,
Tollere depressos, & sustentare jacentes.
Hos brevis informet fragiles dum Spiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam nostris *Sacvillus* abibit
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis: Munus quia maximus Ille
Confert; collatique olim meminisse recusat.
Jura fidemque Patrum, libertatemque *Cavendos*
Asserere audentes, Tuus amplo vestit honore
Diva, favor: Stabit longum fortuna per ævum
Alta Domûs; patrioque nitebunt sidere nati.
Per Te *Sanctmauri*, per Te *Talbotia* proles,
Felices Ambo, vestigia magna Parentum
Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile dum Tu
Servas, Nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima Musæ,

O

O Decus, O Noſtrum, cui pulchro in corpore Virtus
Emicat, & ſincera Fides, & Gratia morum,
Has, *Perſee*, (preces valeant ſi vatis amici,
Si Deus hoc Carmen, Deus hoc inſpiret *Apollo*)
Has tanges aras; hinc cingula ſacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veteriſque inſignia famæ
Villeriis ſueta, & Tibi non indebita ſumes.
Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
Heroa *Angliacum*, mirantem Annalibus Orbem
Exornare ſuis, ſeroſque docere Nepotes
Imperii Arcana, & magna exemplaria Belli.
Hinc, ut Virtutem dociles, verumque Laborem
Cognoſcant, Laudiſque animi accendantur amore;
Regis ad Exemplum portis ſe Prima Juventus
Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
Per ſaltus, gelidumque Nemus, præruptaque ſaxa,
Nunc Cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, quâ ſictum Buccina ſignum
Bellica dat, grave Martis opus, ſub imagine luſûs,
Paulatim ex tanto aſſueſcat tolerare Magiſtro:
Et nunc altus Eques ſpatiis magna atria circum
Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris Equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora, & medio fervens in pulvere, ſtrictum
Aut enſem quatit, aut certam jacit impiger haſtam.
Pacis amans, ſtudiiſque favens, ſocia agmina jungant
Sancta Corona ſenum, exemplis monitura minores,
Qui Virtutis honos, & quid Sapientia poſſit.
Hos rerum juvet obſcuros penetrare receſſus,
Et varias cauſas, Naturæ arcana modeſtæ,
Indiciis aperire novis clariſque repertis,
Illos degeneri audentes ſuccurrere ſeclo,
Cura gravis maneat Morum, & labor Hercule dignus,
Exonerare repletum immundâ ſorde Theatrum.
Sermones Alii patrios, incertaque verba
Ad leges fixas revocent, Venereſque decoras;
Ut latè *Angliacis* inſtructa Annalibus Orbis
Gaudeat, & Noſtram reſonet gens Singula linguam,

Vindicis, ante pedes Quæcunque effusa *Britanni*,
Miserat aut oppressa Preces, aut libera Grates.
Neglectum in primis Carmen, *Musamque* jacentem
Tollat amica manus: nam respondere labori
Musa pio novit, Regisque rependere Amores.
Illa Patrum cineres sanctos, venerandaque Busta
Vulgari secernit humo, famamque silenci
Vindicat à tumulo: per *Musam* notus *Ulysses*
Spirat adhuc; coramque Virum jam cernere fas est:
Musa Agamemnonias palmas, semperque recentes
Conservare datur Lauros: Eadem Illa *Wilhelmi*
(Cùm statuæ, solidoque Arcus de marmore ficti
Deficient) longo Nomen sacrum asserat ævo.
Haud verò par officium, parteſque premamus
Ingrati alternas; cùm nil sine *Cesare* pulchrum,
Nil altum *Musæ* labor inchoat: altera junctam
Alterius sic poscit opem, & conjurat amice.
Igneus hinc numeris Vigor, & cœlestis Origo;
Hinc effulgentes æternâ luce *Camœna*,
Informi cedente situ, tenebrisque fugatis,
Invida squallentis vincent oblivia Noctis.
Securos *Britonum* Commercia libera portus
Omni ex parte petent; totum demissa per Orbem
Pulchrior hinc *Argo*, meliori & vellere dives
Annua dona feret; spoliisque redibit onusta,
Indiam in *Europam* portans, gazamque nitentem,
Quæ diffusa jacet, quà Sol utrumque recurrens
Aspicit Oceanum. Quascunque *Britannica* Pinus
Ingreditur sublimis aquas, submittat Honores
Navita quisque suos; puppesque Insigne superbum
Inclinent, fasces, quem *Tethys* omnibus undis
Elegit, Dominum; quem vasto Immobile Fatum
Destinat Imperio, Terrâque Marique potentem.
Audivere preces Divi: jamque *Anglica* classis,
Quà dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi
Curret iter, nova Regna petens, nova Littora visens,
Ignotumque suis mittens sub legibus Orbem.
Alter tum *Ganges*, atque altera quæ ferat aurum

Indi

India Nassovio cedet: Populique feroces
Arma, Artes, Moresque scient, Nomenque *Wilhelmi*;
Suplicitèr venerans, demisso lumine stabit
Agmen agreste Virûm; miramque loquentis ab ore
Historiam eripiens, nunc Famam & Fata *Wilhelmi*,
Vulnera, Sudorem, Palmasque, Periclaque discet,
Quæ quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc Quantus in armis,
Qualis in Hoste fuit, quos Bello & Pace Triumphos
Erexit: Matres, ut cœlo decidit Heros,
Tum natis referent: & vox, quam proferet Infans
Prima *Wilhelmus* erit: tenebris inhonesta Tyranni
Indecores Capita abscondent, tum dira suorum
Supplicia, indignos gemitus, justasque querelas
Ferre indignantes; cùm conscia Fama, Pudorque
Provocat ad meliora Animos; cùm bella *Wilhelmi*,
Bella quaterdenos læsis pro gentibus Annos
Confecta Audierint, tandemque silentibus armis,
(Majus opus) partos felici Pace triumphos.
Non dehinc hos miseros Mysteria dira docebit
Barbara Relligio: nulla horrida Numina finget
Vana Superstitio, Divûmque immania Monstra;
Nassovii Virtus cùm se mirantibus offert,
Præsentem confessa Deum; Cùm signa decoris
Divini, Æternæque patent vestigia Mentis
Heröis descripta Animis, & vindice Dextrâ.
Scilicet horrendi justâ sine lege Comeræ
Incertam lucem quatiunt, & Crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubrè rubent, tristesque trementi
Indicunt iras Orbi; nisi publica vota
Avertant lævum miseris Mortalibus Omen.
At verò justis Mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera *Jovis* proles, Cœlo purissimus Ignis,
Non errore vago, cæcâque libidine fertur;
Certus iter fixum peragit: cursusque Diurnos
Observant homines, & sanctum Sydus adorant!
O *Jane*, O! Divûm si flectere Fata liceret;
Si Parcæ *Anglorum* precibus mitescere scirent;
Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere Cœlum,
Quàm *Rex Nassovius* terræ se subtraheret orbæ

Addendus Superis: sed inexorabile Numen
Omne premit mortale: aderit, volventibus Annis,
Dira futura Dies, & ineluctabile tempus,
Cùm pars Semidei mœsto Materna Sepulchro
Condetur; Dominusque suis plorabitur Absens.
At Vos, O Divi, si quid pia vota valebunt,
Vos precor, Æterni, quorum hæc sub numine Tellus,
Tuque, O Sancte, Tuis, Bifrons, Cœlestia firma
Pectora consiliis; Sociique per Æthera Divi,
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, Tecumque *Britannam*
Conjurent servare Domum: Communibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul Omine tristem,
Dii, removete Diem; multosque benigniùs Annos
Accumulate sacro Capiti: da, *Jane*, senectam
Immunem Curis, placidâque quiete potitam:
Sat Bello, *Europæque* datum est: satis arma Juventus
Sensit: & ingentes testatur terra Triumphos.
Canitiem novus ornet Honos; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter Lauros Assurgat Oliva.
En! Hujus, *Jane*, auspiciis nascentia longum
Sec'la habeant omen Pacis; lætique Nepotes
Seros jucundis agitent sub Legibus annos;
Ante ferat quàm Cœlo animam Jovis Armiger alto,
Nobile onus, Patrioque Heros poscatur Olympo;
Ambo ubi *Ledæi*, ceu qui Pedes ibat in hostem,
Ceu luctantis Equi spumantia qui regit ora;
Magnus ubi *Alcides* Fato, & *Junonis* iniquæ
Sævis ereptus jussis; ubi grande *Maronis*
Argumentum, Auctor *Latii*, Regnique *Britanni*,
Otia agunt: ubi tot radiantia Nomina toto
Æthere nota satis, quos omnes æquus amavit
Jupiter, & meritis Homines donavimus aris;
Serò, *Jane* Pater, cœlo decus adde patenti
Nassovium Sydus, quod amicâ luce coruscum
Fulgeat, & dubiis ostendat littora Nautis.

An

ANODE.

Inscrib'd to the Memory of the Honble Colonel *George Villiers*,

Drowned in the River *Piave*, in the Country of *Friuli*, 1703.

In Imitation of *Horace*, Ode 28. Lib. 1.

Te Maris & Terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest VILLIERS, poor departed Friend,
(Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail,
That anxious Thou from Pole to Pole didst sail;
E'er on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?
What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more con firm'd, and riper Years?
To wake e'er Morning-dawn to loud Alarms,
And march 'till close of Night in heavy Arms?
To scorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows,
And search thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes?
That Thou might'st Fortune to thy Side ingage;
That gentle Peace might quell *Bellona's* Rage;
And ANNA's Bounty crown Her Soldier's hoary Age?
In vain We think that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
To hasten or protract th' appointed Hour:
Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.

Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor mis-led by Chance,
Imperious Death directs His Ebon Lance; [Dance.
Peoples great *Henry's* Tombs, and leads up *Holben's*
Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage:
For neither *William's* Pow'r, nor *Mary's* Charms
Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms:
Young *Churchill* fell, as Life began to bloom:
And *Bradford's* trembling Age expects the Tomb.
Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One Moment's Respite for the learned Head:
Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
Mecænas, *Sackville*, *Socrates*, and *Hyde*:
And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
Those gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.
The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain,
That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
With all the Births and Deaths He had in Store,
Went out *Pythagoras*, and came no more.
And modern AS——L, whose capricious Thought
Is yet with Stores of wilder Notion fraught,
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath,
Which play'd so idly with the Darts of Death.
Some from the stranded Vessel force their Way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
Some who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave:
In Journeys or at home, in War or Peace,
By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease.
Each changing season does it's Poison bring;
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blast the Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act subservient to the Tyrant's Pow'r:
And when obedient Nature knows His Will,
A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill.
For restless *Proserpine* for ever treads
In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads;

And

And on the ſpacious Land, and liquid Main
Spreads ſlow Diſeaſe, or darts afflictive Pain;
Variety of Deaths confirms her endleſs Reign.
On curſt *Piava's* Banks the Goddeſs ſtood,
Show'd her dire Warrant to the riſing Flood;
When what I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal ſpeed was urging his Return;
In his dear Country to diſperſe his Care,
And arm himſelf by Reſt for future War;
To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
And promiſe to their Joys his elder Years.
Oh! deſtin'd Head; and oh! ſevere Decree;
Nor native Country Thou, nor Friend ſhalt ſee;
Nor War haſt thou to wage, nor Year to come:
Impending Death is thine, and inſtant Doom.
Hark! the imperious Goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; Snows deſcend; and Waters ſpread:
Oh! Kinſman, Friend,——Oh! vain are all the Cries
Of human Voice; ſtrong Deſtiny replies:
Weep You on Earth; for He ſhall ſleep below:
Thence None return; and thither All muſt go.
Whoe'er Thou art, whom Choice or Buſineſs leads
To this ſad River, or the neighb'ring Meads;
If Thou may'ſt happen on the dreary Shoars
To find the Object which This Verſe deplores;
Cleanſe the pale Corps with a religious Hand
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave;
(The only Honour He can now receive)
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw;
And plant the Warrior Lawrel o'er his Brow:
Light lye the Earth; and flouriſh green the Bough.
So may juſt Heav'n ſecure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domeſtic ſtrife:
And when th' Infernal Judges diſmal Pow'r
From the dark Urn ſhall throw Thy deſtin'd hour;
When yielding to the ſentence, breathleſs Thou
And pale ſhalt lye, as what Thou burieſt now;

May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rites perform, to That which once was Thee.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT before the QUEEN.

On Her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1704.

SHine forth, Ye Planets, with distinguish'd Light,
As when Ye hallow'd first this Happy Night:
Again transmit your Friendly Beams to Earth,
As when *Britannia* joy'd for *Anna*'s Birth:
And Thou, propitious Star, whose sacred Pow'r
Presided o'er the Monarch's Natal Hour,
Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but *Cynthia*, and the Sun:
With Thy fair Aspect still illustrate Heav'n:
Kindly preserve what Thou hast greatly giv'n:
Thy Influence for thy *Anna* We implore:
Prolong One Life; and *Britain* asks no more.
For Virtue can no ampler Power express,
Than to be Great in War, and Good in Peace:
For Thought no higher Wish of Bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that Virtue *Still the same.*
Entire and sure the Monarch's Rule, must prove,
Who founds Her Greatness on Her Subjects Love;
Who does our Homage for our Good require;
And Orders that which We should first Desire:
Our vanquish'd Wills that pleasing Force obey:
Her Goodness takes our Liberty away:
And haughty *Britain* yields to Arbitrary Sway.

Let the young *Austrian* then Her Terrors bear,
Great as He is, Her Delegate in War:
Let Him in Thunder speak to both his *Spains*,
That in these Dreadful Isles a Woman Reigns.
While the Bright Queen does on Her Subjects show'r
The gentle Blessings of Her softer Pow'r;
Gives sacred Morals to a vicious Age,
To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage;
Bids the chaste Muse without a Blush appear,
And Wit be that which Heav'n and She may hear.
Minerva thus to *Perseus* lent Her Shield;
Secure of Conquest, sent Him to the Field:
The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd;
So was His Fame compleat, and *Andromede* unchain'd.
Mean time amidst Her Native Temples sate
The Goddess, studious of her *Grecian's* Fate;
Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to excell,
In Acting justly, and in Writing well.
Thus whilst She did Her various Pow'r dispose,
The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars, and Woes:
Virtue was taught in Verse, and *Athens'* Glory rose.

A LETTER

To Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux*;

Occasion'd by the

Victory at *Blenheim*, 1704.

——*Cupidum, Pater optime, vires*
Deficiunt: neque enim Quivis horrentia Pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos——

Hor. Sat. 1. L. 2.

SINCE hir'd for Life, thy Servile Muse must sing
Successive Conquests, and a glorious King;
Must of a Man Immortal vainly boast;
And bring him Lawrels, whatsoe'er they cost: What

What Turn wilt Thou employ, what Colours lay
On the Event of that Superior Day,
In which one *Engliſh* Subject's proſp'rous Hand
(So *Jove* did will; ſo *Anna* did command:)
Broke the proud Column of thy Maſter's Praiſe,
Which ſixty Winters had conſpir'd to raiſe?
From the loſt Field a hundred Standards brought
Muſt be the Work of Chance, and Fortune's Fault:
Bavaria's Stars muſt be accus'd, which ſhone,
That fatal Day the mighty Work was done;
With Rays oblique upon the *Gallic* Sun.
Some *Demon* envying *France* miſ-led the Fight?
And *Mars* miſtook tho' *Louis* order'd right.
When thy * young Muſe invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To ſay how *Louis* did not paſs the *Rhine*,
What Work had We with *Wageninghen*, *Arnheim*,
Places that could not be reduc'd to Rhime?
And tho' the Poet made his laſt Efforts,
Wurts——who could mention in Heroic——*Wurts*?
But, tell me, haſt thou reaſon to complain
Of the rough Triumphs of the laſt Campaign?
The *Danube* reſcu'd, and the Empire ſav'd,
Say, is the Majeſty of Verſe retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy ſofter vein,
To ſing the Princes, *Louis* and *Eugene*?
Is it too hard in happy Verſe to place
The *Vans* and *Vanders* of the *Rhine* and *Maes*?
Her Warriors *Anna* ſends from *Tweed* and *Thames*,
That *France* may fall by more harmonious Names.
Can'ſt thou not *Hamilton* or *Lumly* bear?
Would *Ingoldsby* or *Palmes* offend thy Ear?
And is there not a Sound in *Marlbro*'s Name,
Which Thou and all thy Brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to Verſe, and ſure of endleſs Fame?
Cutts is in Meeter ſomething harſh to read:
Place me the Valiant *Gouram* in his ſtead:

Let

* Epiſtre 4. du Sr. Boileau Dépreaux au Roy.
En vain, pour Te Louer, &c.

Let the Intention make the Number good:
Let generous *Sylvius* ſpeak for honeſt *Wood*.
And tho' rough *Churchil* ſcarce in Verſe will ſtand,
So as to have one Rhime at his Command;
With Eaſe the Bard reciting *Blenheim's* Plain,
May cloſe the Verſe, rememb'ring but the *Dane*.
I grant, old Friend, old Foe (for ſuch We are
Alternate, as the Chance of Peace and War)
That we Poetic Folks, who muſt reſtrain
Our meaſur'd Sayings in an equal Chain,
Have Troubles utterly unknown to Thoſe,
Who let their Fancy looſe in rambling Proſe.
For Inſtance now, how hard it is for Me
To make my Matter and my Verſe agree?
In one great Day on Hochſtet's *fatal plain*
French *and* Bavarians *twenty thouſand ſlain*;
Puſh'd thro' the Danube *to the Shoars of* Styx
Squadrons eighteen, Battalions twenty ſix:
Officers Captive made and private Men,
Of theſe twelve hundred, of thoſe thouſands ten,
Tents, Ammunition, Colours, Carriages,
Cannons, and Kettle-Drums——ſweet Numbers theſe.
But is it thus You *Engliſh* Bards compoſe?
Wit *Runick* Lays thus tag inſipid Proſe?
And when you ſhould your Heroes Deeds rehearſe,
Give us a Commiſſary's Liſt in Verſe?
Why Faith, *Depreaux* there's Senſe in what You ſay:
I told You where my Difficulty lay:
So vaſt, ſo numerous were great *Blenheim's* Spoils,
They ſcorn the Bounds of Verſe, and mock the Muſe's Toils.
To make the rough Recital aptly chime,
Or bring the Sum of *Gallia's* Loſs to Rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: What Poet would eſſay
To count the Streamers of my Lord Mayor's Day?
To number all the ſeveral Diſhes dreſt
By honeſt *Lamb*, laſt Coronation Feaſt?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet;
And *Newton's* Thoughts in *Dryden's* Stile repeat?

O Poet, had it been *Apollo*'s Will,
That I had shar'd a Portion of thy Skill;
Had this poor Breast receiv'd the Heavenly Beam;
Or could I hope my Verse might reach my Theam;
Yet, *Boileau*, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive,
Beneath the Shades of *Marlbro*'s Wreaths to live:
Should call aspiring Gods to bless her Choice;
And to their Fav'rites Strain exalt her Voice,
Arms and a Queen to Sing; Who, Great and Good,
From peaceful *Thames* to *Danube*'s wond'ring Flood
Sent forth the Terror of her high Commands,
To save the Nations from invading Hands,
To prop far Liberty's declining Cause,
And fix the jarring World with equal Laws.
The Queen should sit in *Windsor*'s sacred Grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love:
Both should with equal Zeal Her Smiles implore,
To fix Her Joys, or to extend Her Pow'r:
Sudden, the *Nymphs* and *Tritons* should appear;
And as great *Anna*'s Smiles dispel their Fear,
With active Dance should Her Observance claim;
With Vocal Shell should sound her happy Name.
Their Master *Thames* should leave the neighb'ring Shoar,
By his strong Anchor known, and silver Oar;
Should lay his Ensigns at his Sov'reigns Feet,
And Audience mild with humble Grace intreat.
To her his dear Defence he should complain,
That whilst he blesses her indulgent Reign;
Whilst furthest Seas are by his Fleets survey'd,
And on his happy Banks each *India* laid;
His Breth'ren *Maes*, and *Waal*, and *Rhine*, and *Saar*
Feel the hard Burthen of oppressive War:
That *Danube* scarce retains his rightful Course
Against two Rebel Armies neighb'ring Force:
And All must weep sad Captives to the *Sein*,
Unless unchain'd and freed by *Britain*'s Queen:
The valiant Sov'reign calls Her Gen'ral forth;
Neither recites Her Bounty, nor His Worth:

She tells Him, he muſt *Europe*'s Fate redeem,
And by That Labour merit her Eſteem:
She bids him wait her to the Sacred Hall;
Shows him Prince *Edward*, and the conquer'd *Gaul*;
Fixing the bloody Groſs upon his Breaſt,
Says, He muſt Dye, or ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd:
Placing the Saint an Emblem by his ſide,
She tells him, Virtue arm'd muſt conquer lawleſs Pride.
The Hero bows obedient, and retires:
The Queen's Commands exalt the Warrior's Fires.
His ſteps are to the ſilent Woods inclin'd,
The great Deſign revolving in his Mind:
When to his ſight a Heav'nly Form appears:
Her Hand a Palm, her Head a Lawrel wears.
Me, She begins, the faireſt Child of *Jove*,
Below for ever ſought, and bleſs'd above;
Me, the bright Source of Wealth, and Power, and Fame;
(Nor need I ſay, *Victoria* is my Name:)
Me the great Father down to Thee has ſent:
He bids me wait at thy diſtinguiſh'd Tent,
To execute what *Anna*'s Wiſh would have:
Her Subject Thou, I only am Her Slave.
Dare then; Thou much belov'd by ſmiling Fate;
For *Anna*'s ſake, and in her Name, be Great:
Go forth, and be to diſtant Nations known,
My future Fav'rite, and My darling Son.
At *Schellenberg* I'll manifeſt ſuſtain
Thy glorious Cauſe; and ſpread my Wings again,
Conſpicuous o'er Thy Helm, in *Blenheim*'s Plain.
The Goddeſs ſaid, nor would admit Reply;
But cut the liquid Air, and gain'd the Sky.
His high Commiſſion is thro' *Britain* known:
And thronging Armies to His Standard run.
He marches thoughtful; and He ſpeedy ſails:
(Bleſs Him, ye Seas! and proſper Him, ye Gales!)
Belgia receives Him welcome to her Shores;
And *William*'s Death with leſſen'd Grief deplores.
His Preſence only muſt retrieve That Loſs;
Marlbro to Her muſt be what *William* was.

So when great *Atlas*, from these low Aboads
Recall'd, was gather'd to his Kindred-Gods;
Alcides respited by prudent Fate,
Sustain'd the Ball, nor droop'd beneath the Weight.
Secret and Swift behold the Chief advance;
Sees half the Empire join'd, and Friend to *France*:
The *British* General dooms the Fight; His Sword
Dreadful He draws: The Captains wait the Word.
Anne and St. *George*, the charging Hero cries:
Shrill Echo from the neighb'ring Wood replies
Anne and St. *George*.——At That auspicious Sign
The Standards move; the adverse Armies join.
Of Eight great Hours, Time measures out the Sands;
And *Europe*'s Fate in doubtful Balance stands:
The Ninth, *Victoria* comes:——o'er *Marlbro*'s Head
Confess'd She sits; the Hostile Troops recede:——
Triumphs the *Goddess*, from her Promise freed.
The Eagle, by the *British* Lion's Might
Unchain'd and Free, directs her upward Flight:
Nor did She e'er with stronger Pinions soar
From *Tyber*'s Banks, than now from *Danube*'s Shoar!
Fir'd with the thoughts which these Ideas raise,
And great Ambition of my Country's Praise;
The *English* Muse should like the *Mantuan* rise,
Scornful of Earth and Clouds, should reach the Skies,
With Wonder (tho' with Envy still) pursu'd by human Eyes.
But We must change the Style.——Just now I said,
I ne'er was Master of the tuneful Trade.
Or the small Genius which my Youth could boast,
In Prose and Business lies extinct and lost.
Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite;
Point out the Game, and animate the Flight.
That from *Marseilles* to *Calais* FRANCE may know,
As We have Conqu'rors, We have Poets too;
And either Laurel does in *Britain* grow.
That, tho' amongst our selves, with too much Heat,
We sometimes wrangle, when We should debate;
(A consequential Ill which Freedom draws;
A bad Effect, but from a Noble Cause:)

We

We can with universal Zeal advance,
To curb the faithless Arrogance of *France*.
Nor ever shall *Britannia*'s Sons refuse
To answer to thy Master, or thy Muse;
Nor want just Subject for victorious strains,
While *Marlbrô*'s Arm Eternal Laurel gains;
And where old *Spencer* sung, a new *Eliza* reigns.

FOR
The PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,
On which is
The Effigies of the QUEEN *on a Triumphal Arch,*
The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH beneath.
AND
The Chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

YE active streams, where e'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes and furthest Nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How *Anne* Commanded, and how *Marlbrô* Fought.
Quacunque æterno properatis, Flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè Terris, Populisque remotis
Dicite, nam vobis Tamisis *narravit &* Ister,
Anna *quid Imperiis potuit, quid* Marlburus *Armis.*

The *Chameleon.*

AS the Chameleon, who is known
To have no Colors of his own;

But

But borrows from his Neighbour's Hue
His White or Black, his Green or Blew;
And ſtruts as much in ready Light,
Which Credit gives Him upon Sight;
As if the Rain-bow were in Tail
Settl'd on Him, and his Heirs Male:
So the young 'Squire, when firſt He comes
From Country Schole, to *Will*'s or *Tom*'s
And equally, in Truth, is fit
To be a Stateſman, or a Wit;
Without one Notion of his own,
He Santers wildly up and down;
'Till ſome Acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring Lad;
Admits Him in among the Gang:
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as They befriend Him,
Smear'd with the Colors, which They lend Him.
Thus merely, as his Fortune chances,
His Merit or his Vice advances:
If happly He the Sect purſues,
That read and comment upon News;
He takes up Their myſterious Face:
He drinks his Coffee without Lace.
This Week his mimic-Tongue runs o'er
What They have ſaid the Week before.
His Wiſdom ſets all *Europe* right;
And teaches *Marlbro'* when to Fight;
Or if it be his Fate to meet
With Folks who have more Wealth than Wit;
He loves cheap *Port*, and double Bub;
And ſettles in the *Hum-Drum* Club.
He learns how Stocks will Fall or Riſe;
Holds Poverty the greateſt Vice.
Thinks Wit the Bane of Converſation;
And ſays, that Learning ſpoils a Nation.
But if, at firſt, He minds his Hits,
And drinks *Champaine* among the Wits;

Five

Five deep, He Toasts the tow'ring Lasses;
Repeats you Verses wrote on Glasses;
Is in the Chair; prescribes the Law;
And Lies with Those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY *Merry Andrew*, the last *Southwark* Fair
(At *Bartholmew* He did not much appear;
So peevish was the Edict of the May'r.)
At *Southwark*, therefore, as his Tricks He show'd,
To please our Masters, and his Friends, the Croud;
A huge Neats-Tongue He in his Right Hand held:
His Left was with a good Black-Pudding fill'd.
With a grave Look, in this odd Equipage,
The clownish Mimic traverses the Stage:
Why how now, *Andrew*! cries his Brother Droll,
To Day's Conceit, methinks, is something dull:
Come on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain,
What does Your Emblematic Worship mean?
Quoth *Andrew*; Honest English let Us speak:
Your Emble-- (what d'ye call't?) is Heathen Greek.
To Tongue or Pudding, Thou hast no Pretence:
Learning Thy Talent is; but Mine is Sense.
That busie Fool I was, which Thou art now;
Desirous to Correct, not knowing how;
With very good Design, but little Wit,
Blaming or Praising Things, as I thought fit.
I for this Conduct had what I deserv'd;
And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But Thanks to my indulgent Stars, I Eat;
Since I have found the Secret to be Great.
O dearest *Andrew*, says the humble Droll,
Henceforth may I Obey, and Thou Controll;
Provided Thou impart Thy useful Skill.
Bow then, says *Andrew*; and, for once, I will
Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er He says;
Sleep very much; Think little; and talk less;

Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Wrong;
But Eat your Pudding, Slave; and Hold your Tongue.
A Rev'rend Prelate kept his Coach and Six,
To laugh a little at our ANDREWS Tricks.
But when He heard him give this Golden Rule;
Drive on; (He cry'd,) This Fellow is no Fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR *Thomas*, didst Thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tin-man's Shop?
There, *Thomas*, didst Thou never see
('Tis but by way of Simile;)
A *Squirrel* spend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rowling Cage?
The Cage, as either Side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top ——?
Mov'd in the Orb; pleas'd with the Chimes;
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.
So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under *Pindus'* Shades.
In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods.
Still Dancing in an airy Round:
Still pleas'd with their own Verses sound.
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go:
Always aspiring; always low.

The FLIES.

SAY, Sire of Insects, mighty *Sol*,
(A Fly upon the Chariot-Pole
Cries out:) what Blew-Bottle alive
Did ever with such Fury drive?

Tell

Tell, *Belzebub*, Great Father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the Wheel:)
Did ever any Mortal Fly
Raise such a Cloud of Dust, as I?
My Judgement Turn'd the whole Debate:
My Valor Sav'd the sinking State.
So talk two Idle buzzing Things;
Toss up their Heads, and stretch their Wings.
But let the Truth to Light be brought:
This neither Spoke, nor t'other Fought.
No Merit in their own Behav'or;
Both rais'd, but by their Party's Favor.

From the Greek.

GREAT *Bacchus*, born in Thunder and in Fire,
By Native Heat asserts His dreadful Sire.
Nourish'd near shady Rills and cooling Streams,
He to the Nymphs avows his Am'rous Flames.
To all the Breth'ren at the *Bell* and *Vine*,
The Moral says; Mix Water with your Wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK Carves very ill, yet will palm all the Meats:
He Eats more than Six; and Drinks more than he Eats.
Four Pipes after Dinner he constantly smokes;
And seasons his Whifs with impertinent Jokes.
Yet sighing, he says, We must certainly break;
And my cruel Unkindness compells him to speak:
For of late I invite Him—but Four Times a Week.

ANOTHER.

TO *John* I ow'd great Obligation;
But *John*, unhappily, thought fit

To publish it to all the Nation:
Sure *John* and I are more, than Quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every Poet is a Fool:
By Demonstration *Ned* can show it:
Happy, cou'd *Ned*'s inverted Rule
Prove every Fool to be a Poet.

ANOTHER.

THY Naggs (the leaneſt Things alive)
So very hard Thou low'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious Coach-man ſay,
It coſts Thee more in Whips, than Hay.

To a Perſon who wrote Ill, and ſpake Worſe againſt Me.

LYE, PHILO, untouch'd on my peaceable Shelf;
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed Thee;
I've no Envy to Thee, and ſome Love to my Self;
Then why ſhou'd I anſwer; ſince firſt I muſt read Thee?
Drunk with HELICON's Waters and double-brew'd Bub,
Be a Linguiſt, a Poet, a Critic, a Wag;
To the ſolid Delight of thy Well-judging Club,
To the Damage alone of thy Bookſeller BRAG.
Purſue me with Satyr: what Harm is there in't?
But from all *Vivâ voce* Reflection forbear:
There can be no Danger from what Thou ſhalt Print:
There may be a little from what Thou may'ſt ſwear.

On

On the ſame Perſon.

WHILE faſter than his coſtive Brain indites,
Philo's quick Hand in flowing Letters writes;
His Caſe appears to me like honeſt *Teague*'s,
When he was run away with, by his Legs.
Phoebus, give *Philo* o'er Himſelf Command;
Quicken his Senſes, or reſtrain His Hand.
Let him be kept from Paper, Pen, and Ink:
So may he ceaſe to Write, and learn to Think.

Quid ſit futurum Cras fuge quærere.

FOR what To-Morrow ſhall diſcloſe,
May ſpoil what you To-night propoſe:
ENGLAND may change; or CLOE ſtray:
Love and Life are for To-day.

The Nut-Brown Maid.

A POEM.

Written Three Hundred Years ſince.

BE it right or wrong, theſe Men among
On Women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A Labour ſpent in vaine,
To love Them wele; for never a dele
They love a Man again.
For lete a Man do what he can,
Ther Favour to attayne;
Yet yf a new do Them purſue,
Ther furſt trew Lover than

Labour-

Laboureth for nought; for from her Thought
He is a baniſhyd Man.
I ſay not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and ſayde,
That Woman's Fayth is, as who ſaythe,
All utterly decayed.
But nevertheleſs right good Witneſs
I'this caſe might be layde,
That They love trewe, and contynew,
Record *the Nut brown Mayde.*
Which from her Love (whan Her to prove,
He came to make his mone)
Wold not depart; for in her Herte
She lovyd but Him alone.
Than betwene Us, lettens diſcuſſe,
What was all the maner
Between them too: We wyll alſo
Telle all the peyne and fere
That She was in. Now I begynne,
So that ye me anſwere.
Wherefore all Ye, that preſent be,
I pray Ye give an Eare.

MAN.

I am the Knyght: I come by Nyght,
As ſecret as I can;
Saying, alas! thus ſtandeth the Caſe,
I am a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

And I your Wylle for to fulfylle
In this wyl not refuſe;
Truſting to ſhew, in Wordis fewe,
That Men have an ille uſe,
(To ther own ſhame) Wymen to blame,
And cauſeleſe them accuſe.
Therefore to You I anſwere now,
Aſſe Wymen to exuſe:
M'yn own Herte dere, with You what chere,
I pray You telle anone;

For

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

It ſtondeth ſo: a dede is do,
Wherefore moche harm ſhall growe;
My Deſteny is for to dey,
A ſhamful Deth, I trowe;
Or ellis to flee: the one muſt be;
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe, as an Outlaw,
And take me to my Bowe.
Wherefore adew, my own Herte trewe;
None other red I can;
For I Muſt to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

O Lord! what is this worldis blyſſe,
That chaungeth as the Mone?
My Somers day, in luſty May,
Is derked before the None.
I here You ſaye, Farwell! nay, nay;
We departe not ſoo ſone:
Why ſay Ye ſo? whedir wyl Ye goe?
Alas! what have Ye done?
Alle my welfare to ſorrow and care
Shulde chaunge, yf Ye were gone;
For in my mynde of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve,
And ſhomwhat you diſtrayne;
But aftyrwarde your paynes harde,
Within a day or tweyne,
Shal ſone aſlake; and ye ſhal take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why ſhould Ye nought? for to make thought,
Your labur were in vayne.
And thus I do, and pray you too,
As hertely as I can;

For

For I muſte to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Now ſythe that Ye have ſhewed to Me
The Secret of your mynde;
I ſhal be playne to you againe,
Lyke as Ye ſhal Me fynde.
Syth it is ſo, that Ye wyll goe;
I wol not leve behynde:
Shal never be ſayd, *the Nut-brown Mayde*
Was to her Love unkynd.
Make You redy; for ſo am I,
Allthough it were anone:
For in my mynd, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

Yet I You rede, to take good hede,
What Men wyl think and ſey;
Of Yonge and Olde it ſhal be tolde,
That Ye be gone away:
Your wanton wylle, for to fulfylle,
In grene Wode you to play;
And that Ye myght from your delyte
Noo lenger make delay.
Rather than Ye ſhould thus for me,
Be called an ylle Woman;
Yet wold I to the grene Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Though it be ſonge, of Olde and Yonge,
That I ſhuld be to blame:
Their's be the charge, that ſpeke ſo Large,
In hurting of my Name.
For I wyl prove, that feythful Love
It is devoyd of Shame;
In your Diſtreſs, and Hevyneſs,
To part wyth You the ſame.
And ſure all thoo that doo not ſo,
Trewe Lovers ar they none;

But

But in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

I counſel you, remember how,
It is noo Mayden's lawe,
Nothing to dought, but to renne out
To Wode with an Outlawe.
For Ye muſt there, in your hand bere
A Bowe redy to drawe:
And as a Theef, thus muſt Ye lyve,
Ever in Drede and Awe.
Whereby to You gret harme myght grow;
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grehe Wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

I think not nay; but as Ye ſaye,
It is noo Mayden's lore;
But Love may make Me for your ſake,
As I have ſaid before,
To com on fote, to Hunte and Shote,
To gete us Mete in Store.
For ſo that I your Company
May have, I ask noo more:
From whiche to parte, it makith myn
As colde as ony Ston.
For in my mynde, of all Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

For an Outlawe, this is the Lawe,
That Men hym Take and Binde,
Wythout pytee Hanged to bee,
And waver with the Wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
What reſons coude Ye finde?
For ſothe I trowe, Ye and your Bowe
Shuld draw for fere behynde.
And noo Merveyle; for lytel avayle
Were in your Council than;

Where-

Wherefore I to the Wode wyl goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Full well knowe Ye, that Wymen be
But febyl for to Fyght:
Noo Womanhede it is in deede,
To bee bold as a Knyght.
Yet in ſuche fere yf that Ye were,
With Enemys day and nyght;
I wolde withſtonde, wyth bowe in honde,
To greve them as I myght;
And You to ſave, as VVymen have
From dethe many one:
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

Yet take good hede! for ever I drede,
That Ye coude not ſuſtein
The thorney VVeyes, the depe Valeis,
The Snowe, the Froſt, the Reyn,
The Cold, the Hete. For Drye or VVete,
VVe muſt lodge on the Playn;
And us above, noon other Roſe,
But a Brake, Buſh, or twayne;
VVhiche ſone ſhulde greve you, I believe;
And Ye wolde gladly than,
That I had to the grene VVode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man,

WOMAN.

Syth I have here been partynere
With You of Joy and Blyſſe;
I muſt alſo, parte of your woo
Endure, as Reſon is.
Yet am I ſure of one pleſure;
And, ſhortly, it is this:
That where Ye bee, mee ſeemeth, pardy,
I could not fare amyſs.
Without more Speche, I you beſeche,
That We were ſoon a gone:

For

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

Yf Ye goo thedyr, Ye muſt conſider,
Whan Ye have luſt to dyne,
Ther ſhall no mete be for to gete,
Nor Drink, Bere, Ale, ne Wine;
Ne Shetis clene, to lye betwene,
Made of Thread and Twyne;
Noon other Houſe, but Levys and Bowes,
To kever your Head and myn.
O myn Herte ſwete, this ylle Dyet
Shuld make you Pale and Wan:
Wherefore I to the Wode wyl goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Among the wylde Dere, ſuch an Archier,
As Men ſay that Ye bee,
We may not fayle of good Vitayle,
Where is ſo grete plente.
And Watir cleere of the Ryvere
Shall be full ſwete to Me;
With whiche in hele, I ſhal right wele
Endure, as Ye ſhall ſee.
And er We goe, a Bed or two
I can provide anone;
For in my mynde of al Mankynde,
I love but You alone.

MAN.

Loo! yet before, Ye muſt do more,
Yf Ye wyl go with Me:
As cutte your Here, up by your Ere,
Your Kurtel by the Knee.
Wyth Bowe in Honde, for to withſtonde
Your Enemys, yf nede be:
And this ſame Nyght, before Day-lyght,
To wode-ward wyl I flee.
And yf ye wille all this fulfylle,
Do it ſhortly as ye can;

Ellis wil I to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

I ſhall as now do more for you,
Than longeth to Womanhede,
To ſhort my Here, a Bow to bere,
To ſhote in tyme of nede.
O my ſweet Moder, before all other,
For You have I moſt Drede:
But now adiew! I muſt enſue,
Where Fortune duth me lede.
All this make ye, and lete us flee:
The Day run faſt upon;
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Nay, nay, not ſo: Ye ſhal not go;
And I ſhal telle ye why:
Your Appetite is to be light
Of Love, I wele eſpie.
For right as ye have ſaide to me,
In lykewyſe hardely
Ye wolde anſwere, whoſoever it were,
In way of Company.
It is ſayd of Olde; ſone hote, ſone colde;
And ſo is a Woman:
Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Yf ye take hede, yt is noo nede
Such wordis to ſay bee me:
For ofte ye preyd, and longe aſſayed,
Er I you loved par-dy.
And though that I of Auncetry
A Baron's Daughter bee;
Yet have you proved, how I you loved,
A Squyer of low Degree:
And ever ſhal, what ſo befalle,
To dey therefore anone;

For

For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

A Baron's Childe to be begyled,
It were a curſed Dede:
To be Felawe with an Outlawe,
Almighty God forbede!
Yt bettyr were, the pore Squyer
Alone to Foreſt ſpede;
Than ye ſhall ſaye, another Daye,
That by that wycked Dede
Ye were betraied. Wherefore, good Maide,
The beſt rede that I can,
Is that I to the grene Wode go,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Whatſoever befalle, I never ſhale
Of this Thing you upbraid:
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo,
Then have ye me betraid.
Remember ye wele, how that ye dele;
For yf ye, as ye ſaide,
Be ſo unkinde, to leve behinde,
Your Love, *The Nut-brown Maide:*
Truſt me truely, that I ſhall dey
Sone after ye be gone;
For in my Minde, of all Mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yf that Ye went, Ye ſhulde repent;
For in the Forreſt now
I have purveid me of a Maide,
Whom I Love more than You.
Another fayrer than e'er Ye were;
I dare it well avowe;
And of You bothe, Eche ſhulde be wrothe
Wyth other, as I trowe.
It were myn Eſe, to lyve in Peſe;
So wyl it, yf I can:

Where-

Wherefore I to the Wode wyl go,
Alone, a baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Though in the Wode, I undirſtode,
Ye had a Paramour;
All this may nought remove my Thought,
But that I will be your.
And She ſhall fynde Me ſoft and kynde,
And curteis every Hour;
Glad to fulfylle all that ſhe wylle
Commaunde me to my Pow'r.
For had ye loo, an hundred mo;
Yet wolde I be that One:
For in my Mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Myn owne dere Love, I ſee the Prove,
That ye be kynde and trewe;
Of Mayde and Wyf, in al my Lyf,
The beſt that ever I knew.
Be merey and glad; be no more ſad;
The Caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were Ruthe, that for your Trouthe,
Ye ſhuld have cauſe to rewe.
Be not diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd
To you whan I began;
I wyl not to the grene Wode go;
I am no baniſhyd Man.

WOMAN.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me,
Than to be made a Quene;
Yf I were ſure, they ſhould endure:
But it is often ſeen,
When Men wyl breke Promyſe, they ſpeke
The wordis on the Spriene.
Ye ſhape ſome wyle, me to begyle,
And ſtele fro me, I wene.
Then were the caſe wurs than it was;
And I more woo begon;

For

For in my mynde of all Mankynde,
I love but you alone.

Mayd.

Ye shall not nede further to dede
I wyl not disparage
You. God defende, sythyn you descended
Of so grete a Lynage.
Now understande, to *Westmerlande*,
Whiche is my Herytage,
I wyl you bringe; and wythin a Rynge,
By wey of Maryage,
I wyl you take, and Lady make,
As shortly as I can.
Thus have ye wone an Erle's Son,
And not a banishyd Man.

HENRY and *EMMA*.

A POEM,

Upon the Model of the Nut-brown Maid.

To CLOE.

THOU, to whose Eyes I bend; at whose Command,
(Tho' low my Voice, tho' artless be my Hand)
I take the sprightly Reed, and sing and play;
Careless of what the censuring World may say:
Bright *Cloe*, Object of my constant Vow,
wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious Brow?
Wilt thou with Pleasure hear thy Lover's Strains,
And with one Heav'nly Smile o'erpay his Pains?
No longer shall *the Nut-brown Maid* be old,
Tho' since her Youth three hundred Years have roll'd.
At thy Desire, she shall again be rais'd;
And her reviving Charms in falling Verse be prais'd.

No

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
That He may Love, and not be Lov'd again:
That We in vain the fickle Sex pursue,
Who change the Constant Lover for the New.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of Female Passion feign'd, or Faith decay'd;
Henceforth shall in my Verse refuted stand,
Be said to Winds, or writ upon the Sand.
And while my Notes to future Times proclaim
Unconquer'd Love, and ever-during Flame;
O fairest of the Sex! be Thou my Muse:
Deign on my Work thy Influence to diffuse.
Let me partake the Blessings I rehearse;
And grant me Love, the just Reward of Verse.
As Beauty's Potent Queen, with ev'ry Grace
That once was EMMA's, has adorn'd Thy Face;
And as Her Son has to my Bosom dealt
That constant Flame, which faithful HENRY felt:
O let the Story with Thy Life agree;
Let Men once more the bright Example see;
What *Emma* was to Him, be thou to Me.
Nor send Me by thy Frown from Her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd Man to rove.
But oh! with Pity long intreated Crown
My Pains and Hopes; and when thou say'st that One
Of all Mankind thou lov'st, Oh! think on Me alone.

WHere beauteous *Isis* and her Husband *Tame*
With mingl'd Waves, for ever flow the Same:
In Times of Yore, an antient Baron liv'd,
Great Gifts bestow'd, and great Respect receiv'd.
When dreadful EDWARD, with successful Care,
Led his free *Britons* to the *Gallic* VVar;
This Lord had Headed his appointed Bands,
In firm Allegiance to his King's Commands.
And (all due Honors faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his Paternal Coat, inlarg'd
With a new Mark, the Witness of his Toil;
And no inglorious part of Foreign Spoil.

From

From the loud Camp retir'd, and noisy Court,
In Honorable Ease and Rural Sport,
The Remnant of his Days, He safely past;
Nor found they Lagg'd too slow, nor Flew too fast;
He made his Wish with his Estate comply;
Joyful to Live, yet not afraid to Dye.
One Child He had, a Daughter chast and fair;
His Age's Comfort, and his Fortune's Heir.
They call'd her *Emma*; for the beauteous Dame
Who gave the Virgin Birth, had born the Name.
The Name th' indulgent Father doubly lov'd;
For in the Child the Mother's Charms improv'd.
Yet, as when little, round his Knees She plaid;
He call'd her oft, in Sport, His *Nut-brown Maid*:
The Friends and Tenants took the fondling Word;
(As still they please, who imitate their Lord)
Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun:
The mutual Terms around the Lands were known;
And *Emma* and *the Nut-brown Maid* were One.
As with her Stature, still her Charms encreas'd;
Thro' all the Isle her Beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what Perfections must that Virgin share,
Who Fairest is esteem'd, where all are Fair?
From distant Shires repair the noble Youth,
And find, Report, for once, had lessen'd Truth.
By Wonder first, and then by Passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.
By public Praises, and by secret Sighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral Pow'r of *Emma's* Eyes.
In Tilts and Turnaments the Valiant strove,
By glorious Deeds, to purchase *Emma's* Love:
In gentle Verse, the Witty told their Flame,
And grac'd their choicest Songs with *Emma's* Name.
In vain they Combated, in vain they Writ:
Useless their Strength, and impotent their Wit.
Great *Venus* only must direct the Dart,
Which else will never reach the Fair one's Heart;
Spight of th' Attempts of Force, and soft Effects of Art.

Great VENUS muſt prefer the happy One:
In HENRY's Cauſe Her Favour muſt be ſhown:
And EMMA, of Manlind, muſt Love but Him alone.

While Theſe, in Public, to the Caſtle came,
And by their Grandeur juſtify'd their Flame:
More ſecret Ways the careful HENRY takes;
His Squires, his Arms, and Equipage forſakes.
In borrow'd Name, and falſe Attire, array'd,
Oft He finds Means to ſee the beauteous Maid.

When EMMA hunts, in Huntſman's Habit dreſt,
HENRY on Foot purſues the bounding Beaſt.
In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears:
And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears.
Still to the Glade, where She has bent her Way,
With knowing Skill he drives the future Prey.
Bids her decline the Hill, and ſhun the Brake;
And ſhews the Path her Steed may ſafeſt take.
Directs her Spear to fix the glorious Wound;
Pleas'd, in his Toils, to have her Triumph Crown'd:
And blows her Praiſes in no common Sound.

A Falc'ner HENRY is, when EMMA Hawks:
With her of Tarſels, and of Lures he talks.
Upon his Wriſt the tow'ring Merlin ſtands;
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop, at her Commands.
And when Superior now the Bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down:
With humble Rev'rence he accoſts the Fair;
And with the honor'd Feather decks her Hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive Field She goes,
His down-caſt Eye reveals his inward Woes.
And by his Look and Sorrow is expreſt,
A nobler Game purſu'd, than Bird or Beaſt.

A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves;
And, with his jolly Pipe, delights the Groves.
The neighb'ring Swains around the Stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his Song:
While, with ſoft Sorrow, he renews his Lays,
Nor heedful of their Envy, nor their Praiſe.

But ſoon as EMMA's Eyes adorn the Plain,
His Notes he raiſes to a nobler Strain;
With dutiful Reſpect, and ſtudious Fear,
Leſt any careleſs Sound offend her Ear.
A frantick Gipſey, now the Houſe He haunts,
And in wild Phraſes, ſpeaks diſſembled Wants.
With the fond Maids in Palmiſtry he deals:
They Tell the Secret firſt, which he Reveals;
Says who ſhall Wed, and who ſhall be Beguil'd;
What Groom ſhall Get, and Squire maintain the Child.
But when bright EMMA wou'd her Fortune know;
A ſofter Look unbends his op'ning Brow.
With trembling Awe, he gazes on her Eye;
And in ſoft Accents, forms the kind Reply;
That She ſhall prove as Fortunate as Fair,
And HYMEN's choiceſt Gifts are All reſerv'd for Her.
Now oft had HENRY chang'd his ſly Diſguiſe;
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous EMMA's Eyes.
Oft had found Means alone to ſee the Dame,
And at her Feet to breath his am'rous Flame;
And oft, the Pangs of Abſence to remove
By Letters, ſoft Interpreters of Love:
Till Time and Induſtry (the mighty Two
That bring our Wiſhes nearer to our View)
Made him perceive, that the inclining Fair
Receiv'd his Vows with no reluctant Ear;
That VENUS had confirm'd her equal Reign,
And dealt to EMMA's Heart a ſhare of HENRY's Pain.
While CUPID ſmil'd, by kind Occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the Secret kept, the Love increas'd;
The am'rous Youth frequents the ſilent Groves;
And much He meditates; for much He loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his Joys: but will they long remain?
EMMA with Smiles receives his preſent Flame;
But ſmiling, will She ever be the ſame?
Beautiful Looks are rul'd by fickle Minds;
And Summer Seas are turn'd by ſudden Winds.

Another Love may gain her eaſie Youth:
Time changes Thought; and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.
O impotent Eſtate of human Life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal Strife:
Where fleeting Joy does laſting Doubt inſpire;
And moſt We Queſtion, what We moſt Deſire.
Amongſt thy various Gifts, great Heav'n, beſtow
Our Cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter Ingredients in; nor pall the Draught
With nauſeous Grief: for our ill-judging Thought
Hardly injoys the pleaſurable Taſte;
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.
With Wiſhes rais'd, with Jealouſies oppreſt
(Alternate Tyrants of the Human Breaſt)
By one great Tryal He reſolves to prove
The Faith of Woman, and the Force of Love.
If ſcanning EMMA's Virtues, He may find
That beauteous Frame incloſe a ſteady Mind;
He'll fix his Hope, of future Joy ſecure;
And live a Slave to HYMEN's happy Pow'r.
But if the Fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If pois'd aright in Reaſon's equal Scale,
Light fly her Merits, and her Faults prevail;
His Mind He vows to free from am'rous Care,
The latent Miſchief from his Heart to tear,
Reſume his Azure-Arms, and ſhine again in War.
South of the Caſtle, in a verdant Glade,
A ſpreading Beach extends her friendly Shade:
Here oft the Nymph His breathing Vows had heard:
Here oft Her Silence had Her Heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her Infant Buds;
And genial Life inform'd the verdent Woods;
HENRY, in Knots involving EMMA's Name,
Had half expreſs'd, and half conceal'd his Flame
Upon This Tree: and as the tender Mark
Grew with the Year, and widen'd with the Bark:
VENUS had heard the Virgin's ſoft Addreſs,
That, as the Wound, the Paſſion might increaſe.

As

As potent Nature shed her kindly Show'rs,
And deck'd the various Mead with op'ning Flow'rs;
Upon This Tree the Nymph's obliging Care
Had left a frequent Wreath for HENRY's Hair:
Which as with gay Delight the Lover found;
Pleas'd with his Conquest, with her Present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the Plains He oft had gone,
And to each Swain the Mystic Honor shown;
The Gift still prais'd, the Giver still unknown.

His secret Note the troubled HENRY writes,
To the known Tree the Lovely Maid invites:
Imperfect Words and dubious Terms express,
That unforeseen Mischance disturb'd his Peace;
That He must something to Her Ear commend,
On which Her Conduct, and His Life depend.

Soon as the Fair one had the Note receiv'd;
The remnant of the Day alone She griev'd:
For different This from ev'ry former Note,
Which VENUS dictated, and HENRY wrote;
Which told her all his future Hopes were laid
On the dear Bosom of *his Nut-brown Maid*;
Which always bless'd her Eyes, and own'd her Pow'r;
And bid her oft Adieu, yet added more.

Now Night advanc'd. The House in Sleep were laid,
The Nurse experienc'd, and the prying Maid;
And last That Sprite, which does incessant haunt
The Lover's Steps, the ancient Maiden Aunt.
To her dear HENRY EMMA wings her Way,
With quicken'd Pace repairing forc'd Delay.
For Love, fantastic Pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad 'till Watchfulness be laid;
Undaunted then, o'er Cliffs and Valleys strays;
And leads his Vot'ries safe thro' pathless Ways.
Not *Argus* with his hundred Eyes shall find,
Where CUPID goes; tho' He poor Guide is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her Eye,
To ask, if yet it's Chief Delight were nigh:
With Fear, and with Desire, with Joy, and Pain
She sees, and runs to meet Him on the Plain. But

But Oh! his Steps proclaim no Lover's Haste:
On the low Ground his fix'd Regards are cast:
His artful Bosom heaves dissembl'd Sighs;
And Tears suborn'd fall copious from his Eyes.
With Ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted Grief does real Sorrow move
In the afflicted Fair; Adown her Cheek
Trickling the genuine Tears their Current break.
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph; the Man
Broke Silence first: the Tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE O tell me, hast thou felt a Pain,
EMMA, beyond what Woman knows to feign?
Has Thy uncertain Bosom ever strove
With the first Tumults of a real Love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his Sway;
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy Virgin Softness hast Thou e'er bewail'd,
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's resistless Dart,
His killing Pleasure, his Ecstatic Smart,
And heav'nly Poison thrilling thro' thy Heart?
If so, with Pity view my wretched State;
At least deplore, and then forget my Fate:
To some more happy Knight reserve thy Charms,
By Fortune favour'd, and successful Arms:
And only, as the Sun's revolving Ray
Brings back each Year this melancholy Day;
Permit one Sigh, and set apart one Tear,
To an abandon'd Exil's endless Care.
For Me, alas! Out-cast of Human Race,
Love's Anger only waits, and dire Disgrace:
For lo! these Hands in Murther are imbru'd:
These trembling Feet by Justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful Death attends my longer Stay;
And I this Night must fly from Thee and Love,
Condemn'd in lonely Woods a banish'd Man to rove.

Emma

EMMA.

What is our Bliss, that changeth with the Moon?
And Day of Life, that darkens e'er 'tis Noon?
What is true Passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is *Emma*'s Joy, if *Henry* flies?
If Love, alas! be Pain; the Pain I bear,
No Thought can figure, and no Tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor false one feign'd
The Flames, which long have in my Bosom reign'd:
The God of Love himself inhabits there,
With all his Rage, and Dread, and Grief, and Care,
His Complement of Stores, and total War.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my Love;
And let my Deed, at least, my Faith approve.
Alas! no Youth shall my Endearments share;
Nor Day nor Night shall interrupt my Care:
No future Story shall with Truth upbraid
The cold Indifference of *the Nut-brown Maid*:
Nor to hard Banishment shall *Henry* run;
While careless *Emma* sleeps on Beds of Down.
View Me resolv'd, where-e'er Thou leadst, to go;
Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe:
For I attest fair *Venus*, and her Son,
That I, of all Mankind, will love but Thee alone.

HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obstruct Thy venturous Way;
And take good Heed, what Men will think and say:
That Beauteous *Emma* vagrant Courses took;
Her Father's House and civil Life forsook;
That full of youthful Blood, and fond of Man,
She to the Wood-land with an Exile ran,
Reflect, that lessen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd;
And Virgin Honor once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming Evil shun:
Better not do the Deed, than weep it done.
No Penance can absolve our guilty Fame;
Nor Tears, that wash our Sin, can wash our Shame.
Then fly the sad Effects of desp'rate Love;
And leave a banish'd Man thro' lonely Woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let *Emma's* hapleſs Caſe be falſely told
By the raſh Young, or the ill-natur'd Old:
Let ev'ry Tongue it's various Cenſures chuſe,
Abſolve with Coldneſs, or with Spight accuſe:
Fair Truth, at laſt, her radiant Beams will raiſe;
And Malice vanquiſh'd heightens Virtue's Praiſe
Let then thy Favour but indulge my Flight;
O! let my Preſence make thy Travels light;
And potent *Venus* ſhall exalt my Name
Above the Rumors of cenſorious Fame:
Nor from that buſie Demon's reſtleſs Pow'r
Will ever *Emma* other Grace implore,
Than that this Truth ſhould to the World be known,
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but Thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt Thou weild the Sword, and bend the Bow?
With active Force repel the ſturdy Foe?
When the loud Tumult ſpeaks the Battel nigh,
And winged Deaths in whiſtling Arrows fly;
Wilt Thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy Part, and ſhare the dangerous Day?
Then, as thy Strength decays, thy Heart will fail;
Thy Limbs all trembling, and thy Cheeks all pale:
With fruitleſs Sorrow Thou, in glorious Maid,
Wilt weep thy Safety by thy Love betray'd:
Then to thy Friend, by Foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs Aid, and Coward fly:
Then wilt thou curſe the Chance that made Thee love
A baniſh'd Man, condemn'd in lonely Woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal Certainty *Thaleſtris* knew
To ſend the Arrow from the twanging Yew:
And great in Arms, and foremoſt in the War,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the *Britiſh* Spear.
Could Thirſt of Vengeance, and Deſire of Fame
Excite the Female Breaſt with Martial Flame?
And ſhall not Love's diviner Pow'r inſpire
More hardy Virtue, and more gen'rous Fire?

Near

Near Thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy Side.
Tho' my inferior Strength may not allow,
That I ſhould bear, or draw the Warrior Bow;
With ready Hand I will the Shaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy Victor Arrows fly.
Touch'd in the Battel by the Hoſtile Reed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed;
To ſtop the VVounds my fineſt Lawn I'd tear;
VVaſh them with Tears, and wipe them with my Hair:
Bleſt, when my Dangers and my Toils have ſhown,
That I, of all Mankind, could love but Thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt Thou, tender Maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive VVant, or Hunger's preſſing Pain?
Thoſe Limbs, in Lawn and ſofteſt Silk array'd,
From Sun-beams guarded, and of VVinds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? Can they reſiſt
The parching Dog-Star, and the bleak North-Eaſt?
VVhen chill'd by adverſe Snows, and beating Rain,
VVe tread with weary Steps the longſome Plain;
VVhen with hard Toil we ſeek our Ev'ning Food,
Berries and Acorns, from the Neighb'ring VVood;
And find among the Cliffs no other Houſe,
But the thin Covert of ſome gather'd Boughs;
VVilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine Eye
Around the dreary Waſte; and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas! that Tryal be too late)
To find thy Father's Hoſpitable Gate,
And Seats, where Eaſe and Plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe Seats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn:
That Gate for ever barr'd to thy Return:
VVilt Thou not then bewail ill-fated Love,
And hate a baniſh'd Man, condemn'd in VVoods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy Riſe of Fortune did I only wed,
From it's Decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpoſe to embark with Thee,
On the ſmooth Surface of a Summer's Sea;

While

While gentle *Zephyrs* play in prosp'rous Gale's;
And Fortune's Favour fills the swelling Sails:
But would forsake the Ship, and make the Shoar,
When the Winds whistle, and the Tempests roar?
No, *Henry*, no: One Sacred Oath has ty'd
Our Loves; One Destiny our Life shall guide;
Nor Wild, nor Deep our common Way divide.
When from the Cave Thou rises't with the Day,
To beat the Woods, and rouse the bounding Prey;
The Cave with Moss and Branches I'll adorn,
And chearful sit, to wait my Lord's Return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten Deer;
(For seldom, Archers say, thy Arrows err)
I'll fetch quick Fewel from the Neighb'ring Wood,
And strike the sparkling Flint, and dress the Food:
With humble Duty and officious Haste,
I'll cull the farthest Mead for thy Repast:
The choicest Herbs I to Thy Board will bring;
And draw thy Water from the freshest Spring:
And when at Night with weary Toil oppress,
Soft Slumbers Thou enjoy'st, and wholesome Rest;
Watchful I'll guard Thee, and with Midnight Pray'r
Weary the Gods to keep Thee in their Care;
And joyous ask, at Morn's returning Ray,
If Thou hast Health, and I may bless the Day.
My Thoughts shall fix, my latest Wish depend
On Thee, Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father, Friend:
By all the sacred Names be *Henry* know
To *Emma*'s Heart: and grateful let Him own,
That She, of all Mankind, could love but Him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly Thou tell'st Me, what the Woman's Care
Shall in the Wildness of the Wood prepare:
Thou, e'er thou goest, unhappy'st of thy Kind,
Must leave the Habit, and the Sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely Tresses break
In flowing Ringlets on thy snowy Neck;

Or

Or sit behind thy Head, an ample Round,
In graceful Breeds with various Ribbon bound:
No longer shall the Boddice, aptly lac'd,
From thy full Bosome to thy slender Waste,
That Air and Harmony of Shape express,
Fine by Degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower Garments artful Pleat,
From thy fair Side dependent to thy Feet,
Arm their chaste Beauties with a modest Pride,
And double ev'ry Charm they seek to hide.
Th' Ambrosial Plenty of Thy shining Hair
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than Thy Ear
Shall stand encouth: a Horse-man's Coat shall hide
Thy taper Shape, and Comeliness of Side:
The short Trunk-Hose shall show Thy Foot and Knee
Licentious, and to common Eye-sight free:
And with a bolder Stride, and looser Air,
Mingl'd with Men, a Man Thou must appear.
Nor Solitude, nor gentle Peace of Mind,
Mistaken Maid, shalt Thou in Forrests find:
'Tis long, since *Cynthia* and her Train were there;
Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their Care.
Vagrants and Out-laws shall offend Thy View;
For such must be my Friends; a hideous Crew,
By adverse Fortune mix'd in Social Ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill:
Their common Loves, a lewd abandon'd Pack,
The Beadle's Lash still flagrant on their Back;
By Sloth corrupted, by Disorder fed,
Made bold by Want, and prostitute for Bread;
With such must *Emma* hunt the tedious Day,
Assist their Violence, and divide their Prey:
With such She must return at setting Light,
Tho' not Partaker, Witness of their Night.
Thy Ear, inur'd to charitable Sounds,
And pitying Love, must feel the hateful Wounds
Of Jest abscene, and vulgar Ribaldry,
The ill bred Question, and the lewd Reply;

Brought

Brought by long Habitude from Bad to Worſe,
Muſt hear the frequent Oath, the direful Curſe,
That lateſt Weapon of the Wretches War,
And Blaſphemy, ſad Comrade of Deſpair.
Now, *Emma*, now the laſt Reflection make,
What thou would'ſt follow, what thou muſt forſake:
By our ill-omen'd Stars, and adverſe Heav'n,
No middle Object to thy Choice is given.
Or yield thy Virtue, to attain thy Love;
Or leave a baniſh'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove.

EMMA.

O Grief of Heart! that our unhappy Fates
Force Thee to ſuffer what Thy Honor hates:
Mix Thee amongſt the Bad; or make Thee run
Too near the Paths, which Virtue bids Thee ſhun.
Yet with her *Henry* ſtill let *Emma* go;
With Him abhor the Vice, but ſhare the Woe;
And ſure my little Heart can never err,
Amidſt the worſt; if *Henry* ſtill be there.
Our outward Act is prompted from within;
And from the Sinner's Mind proceeds the Sin:
By Her own Choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the Force of outward Objects mov'd.
Who has aſſay'd no Danger, gains no Praiſe,
In a ſmall Iſle, amidſt the wideſt Seas,
Triumphant Conſtancy has fixt her Seat:
In vain the Syrens ſing, the Tempeſts beat:
Their Flatt'ry ſhe rejects, nor fears their Threat.
For Thee alone theſe little Charms I dreſt;
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them by thy Teſt.
In comely Figure rang'd, my Jewels ſhone,
Or negligently plac'd, for Thee alone:
For Thee again they ſhall be laid aſide:
The Woman, *Henry*, ſhall put off her Pride
For Thee: My Cloaths, my Sex exchang'd for Thee,
I'll mingle with the People's wretched Lee;
O Line extream of Human Infamy!
Wanting the Sciſſors, with theſe Hands I'll tear
(If that obſtructs my Flight) this Load of Hair.

Black

Black Soot, or yellow Walnut shall disgrace
This little Red and White of *Emma*'s Face.
These Nails with Scratches shall deform my Breast;
Lest by my Look, or Color be express'd
The Mark of ought High-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this Commerce, under this Disguise,
Let me be grateful still to *Henry*'s Eyes.
Lost to the World, let Me to Him be known!
My Fate I can absolve; if he shall own,
That leaving all Mankind, I love but Him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest Thought of an abandon'd Mind!
Name, Habit, Parents, Woman left behind,
Ev'n Honor dubious, Thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the Woods with me: Said *Emma* so?
Or did I dream what *Emma* never said?
O guilty Error! and O wretched Maid!
Whose roving Fancy would resolve the same
With Him, who next should tempt her easie Fame;
And blow with empty Words the susceptible Flame.
Now why should doubtful Terms thy Mind perplex?
Confess thy Frailty, and avow the Sex:
No longer loose Desire for constant Love
Mistake; but say, 'tis Man, with whom Thou long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not Poisons, Racks, and Flames, and Swords;
That *Emma* thus must die by HENRY's Words?
Yet what could Swords or Poison, Racks or Flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle Frame?
More fatal HENRY's Words; they murder EMMA's Fame.
And fall these Sayings from that gentle Tongue,
Where civil Speech, and soft Persuasion hung;
Whose artful Sweetness and harmonious Strain,
Courting my Grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd Sighs, and Tears, and Wishes to it's Aid;
And, whilst it *Henry*'s glowing Flame convey'd;
Still blame'd the Coldness of *the Nut-brown Maid*?

Let

Let envious Jealouſie, and canker'd Spight
Produce my Action to ſevereſt Light,
And tax my open Day, or ſecret Night.
Did e'er my Tongue ſpeak my unguarded Heart
The leaſt inclin'd to play the Wanton's Part?
Did e'er my Eye One inward Thought reveal,
Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell?
And haſt Thou, HENRY, in my Conduct known
One Fault, but That which I muſt ever own,
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but Thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving Me alone:
Each Man is Man; and all Our Sex is One.
Falſe are our Words; and fickle is our Mind;
Nor in Love's Ritual can We ever find
Vows made to laſt, or Promiſes to bind.
By Nature prompted, and for Empire made,
Alike by Strength or Cunning We invade:
When arm'd with Rage We march againſt the Foe;
We lift the Battel-Ax, and draw the Bow:
When fir'd with Paſſion We attack the Fair;
Deluſive Sighs and brittle Vows We bear:
Our Falſhood and our Arms have equal Uſe;
As they our Conqueſt, or Delight produce.
The fooliſh Heart Thou gav'ſt, again receive;
The only Boon departing Love can give.
To be leſs Wretched, be no longer True:
What ſtrives to fly Thee, why ſhould'ſt Thou purſue?
Forget the Preſent Flame, indulge a New.
Single the loveliеſt of the am'rous Youth;
Ask for his Vow, but hope not for his Truth.
The next Man (and the next Thou ſhalt believe)
Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, perſiſt, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let Thy CUPID aim his Arrows right;
Be Wiſe and Falſe, ſhun Trouble, ſeek Delight,
Change Thou the firſt, nor wait Thy Lover's Flight.

Why

Why should'st Thou weep? let Nature judge our Case:
I saw Thee Young, and Fair; pursu'd the Chase
Of Youth, and Beauty: I another saw
Fairer, and Younger: yielding to the Law
Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
More Youth, more Beauty: Blest Vicissitude!
My active Heart still keeps it's pristine Flame;
The Object alter'd, the Desire the same.
This Younger Fairer pleads her rightful Charms:
With present Power compels me to her Arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected Mind
(If Beauty's Force to constant Love can bind)
That Years may roll, e'er in Her turn the Maid
Shall weep the Fury of my Love decay'd;
And weeping follow Me, as Thou dost now,
With idle Clamours of a broken Vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy Wishes err
So wide, to hope that Thou may'st live with Her.
Love, well Thou know'st, no Partner slup allows:
CUPID averse rejects divided Vows.
Then from thy foolish Heart, vain Maid, remove
A useless Sorrow, and an ill-starr'd Love;
And leave me, with the Fair, at large in Woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in Life thro' one great Error led?
Is each Man perjur'd, and each Nymph betray'd?
Of the Superior Sex art Thou the worst?
Am I of Mine the most compleatly Curst?
Yet let me go with Thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent Beauty, this triumphant Fair,
This happy Object of our diff'rent Care,
Her let me follow; Her let me attend,
A Servant: (She may scorn the Name of Friend;)
What She demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave Her Garlands; and I'll pleat her Hair:
My busy Diligence shall deck Her Board;
(For there, at least, I may approach my Lord.)

And

And when Her *Henry*'s softer Hours advise
His Servant's Absence; with dejected Eyes
Far I'll recede, and Sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when encreasing Grief brings slow Disease;
And ebbing Life, on Terms severe as these,
Will have it's little Lamp no longer fed;
When *Henry*'s Mistress shows him *Emma* dead;
Rescue my poor Remains from vile Neglect:
With Virgin Honors let my Herse be deckt,
And decent Emblem; and at least persuade
This happy Nymph, that *Emma* may be laid,
Where Thou, dear Author of my Death, where She
With frequent Eye my Sepulchre may see.
The Nymph amidst her Joys may haply breath
One pious Sigh, reflecting on my Death,
And the sad Fate which She may one Day prove,
Who Hopes from *Henry*'s Vows eternal Love.
And Thou forsworn, Thou cruel, as Thou art,
If *Emma*'s Image ever touch'd thy Heart;
Thou sure must give one Thought, and drop one Tear
To Her, whom Love abandon'd to Despair;
To Her, who dying, on the wounded Stone
Bid it in lasting Characters be known,
That of Mankind, She lov'd but Thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn *Jove*; and, conscious *Venus*, hear;
And Thou, bright Maid, believe me, whilst I swear;
No Time, no Change, no future Flame shall move
The well-plac'd Basis of my lasting Love.
O Powerful Virtue! O Victorious Fair!
At least excuse a Tryal too severe:
Receive the Triumph, and forget the War.

No banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove,
Intreats thy Pardon, and implores thy Love:
No perjur'd Knight desires to quit thy Arms,
Fairest Collection of thy Sex's Charms,
Crown of my Love, and Honor of my Youth:
HENRY, thy HENRY with eternal Truth,

As

As thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his Life imploy,
And found his Glory in his *Emma*'s Joy.
In Me behold the Potent *Edgar*'s Heir,
Illuſtrious Earl: him terrible in War
Let *Loyre* confeſs; for ſhe has felt his Sword,
And trembling fled before the *Britiſh* Lord.
Him great in Peace and Wealth fair *Deva* knows;
For ſhe amidſt his ſpacious Meadows flows;
Inclines her Urn upon his fatten'd Lands;
And ſees his num'rous Herd imprint her Sands.
And thou, my Fair, my Dove, ſhalt raiſe thy Thought
To Greatneſs next to Empire; ſhalt be brought
With ſolemn Pomp to my Paternal Seat;
Where Peace and Plenty on thy Word ſhalt wait.
Muſic and Song ſhall wake the Marriage Day:
And while the Prieſts accuſe the Bride's Delay;
Myrtles and Roſes ſhall obſtruct her Way.
Friendſhip ſhall ſtill thy Evening Feaſts adorn;
And blooming Peace ſhall ever bleſs thy Morn.
Succeeding Years their happy Race ſhall run;
And Age unheeded by Delight come on;
While yet ſuperior Love ſhall mock his Pow'r:
And when old time ſhall turn the fated Hour,
VVhich only can our well-ty'd Knot unfold,
What reſts of Both, One Sepulchre ſhall hold.
Hence then, for ever, from my *Emma*'s Breaſt
(That Heav'n of ſoftneſs, and that ſeat of Reſt)
Ye Doubts and Fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting Grief, and all that trouble Love,
Scatter'd by Winds recede, and wild in Forreſts rove

E M M A.

O Day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and End of anxious *Emma*'s VVoes!
Sire of her Joy, and Source of her Delight;
O! wing'd with Pleaſure take thy happy flight,
And give each future Morn a Tincture of thy White.
Yet tell thy Votary, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my *Henry*, will he never rove?

Will he be ever Kind, and Juſt, and Good?
And is there yet no Miſtreſs in the Wood?
None, none there is: The Thought was raſh and vain,
A falſe Idea, and a fancy'd Pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd Heart
And anxious Jealouſie's corroding Smart;
Nor other Inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft Belief, young Joy, and pleaſing Care.
Hence let the Tides of Plenty ebb and flow,
And *Fortune*'s various Gale unheeded blow.
If at my Feet the Suppliant Goddeſs ſtands,
And ſheds her Treaſure with unweary'd Hands,
Her preſent Favor cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful uſe the proffer'd Grace:
If ſhe reclaims the Temporary Boon,
And tries her Pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of Mind I'll obviate her Intent,
And unconcern'd return the Goods ſhe lent.
Nor Happineſs can I, nor Miſery feel,
From any Turn of her Fantaſtic Wheel:
Friendſhip's great Laws, and Love's ſuperior Pow'rs
Muſt mark the Colour of my future hours.
From the Events which Thy Commands create
I muſt my Bleſſings or my Sorrows date;
And *Henry*'s Will muſt dictate *Emma*'s Fate.
Yet while with cloſe Delight and inward Pride
(Which from the World my careful Soul ſhall hide)
I ſee Thee, Lord and End of my Deſire,
Exalted high as Virtue can require;
With Pow'r inveſted, and with Pleaſure chear'd;
Sought by the Good, by the Oppreſſor fear'd;
Loaded and bleſt with all the affluent Store,
Which human Vows at ſmoaking Shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant Me to employ
My Life, ſubſervient only to thy Joy;
And at my Death to bleſs thy Kindneſs ſhown
To Her, who of Mankind could love but Thee alone.

WHILE

WHILE thus the constant Pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive *Loves*, a numerous Crowd;
Smiling They clapt their Wings, and low They bow'd;
They tumbled all their little Quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious Shafts; a precious Store:
That when their God should take his future Darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant Hearts,
His happy Skill might proper Arms employ,
All tipt with Pleasure, and all wing'd with Joy:
And Those, They vow'd, whose Lives should imitate
These Lovers Constancy, should share their Fate.
The Queen of Beauty stop'd her bridled Doves;
Approv'd the little Labour of the *Loves*;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual Vow to hear;
And to the Triumph call'd the God of War:
Soon as She calls, the God is always near.
Now *Mars*, she said, let *Fame* exalt her Voice;
Nor let thy Conquests only be her Choice:
But when She sings great *Edward* from the Field
Return'd the Hostile Spear and Captive Shield
In *Concord's* Temple hung, and *Gallia* taught to yield:
And when, as prudent *Saturn* shall compleat
The Years design'd to perfect *Britain's* State,
The swift-wing'd Power shall take her Trump again,
To sing Her Fav'rite *Anna's* wond'rous Reign;
To recollect unwearied *Marlbro's* Toils,
Old *Rufus'* Hall unequal to his Spoils:
The *British* Soldier from his high Command
Glorious, and *Gaul* thrice Vanquish'd by his Hand:
Let Her at least perform what I desire;
With second Breath the Vocal Brass inspire;
And tell the Nations in no Vulgar Strain,
What Wars I manage, and what Wreaths I gain.
And when Thy Tumults and Thy Fights are past,
And when Thy Lawrels at my Feet are cast;
Faithful may'st Thou like *British Henry* prove,
And *Emma*-like let me return Thy Love.

Renown'd for Truth let all Thy Sons appear;
And conſtant Beauty ſhall reward their Care.
Mars ſmil'd, and bow'd; the *Cyprian* Deity
Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the Sky:
And Thou, She ſmiling ſaid, Great God of Days
And Verſe, behold my Deed; and ſing my Praiſe:
As on the *Britiſh* Earth, my Fav'rite Iſle,
Thy gentle Rays and kindeſt Influence ſmile,
Thro' all her laughing Fields and verdant Groves,
Proclaim with Joy theſe memorable Loves.
From ev'ry annual Courſe let One great Day,
To celebrated Sport and Floral Play
Be ſet aſide; and, in the ſofteſt Lays
Of Thy Poetic Sons be ſolemn Praiſe,
And everlaſting Marks of Honour paid,
To *the true Lover*, and *the Nut-brown Maid*.

AN ODE,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

QUEEN.

ON THE

Glorious Succeſs

OF

Her MAJESTY's Arms, 1706.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Stile.

Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duraque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compoſitis venerantur Armis. Hor.



AN

ODE

TO THE

QUEEN.

ON THE

Glorious Success

OF

Her MAJESTY's Arms,

1706.

Written in Imitation of Spenser's Stile.

Te non Pacensis Fœnea Callis,
Duraque tellus audit Iberis:
Te sedes gentes frigoris
Compellis ruentes Arctos,

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the Ideas *so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an* Ode, *than for any other sort of Poetry: I therefore set* Horace *before Me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,*

Qualem ministrum fulminis Alitem, *&c.*

which he wrought in Praise of Drusus *after his Expedition into* Germany, *and of* Augustus *upon his happy Choice of that General. And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavour'd to Imitate all the great Strokes of that* Ode, *I have taken the Liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd Me. As to the Style, the Choice I made of following the* Ode *in* Latin, *determin'd Me in* English *to the* Stanza; *and herein it was impossible not to have a Mind to follow Our great Countryman* Spenser; *which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my Expression, and the Turn of my Number: Having only added one Verse to his* Stanza, *which I thought, made the Number more Harmonious; and avoided such of his Words, as I found too obsolete. I have however retain'd some few of them, to make the Colouring look more like* Spenser's. Behest, *Command*; Band, *Army*; Prowess, *Strength*; I weet, *I know*; I ween, *I think*; whilom, *heretofore*: *and Two or Three more of that Kind, which I hope the* Ladies *will pardon me, and not judge my* Muse *less Handsome, though for once she appears in a Farthingal. I have also in* Spenser's *Manner, used* Cæsar *for the Emperor,* Boya *for* Bavaria, Bavar *for that Prince,* Ister *for* Danube, Iberia *for* Spain, *&c.*

That Noble Part of the Ode *which I just now mention'd,*

Gens, quæ cremato Fortis ab *Ilio*
Jactata *Tuscis* æquoribus, *&c.*

where Horace *praises the* Romans, *as being Descended from* Æneas, *I have turn'd to the Honor of the* British *Nation, descended from* Brute, *likewise a* Trojan. *That this* Brute, *Fourth or Fifth from* Æneas, *settled in* England, *and built* London, *which he call'd* Troja Nova, *or* Troynovante, *is a Story which (I think) owes it's Original if not to* Geoffry *of* Monmouth, *at least to the* Monkish *Writers; yet is not rejected by Our great* Camden, *and is told by* Milton, *as if (at least) He was pleas'd with it; tho' possibly He does not believe it: However it carries a Poetical Authority, which is sufficient for our Purpose. It is as certain that* Brute *came into* England, *as that* Æneas *went into* Italy; *and upon the Supposition of these Facts,* Virgil *wrote the best Poem that the World ever read, and* Spenser *paid Queen* Elizabeth *the greatest Compliment.*

I need not obviate one piece of Criticism, that I bring my Hero

From burning *Troy*, and *Xanthus* red with Blood:

whereas he was not born when that City was destroy'd. Virgil, *in the Case of his own* Æneas *relating to* Dido, *will stand as a sufficient Proof, that a Man in his Poetical Capacity is not accountable for a little Fault in Chronology.*

My Two Great Examples, Horace *and* Spenser, *in many Things resemble each other: Both have a Height of Imagination, and a Majesty of Expression in describing the* Sublime; *and Both know to temper those Talents, and sweeten the Description, so as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous: Both have equally That agreeable Manner of mixing Morality with their Story, and That* Curiosa Felicitas *in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and so very few have reach'd: Both are particularly Fine in their Images, and Knowing in their Numbers. Leaving therefore our Two Masters to the Consideration and Study of Those, who design to Excel in Poetry, I only beg Leave to add, That it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted* Parnassus, *and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country; tho' I thought my self indispensably obliged, upon the present Occasion, to take a little Journey into Those Parts.*

AN

AN

ODE,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

QUEEN.

I.

WHEN Great Augustus govern'd Antient *Rome*,
And ſent his Conqu'ring Bands to Foreign Wars;
Abroad when Dreaded, and Belov'd at Home,
He ſaw his Fame encreaſing with his Years;
Horace, Great Bard (ſo Fate ordain'd) aroſe;
And Bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Proſe,
And ſet their Battels in Eternal Light:
High as their Trumpets Tune His Lyre he ſtrung;
And with his Prince's Arms he moraliz'd his Song.

II.

When bright *Eliza* rul'd *Britannia*'s State,
Widely diſtributing Her high Commands;
And boldly Wiſe, and fortunately Great,
Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands;
An equal Genius was in Spenser found:
To the high Theme He match'd his Noble Lays;
He travell'd *England* o'er on Fairy Ground,
In Myſtic Notes to ſing his Monarch's Praiſe:
Reciting wond'rous Truths in pleaſing Dreams,
He deck'd *Eliza*'s Head with *Gloriana*'s Beams.

III. But,

III.

But, Greateſt *ANNA*! while Thy Arms purſue
Paths of Renown, and climb Aſcents of Fame,
VVhich nor *Auguſtus*, nor *Eliza* knew;
VVhat Poet ſhall be found to ſing Thy Name?
VVhat numbers ſhall record, what Tongue ſhall ſay
Thy VVars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main?
O Faireſt Model of Imperial Sway!
VVhat Equal Pen ſhall write Thy wond'rous Reign?!
VVho ſhall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearſe,
Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a Task I weet;
Yet if the Sovereign Lady deigns to Smile,
I'll follow *Horace* with impetuous Heat,
And cloath the Verſe in *Spenſer's* Native Style:
By theſe Examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with Pleaſure of my Country's Praiſe,
Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon VVing,
High as *Olympus* I my Flight will raiſe:
And lateſt Times ſhall in my Numbers read
ANNA's Immortal Fame, and *Marlbro's* hardy Deed.

V.

As the ſtrong Eagle in the ſilent VVood,
Mindleſs of warlike Rage, and hoſtile Care,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or chryſtal Flood;
'Till by *Jove's* high Beheſts call'd out to VVar,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Boſom with the vengeful Meſſage glows:
Upward the Noble Bird directs his VVing;
And tow'ring round his Maſter's Earth-born Foes,
Swift he collects his fatal Stock of Ire;
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus Victor *Marlbro* ſate,
Shaded with Laurels, in his Native Land;
'Till *ANNA* calls Him from his ſoft Retreat,
And gives Her Second Thunder to his Hand.

The

Then leaving ſweet Repoſe, and gentle Eaſe,
With ardent Speed He ſeeks the diſtant Foe:
Marching o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wond'rous Blow.
Our Thought flies ſlower than Our General's Fame:
Graſps He the Bolt? (We ask) when He has hurl'd the Flame.

VII.

When fierce *Bavar* on *Judoign*'s ſpacious Plain
Did from afar the *Britiſh* Chief behold;
Betwixt Deſpair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
Something within his warring Boſom roll'd:
He views that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom He had met on *Iſter*'s Shoar:
Too well, alas! the Man He knows the ſame,
Whoſe Prowеſs there repell'd the *Boyan* Pow'r;
And ſent Them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
Swift as the Whirlwind drives *Arabia*'s ſcatter'd Sands.

VIII.

His former Loſſes He forgets to grieve;
Abſolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
It now would ſhine, and give Him leave
To Balance the Account of *Blenheim*'s Day.
So fell the Lion in the lonely Glade,
His Side ſtill ſmarting with the Hunter's Spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
In ſullen Fury traverſes the Plain,
To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battel Him again.

IX.

Miſguided Prince! no longer urge thy Fate,
Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War;
Fam'd in Miſfortune, and in Ruin Great,
Confeſs the Force of *Marlbro*'s ſtronger Star.
Thoſe Laurel Groves (the Merits of thy Youth)
Which Thou from *Mahomet* didſt greatly gain,
While bold Aſſertor of reſiſtleſs Truth,
Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,

Muſt

Muſt from thy Brow their falling Honors ſhed,
And their tranſplanted Wreaths muſt deck a worthier [Head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the Ways of Providence to blame,
And Human Faults with Human Grief confeſs:
'Tis Thou art chang'd; while Heav'n is ſtill the ſame:
From Thy ill Councils date Thy ill Succeſs.
Impartial Juſtice holds Her equal Scales;
'Till ſtronger Virtue does the Weight incline:
If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails;
He now Defends the Cauſe, that once was Thine.
Righteous the War, the Champion ſhall ſubdue;
For *Jove*'s great Handmaid *Power*, muſt *Jove*'s Decrees [purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire Trumpets ſound their ſhrill Alarms;
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd *Naſſaws*,
Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms,
His Glorious Sword with Dauntleſs Courage draws:
When anxious *Britain* mourn'd her parting Lord,
And all of *William* that was Mortal Dy'd;
The faithful Hero had receiv'd This Sword
From His expiring Maſter's much-lov'd Side.
Oft from it's fatal Ire has *Louis* flown,
Where-e'er Great *William* led, or *Maeſe* and *Sambre* run.

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd Hour
To Thee, proud *Gaul*, behold thy juſteſt Fear,
The Maſter Sword, Diſpoſer of thy Power;
'Tis That which *Cæſar* gave the *Britiſh* Peer.
He took the Gift: Nor ever will I ſheath
This Steel, (ſo *Anna*'s high Beheſts ordain)
The General ſaid, unleſs by Glorious Death
Abſolv'd, 'till Conqueſt has confirm'd Your Reign.
Returns like theſe Our Miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a Foreign Prince a Gift Her *Britons* take.

XIII.

And now fierce *Gallia* ruſhes on her Foes,
Her Force augmented by the *Boyan* Bands:

So

So *Volga's* Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
Rolls with new Fury down thro' *Ruſſia's* Lands.
Like two great Rocks againſt the raging Tide,
(If Virtue's Force with Nature's We compare)
Unmov'd the Two united Chiefs abide,
Suſtain the Impulſe, and receive the War.
Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming Wave with leſſen'd Pow'r retreats.

XIV.

The Rage diſpers'd, the Glorious Pair advance,
With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
To turn the War, and tell aggreſſing *France*,
How *Britain's* Sons and *Britain's* Friends can fight:
On Conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of Fame,
Behold Them ruſhing thro' the *Gallic* Hoſt.
Thro' ſtanding Corn ſo runs the ſudden Flame,
Or Eaſtern Winds along *Sicilia's* Coaſt.
They deal their Terrors to the adverſe Nation:
Pale Death attends their Arms, and ghaſtly Deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt Ire *Bellona* glows,
And *Europe* rather Hopes than Fears Her Fate;
While *Britain* preſſes Her afflicted Foes;
What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great?
Whence look the Soldiers Cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know They now to dread?
The Hoſtile Troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the Purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd Rage proclaims their Grief!
For anxious, lo! They croud around their falling Chief!

XVI.

I thank Thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce *Bavar*;
Let *Boya's* Trumpet grateful *Io's* ſound:
I ſaw Him fall, their Thunderbolt of War;——
Ever to Vengeance ſacred be the Ground——
Vain Wiſh! ſhort Joy! the Hero mounts again
In greater Glory, and with fuller Light:
The Ev'ning Star ſo falls into the Main,
To riſe at Morn more prevalently bright.

He

He rises safe: but near, too near his Side,
A good Man's grievous Loss, a faithful Servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious *Mars*! the Battel is regain'd:
The Foe with lessen'd Wrath disputes the Field:
The *Briton* fights, by fav'ring Gods sustain'd:
Freedom must live; and lawless Power must yield.
Vain now the Tales which fab'ling Poets tell,
That wav'ring *Conquest* still desires to rove!
In *Marlbro*'s Camp the Goddess knows to dwell:
Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love.
Again *France* flies: again the Duke pursues:
And on *Ramillia*'s Plains He *Blenheim*'s Fame renews.

XVIII.

Great Thanks, O Captain great in Arms! receive
From thy Triumphant Country's public Voice:
Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
To *ANNE*, to Her who made those Arms Her Choice.
Recording *Schellenberg*'s, and *Blenheim*'s Toils,
We dreaded lest Thou should'st those Toils repeat:
We view'd the Palace charg'd with *Gallic* Spoils;
And in those Spoils We thought thy Praise compleat:
For never *Greek*, We deem'd, nor *Roman* Knight,
In Characters like these did e'er his Acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindless still of Ease, Thy Virtue flies
A Pitch to Old and Modern Times unknown:
Those goodly Deeds which We so highly prize,
Imperfect seem, great Chief, to Thee alone.
Those Heights, where *William*'s Virtue might have staid,
And on the Subject World look'd safely down,
By *Marlbro* pass'd, the Props and Steps were made,
Sublimer yet to raise his Queen's Renown:
Still gaining more, still slighting what He gain'd,
Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone remain'd.

XX

When swift-wing'd *Rumor* told the mighty *Gaul*,
How lessen'd from the Field *Bavar* was fled;

He

He wept the Swiftneſs of the Champion's Fall;
And thus the Royal Treaty-Breaker ſaid:
And lives He yet, the Great, the Loſt *Bavar*,
Ruin to *Gallia*, in the Name of Friend?
Tell me, how far has Fortune been ſevere?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd Realm, or guard our ſhatter'd [Coaſt?

XXI.

To the cloſe Rock the frighted Raven flies,
Soon as the riſing Eagle cuts the Air:
The ſhaggy Wolf unſeen and trembling lyes,
When the Hoarſe Roar proclaims the Lion near.
Ill-ſtarr'd did We our Forts and Lines forſake,
To dare our *Britiſh* Foes to open Fight:
Our Conqueſt We by Stratagem ſhould make:
Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight.
'Tis Our's, by Craft and by Surprize to gain:
'Tis Their's, to meet in Arms, and Battel in the Plain.

XXII.

The ancient Father of this Hoſtile Brood,
Their boaſted *Brute*, undaunted ſnatch'd his Gods
From burning *Troy*, and *Xanthus* red with Blood,
And fix'd on Silver *Thames* his dire Abodes;
And this be *Troynovante*, He ſaid, the Seat
By Heav'n ordain'd, My Sons, Your laſting Place:
Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
Whom neither *Greece*, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
Nor Great *Peleides'* Arm, nor *Juno*'s Rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their *Tudor*'s hence, and *Stuart*'s Off-ſpring flow;
Hence *Edward*, dreadful with his Sable Shield.
Talbot, to *Gallia*'s Pow'r Eternal Foe,
And *Seymour*, fam'd in Council, or in Field:
Hence *Nevil*, Great to Settle or Dethrone,
And *Drake*, and *Candiſh*, Terrors of the Sea:

Hence

Hence *Butler's* Sons, o'er Land and Ocean known,
Herbert's and *Churchill's*, Warring Progeny:
Hence the long Roll which *Gallia* should conceal:
For, oh! Who vanquish'd, loves the Victor's Fame to [tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd *Britannia*, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-Top She proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax, and sprouts against the Stroke;
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars:
And as Those Teeth, which *Cadmus* sow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furnish'd fresh Supplies:
So with young Vigor, and succeeding Birth,
Her Losses more than recompens'd arise;
And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
For Letters more Polite, in Battels more Renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate Pow'r, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce *Saxon*, nor the cruel *Dane*,
Nor deep Impression of the *Norman* Steel,
Nor *Europe's* Force amass'd by envious *Spain*,
Nor *France* on universal Sway intent,
Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars,
Nor (frequent Bane of weaken'd Government)
Their own intestine Feuds, and mutual Jars;
Those Feuds and Jars, in which I trusted more,
Than in My Troops, and Fleets, and all the *Gallic* [Power.

XXVI.

To fruitful *Rheims*, or fair *Lutetia's* Gate
What Tidings shall the Messenger convey?
Shall the loud Herald our Success relate,
Or mitred Priest appoint the Solemn Day?
Alas! my Praises They no more must Sing;
They to my Statue now must Bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their Imortal King:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the *Gallic* Pow'r ——
The *Woman Chief* is Master of the War: [Pray'r.
Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquish'd Heav'n by

XXVII. While

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd Foe's Despair Commends
Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious Queen,
What shall Thy Subjects say, and what Thy Friends?
How shall Thy Triumphs in Our Joy be seen?
Oh! daign to let the Eldest of the *Nine*
Recite *Britannia* Great, and *Gallia* Free;
Oh! with her Sister *Sculpture* let her join
To raise, Great *Anne*, the Monument to Thee;
To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring;
To Thee, our dearest Dread; to Thee, our softer *King*.

XXVIII.

Let *Europe* sav'd the Column high erect,
Than *Trajan*'s higher, or than *Antonine*'s;
Where sembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
And full Atchievement of thy great Designs.
In a calm Heav'n, and a serener Air,
Sublime the *Queen* shall on the Summit stand,
From Danger far, as far remov'd from Fear,
And pointing down to Earth Her dread Command.
All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Woe,
Shall sink beneath Her Feet, and spread their Rage below.

XXIX.

There Fleets shall strive by Winds and Waters toss'd;
'Till the young *Austrian* on *Iberia*'s Strand,
Great as *Æneas* on the *Latian* Coast,
Shall fix his Foot: and This, be This the Land,
Great *Jove*, where I for ever will remain
(The Empire's other Hope shall say) and here
Vanquish'd, Intomb'd I'll lye, or Crown'd—I'll Reign
O Virtue, to thy *British* Mother dear!
Like the fam'd *Trojan* suffer and abide;
For *Anne* is Thine, I ween, as *Venus* was His Guide.

XXX.

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and *Gibralter*, and *Barcelone*,
Their Force destroy'd, their Privileges sav'd,
Shall *Anna*'s Terrors, and Her Mercies own;

Spain, from th' Uſurper *Bourbon's* Arms retriev'd,
Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,
Numb'ring the Wonders which That Youth atchiev'd,
Whom *Anna* clad in Arms, and ſent to War;
Whom *Anna* ſent to claim *Iberia's* Throne;
And made Him more than King, in calling Him Her Son.

XXXI.

There *Iſter* pleas'd, by *Blenheim's* glorious Field
Rolling, ſhall bid his Eaſtern Waves declare
Germania ſav'd by *Britain's* ample Shield,
And bleeding *Gaul* afflicted by her Spear:
Shall bid Them mention *Marlbrô*, on that Shore
Leading his Iſlanders, renown'd in Arms,
Thro' Climes, where never *Britiſh* Chief before
Or pitch'd his Camp, or ſounded his Alarms:
Shall bid Them bleſs the *Queen*, who made his Streams
Glorious as thoſe of *Boyn*, and ſafe as thoſe of *Thames*.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with Fields, and crown'd with Tow'rs,
With decent Joy ſhall her Deliv'rer meet;
Shall own Thy Arms, Great *Queen*, and bleſs Thy Pow'rs,
Laying the Keys beneath Thy Subjects Feet.
Flandria, by Plenty made the Home of War,
Shall weep her Crime, and bow to *Charles* reſtor'd;
With double Vows ſhall bleſs thy happy Care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the Sword.
From theſe their Siſter Provinces ſhall know
How *Anne* ſupports a Friend, and how forgives a Foe.

XXXIII.

Bright Swords, and creſted Helms, and pointed Spears
In artful Piles around the Work ſhall lye;
And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
Blazon'd with Signs of *Gallic* Heraldry;
And Standards with diſtinguiſh'd Honors bright,
Marks of high Pow'r and National Command,
Which *Valois'* Sons, and *Bourbon's* bore in Fight,
Or gave to *Foix*, or *Montmorancy's* Hand:
Great Spoils, which *Gallia* muſt to *Britain* yield,
From *Creſſy's* Battel ſav'd, to grace *Ramillia's* Field. And

XXXIV.

And as fine Art the Spaces may dispose,
The knowing Thought and curious Eye shall see
Thy Emblem, Gracious *Queen*, the *British* Rose,
Type of sweet Rule, and gentle Majesty:
The *Northern* Thistle, whom no hostile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's Harp, Device of her Command,
And Parent of her Mirth, shall there be seen:
Thy vanquish'd Lillies, *France*, decay'd and torn,
Shall with disorder'd Pomp the lasting Work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, Great *Queen*, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the Ground, and on the humble Base,
To save Her self from Darkness, and from Death,
That *Muse* desires the last, the lowest Place;
Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling String,
For the fair Fame of *Anne* and *Albion*'s Land,
Who durst of War and Martial Fury Sing:
And when Thy Will, and when Thy Subject's Hand
Had quell'd those Wars, and bid that Fury cease;
Hangs up her grateful Harp to Conquest, and to Peace.

CANTATA.

Set by Monsieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant Lawrel's ample Shade,
His Lyre to mournful Numbers strung,
Horace, immortal Bard, supinely laid,
To *Venus* thus address'd the Song:
Ten thousand little *Loves* around
Listning, dwelt on ev'ry Sound.

ARIET.

Potent *Venus*, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms,

Youth on silent Wings is flown:
Graver Years come rolling on.
Spare my Age, unfit for Arms;
Safe and Humble let Me rest,
From all Amorous Care releas'd.
Potent *Venus*, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, *Venus*, why do I each Morn prepare
The fragrant Wreath for *Cloe*'s Hair?
Why, why do I all Day lament, and sigh,
Unless the beauteous Maid be nigh?
And why all Night pursue Her in my Dreams,
Thro' Flow'ry Meads, and Crystal Streams?

RECIT.

Thus sung the Bard; and thus the Goddess spoke.
Submissive bow to *Love*'s imperious Yoke.
Ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Shall own My Rule, and fear My Rage:
Compell'd by Me Thy Muse shall prove,
That all the World was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid Thy destin'd Lyre discover
Soft Desire, and gentle Pain:
Often praise, and always love Her:
Thro' her Ear her Heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and Sighs shall move Her;
Cupid does with *Phœbus* reign.

Her Right Name.

AS *Nancy* at Her Toylet sat,
Admiring This, and blaming That;
Tell Me, She said; but tell Me true;
The Nymph who cou'd your Heart subdue,
What Sort of Charms does She possess?
Absolve Me Fair One: I'll confess;

With

With Pleasure I reply'd. Her Hair,
In Ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her Iv'ry Bosom roll,
And hiding Half, adorns the Whole.
In her high Forehead's fair half-round,
Love sits in open Triumph crown'd:
He in the Dimple of her Chin,
In private State by Friends is seen.
Her Eyes are neither black, nor grey;
Nor fierce, nor feeble is their Ray:
Their dubious Lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her Lips no living Bard, I weet,
May say, how Red, how Round, how Sweet;
Old *Homer* only cou'd indite
Their vagrant Grace, and soft Delight:
They stand Recorded in his Book,
When *Helen* smil'd, and *Hebe* spoke ——
The Gipsy turning to her Glass,
Too plainly show'd, She knew the Face:
And which am I most like, She said,
Your *Cloe*, or Your *Mut-brown Maid*?

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the surest Guide,
You can name, to show the Way
To any Woman, Maid, or Bride,
Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my Virginity,
When I lose that, says *Rose*, I'll dye:
Behind the Elmes, last Night, cry'd *Dick*,
Rose, were You not extreamly Sick?

ANOTHER.

TEN Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed;
She warbl'd Her Groans with so charming a Voice,
That one half of the Parish was stun'd with the Noise.
But when *Florimel* deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten Months before she and her Spouse were a-kin;
She chose with such Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
That her Nurse, nay her Midwife, scarce heard her once squeal.
Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your Lives,
That Maids make not half such a Tumult, as Wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON His Death-Bed poor *Lubin* lies:
His Spouse is in Despair:
With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
They Both express their Care.
A different Cause, says Parson *Sly*,
The same Effect may give:
Poor *Lubin* fears, that He shall Die;
His Wife, that He may Live.

Another REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own Native *France* as old *Alison* past,
She reproach'd *English Nell* with Neglect or with Malice,
That the Slattern had left, in the Hurry and Haste,
Her Lady's Complexion, and Eye-brows at *Calais*.

ANOTHER.

HER Eye-brow Box one Morning lost,
(The best of Folks are oft-nest croft)

Sad

Sad *Helen* thus to *Jenny* said,
Her carleſs but afflicted Maid;
Put me to Bed then, wretched *Jane*:
Alas! when ſhall I riſe again?
I can behold no Mortal now:
For what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the ſame Subject.

IN a dark Corner of the Houſe,
Poor *Helen* ſits, and ſobs and cries:
She will not ſee her Loving Spouſe,
Nor her more dear *Picquet*-Allies:
Unleſs She finds her Eye-brows,
Sh'ell e'en weep out her Eyes.

On the ſame.

HELEN was juſt ſlipt into Bed:
Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay:
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As Fees belonging to her Prey.
For this Misfortune careleſs *Jane*,
Aſſure your ſelf, was loudly rated;
And Madam getting up again,
With her own Hand the Mouſe-Trap baited.
On little Things, as Sages write,
Depends our Human Joy, or Sorrow:
If We don't catch a Mouſe To-night,
Alas! no Eye-brows for To-morrow.

PHYLLIS's AGE.

HOW old may *Phyllis* be, You aſk,
Whoſe Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To Anſwer is no eaſie Taſk;
For She has really two Ages.
Stiff in Brocard, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;

All Day let Envy view her Face;
And *Phyllis* is but Twenty one.
Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
At Night Aſtronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd;
And *Phyllis* is ſome Forty-three.

Forma Bonum Fragile.

WHAT a frail Thing is Beauty, ſays Baron *Le Crai*,
Perceiving his Miſtreſs had one Eye of Glaſs:
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it;
When ſhe more confus'd, as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true:
She dropt the Eye, and broke it.

A Critical Moment.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor *Nell*?
She was painting her Cheeks at the time her Noſe fell.

An Epigram. *Written to the Duke* de Noailles.

VAIN the Concern which you expreſs,
That uncall'd *Alard* will poſſeſs
Your Houſe and Coach, both Day and Night;
And that *Mackbeth* was haunted leſs
By *Banquo's* reſtleſs Spright.
With Fifteen Thouſand Pound a Year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An Ill, you may ſo ſoon retrieve?
Good *Alard*, faith, is modeſter
By much, than you believe.
Lend Him but fifty *Louis d'or*;
And you ſhall never ſee him more:
Take the Advice; *Probatum eſt.*
Why do the Gods indulge our Store,
But to ſecure our Reſt?

EPI-

EPILOGUE

To PHÆDRA.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, *who acted* ISMENA.

LADIES, to Night your Pity I implore
For One, who never troubled you before:
An *Oxford*-Man, extreamly read in *Greek*,
Who from *Euripides* makes *Phædra* speak;
And comes to Town, to let Us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play;
I' gad! We know all that, as well as they:
Show Us the youthful, handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career;
Our Souls would kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inspir'd the antient *Grecian* Dames:
Ev'ry *Ismena* would resign her Breast;
And ev'ry dear *Hippolytus* be blest.
But, as it is, six flouncing *Flanders* Mares
Are e'en as good, as any two of theirs;
And if *Hippolytus* can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot; *John* can drive.
Now of the Bustle you have seen to Day,
And *Phædra*'s Morals in this Scholar's Play,
Something at least in Justice should be said:
But this *Hippolytus* so fills One's Head ——
Well! *Phædra* liv'd as chastly as she cou'd,
For she was Father *Jove*'s own Flesh and Blood.
Her aukward Love indeed was odly fated:
She and her *Poly* were too near related:
And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
If honest *Theseus* had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all Matters stood in *Statu quo*?
There was no harm, you see; or grant there were:
She might want Conduct; but he wanted Care. 'Twas

'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude ——
He should have sent a Night or two before,
That He would come exact at such an Hour:
Then He had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest;
Found ev'ry Thing contribute to his Rest;
The *Picquet*-Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
And Spouse alone impatient for her Dear.
But if these gay Reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty *Phædra* from her Fate;
If your more serious Judgment must condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
Yet, Ye chaste Matrons, and Ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care:
My spotless Flames to your Protection take;
And spare poor *Phædra*, for *Ismena*'s sake.

EPILOGUE
To *LUCIUS*.
Spoken by Mrs. HORTON.

THE Female Author who recites to Day,
Trusts to her Sex the Merit of her Play.
Like Father *Bayes* securely She sits down:
Pitt, Box and Gallery, Gad! All's our Own.
In antient *Greece*, She says, when *Sappho* writ,
By their Applause the Critics show'd their Wit.
They tun'd their Voices to her *Lyric* String;
Tho' they cou'd All do something more, than Sing.
But one Exception to this Fact we find;
That Booby *Phaon* only was unkind,
An ill-bred Boat-man, rough as Waves and Wind.
From *Sappho* down thro' all succeeding Ages,
And now on *French*, or on *Italian* Stages,
Rough Satyrs, sly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets, that wear Breeches.

Arm'd

Arm'd with *Longinus*, or with *Rapin*, No Man
Drew a sharp Pen upon a Naked Woman.
The blust'ring Bully in our neighb'ring Streets,
Scorns to attack the Female that He meets:
Fearless the Petticoat contemns his Frowns;
The Hoop secures, whatever it surrounds.
The many-color'd Gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by Tumult, and by Love:
And while their Sweet-hearts their Attention fix,
Suspend the Din of their damn'd clatt'ring Sticks.
Now Sirs——
To You our Author makes Her soft Request,
Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,
Your *Sympathetic* Hearts She hopes to move,
From tender Friendship, and endearing Love.
If *Petrarch*'s Muse did *Laura*'s Wit rehearse,
And *Cowley* flatter'd dear *Orinda*'s Verse;
She hopes from You——Pox take her Hopes and Fears:
I plead her Sex's Claim: what matters Hers?
By Our full Pow'r of Beauty We think fit,
To damn this *Salique* Law impos'd on Wit:
We'll try the Empire You so long have boasted,
And if We are not Prais'd, We'll not be Toasted:
Approve what One of us presents to Night;
Or ev'ry Mortal Woman here shall write;
Rural, Pathetic, Narrative, Sublime,
We'll write to You, and make You write in Rhime:
Female Remarks shall take up all Your Time,
Your Time, poor Souls! we'll take your very Money;
Female Third Days shall come so thick upon Ye,
As long as We have Eyes, or Hands, or Breath,
We'll Look, or Write, or Talk You All to Death.
Unless Ye yield for Better and for Worse:
Then the She-*Pegasus* shall gain the Course;
And the Grey Mare will prove the better Horse.

The

The THIEF AND THE CORDELIER, A BALLAD.

To the Tune of King John, *and the* Abbot *of* Canterbury.

WHO has e'er been at *Paris*, muſt needs know the Greve,
The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave;
Where Honor and Juſtice moſt odly contribute,
To eaſe Hero's Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on;
And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but begun:
There the Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are known;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own:
But my Hearers cry out; What a duce doſt thou ayl?
Cut off thy Reflections; and give us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil Reſpect to harſh Laws,
And for want of falſe Witneſs, to back a bad Cauſe,
A *Norman*, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave *Cordelier*?
Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whoſe good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haſte, that the Show ſhou'd begin,
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took Leave; but was loath to Depart.
Derry down,

What

What frightens you thus, my good Son? says the Priest:
You Murther'd, are Sorry, and have been Confest.
O Father! My Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was Taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the Aid You shall have from Saint *Francis*:
If the Money You promis'd be brought to the Chest;
You have only to Dye: let the Church do the rest.
Derry Down, &c.

And what will Folks say, if they see You afraid?
It reflects upon Me; as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; To-day is your Period of Sorrow;
And Things will go better, believe Me, To-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of To-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly truss'd up:
For You surely To-night shall in *Paradise* Sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,
Parblew, I shall have little Stomach to Eat:
I should therefore esteem it great Favor, and Grace;
Wou'd You be so kind, as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
But our Actions, You know, with our Duty must suit:
The Feast, I propos'd to You, I cannot taste:
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, He said;
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade:
For thy Cord, and My Cord both equally tie;
And We Live by the Gold, for which other Men Dye.
Derry down, &c.

An

An EPITAPH.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c. Senec.

INTERR'D beneath this Marble Stone,
Lie Saunt'ring *Jack*, and Idle *Joan*.
While rolling Threescore Years and One
Did round this Globe their Courses run;
If Human Things went Ill or Well;
If changing Empires rose or fell;
The Morning past, the Evening came,
And found this Couple still the same.
They Walk'd and Eat, good Folks: What then?
Why then They Walk'd and Eat again:
They soundly slept the Night away:
They did just Nothing all the Day:
And having bury'd Children Four,
Would not take Pains to try for more.
Nor Sister either had, nor Brother:
They seem'd just Tally'd for each other.
Their Moral and Oeconomy
Most perfectly They made agree:
Each Virtue kept it's proper Bound,
Nor Trespass'd on the other's Ground.
Nor Fame, nor Censure They regarded;
They neither Punish'd, nor Rewarded.
He car'd not what the Footmen did:
Her Maids She neither prais'd, nor chid:
So ev'ry Servant took his Course;
And bad at First, They all grew worse.
Slothful Disorder fill'd His Stable;
And sluttish Plenty deck'd Her Table.
Their Beer was strong; Their Wine was *Port*;
Their Meal was large; Their Grace was short.
They gave the Poor the Remnant-meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They

They paid the Church and Parish-Rate;
And took, but read not the Receit:
For which They claim'd their *Sunday*'s Due,
Of slumb'ring in an upper Pew.
No Man's Defects sought They to know;
So never made Themselves a Foe.
No Man's good Deeds did They commend;
So never rais'd Themselves a Friend.
Not cherish'd They Relations poor:
That might decrease Their present Store:
Nor Barn nor House did they repair:
That might oblige Their future Heir.
They neither Added, nor Confounded:
They neither Wanted, nor Abounded.
Each *Christmas* They Accompts did clear;
And wound their Bottom round the Year.
Nor Tear, nor Smile did They imploy
At News of Public Grief, or Joy.
When Bells were Rung, and Bonfires made;
If ask'd, They ne'er Deny'd their Aid:
Their Jugg was to the Ringers carrry'd;
Who ever either Dy'd, or Marry'd.
Their Billet at the Fire was found;
Who ever was Depos'd, or Crown'd.
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wise;
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise:
Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
They led——a kind of——as it were:
Nor Wish'd, nor Car'd, nor Laugh'd, nor Cry'd:
And so They liv'd; and so They dy'd.

Horace Lib. I. Epist. IX.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus, Quanti me facias: &c.

Imitated.

To the Right Honble Mr. *HARLEY.*

DEAR *Dick*, how e'er it comes into his Head,
Believes, as firmly as He does his Creed, That

That You and I, *Sir*, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain *Mat*, You *Miniſter of State*.
One Word from Me, without all doubt, He ſays,
Wou'd fix his Fortune in ſome little Place.
Thus better than My ſelf, it ſeems, He knows,
How far my Intereſt with my Patron goes;
And anſwering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear Miſtake.
From this wild Fancy, *Sir*, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee, and dread;
That I, in Fact, a real Intereſt have.
Which to my own Advantage I wou'd ſave,
And, with the uſual Courtier's Trick intend
To ſerve My ſelf, forgetful of my Friend.
To ſhun this Cenſure, I all Shame lay by;
And make my reaſon with his Will comply;
Hoping for my Excuſe, 'twill be confeſt,
That of two Evils I have choſe the leaſt.
So, *Sir*, with this Epiſtolary Scroll,
Receive the Partner of my inmoſt Soul:
Him you will find in Letters, and in Laws
Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cauſe,
Warm in the Glorious Intereſt You purſue,
And, in one VVord, a good Man and a True.

To Mr. *HARLEY*. *Wounded by* GUISCARD. 1711.

——— ——— *ab ipſo*
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

I.

IN one great *Now*, Superior to an Age,
The full Extremes of Nature's Force VVe find!
How Heav'nly Virtue can exalt; or Rage
Infernal, how degrade the Human Mind.

II.

While the fierce Monk does at his Tryal ſtand;
He chews Revenge, abjuring his Offence:

Guile

Guile in his Tongue, and Murder in his Hand,
He ſtabs his Judge, to prove his Innocence.

III.

The guilty Stroke and Torture of the Steel
Infix'd, our dauntleſs *Briton* ſcarce perceives:
The Wounds his Country from his Death muſt feel,
The *Patriot* views; for thoſe alone he grieves.

IV.

The barb'rous Rage that durſt attempt thy Life,
Harley, great Councellor, extends thy Fame:
And the ſharp Point of cruel *Guiſcard*'s Knife,
In Braſs and Marble carves thy deathleſs Name.

V.

Faithful Aſſertor of thy Country's Cauſe,
Britain with Tears ſhall bath thy Glorious Wound:
She for thy Safety ſhall enlarge Her Laws;
And in Her Statutes ſhall Thy Worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midſt Her Sighs She Triumphs; on the Hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the Publick Woe;
A Stranger to her Altars, and her Land:
No Son of her's could meditate this Blow.

VII.

Mean Time, thy Pain is gracious *Anna*'s Care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with ſacrificing Breath
Softens thy Anguiſh: In her pow'rful Pray'r
She pleads thy Service, and forbids thy Death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canſt demand no more,
O Breaſt bewail'd by Earth, preſerv'd by Heav'n!
No higher can aſpiring Virtue ſoar;
Enough to Thee of Grief, and Fame is giv'n!

An *Extempore* INVITATION TO The Earl of OXFORD, Lord High-Treasurer, 1712.

My Lord,

OUR Weekly Friends To-morrow meet
At MATTHEW's Palace in *Duke-Street*;
To try for once, if they can Dine
On Bacon-Ham, and Mutton-Chine:
If weary'd with the great Affairs,
Which *Britain* trusts to *Harley*'s Cares,
Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend,
Thy Mind one Moment to unbend;
To see thy Servant from his Soul
Crown with thy Health the sprightly Bowl:
Among the Guests, which e'er my House
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of Honor a more glorious Proof——
Tho' *Dorset* us'd to bless the Roof.

Erle *ROBERT'S* MICE. In CHAUCER's Stile.

TWAY Mice, full blyth and amicable,
Batten beside Erle *Robert*'s Table.
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
Ne old black Cat their steps to watch.
Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;
Feast-lyche as Heart of Mouse mote wish.
As Guests sat Jovial at the Board,
Forth leap'd our Mice: Eftsoons the Lord
Of *Boling*, whilome *John* the *Saint*,
Who maketh oft propos full queint,

Laugh'd

Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
To *Matthew* seated on t'oth' side;
To Thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain
To understand these Creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean Device,
Or playsant Rhime on yonder Mice:
They seem, God shield me, *Mat.* and *Charles.*
Bad as Sir *Topaz*, or 'Squire *Quarles*
(*Matthew* did for the nonce reply)
At Emblem, or Device am I:
But could I Chaunt, or Rhyme, pardie,
Clear as *Dan Chaucer*, or as Thee;
Ne Verse from Me (so God me shrive)
On Mouse, or other Beast alive.
Certes, I have these many Days
Sent myne Poetic-Herd to graze.
Ne armed Knight ydrad in War
With Lyon fierce will I compare:
Ne Judge unjust, with furred Fox,
Harming in secret Guise the Flocks:
Ne Priest unworth of Goddess Coat,
To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.
Elk Simile farwell for aye,
From Elephant, I trow, to Flea.
Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,
Matthew is angred on the Spleen.
Ne so, quoth *Mat.* ne shall be e'er,
With Wit that falleth all so fair:
Eftsoons, well weet Ye, mine Intent
Boweth to your Commaundement.
If by these Creatures Ye have seen,
Pourtrayed *Charles* and *Matthew* been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,
The rest in Order to explain.
That Cup-board, where the Mice disport,
I liken to St. * *Stephen*'s Court:
Therein is Space enough, I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe:

* *Exchequer.*

And therein eke may both be fed
With Shiver of the wheaten Bread.
And when, as theſe mine Eyen ſurvey,
They ceaſe to skip, and ſqueak, and play;
Return they may to different Cells,
Auditing One, while t'other *Tells.*
Dear *Robert*, quoth the *Saint*, whoſe Mind
In bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this Matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilſt thus I ſerious pray?
Let that be wrought which *Mat.* doth ſay:
Yea, quoth the *Erle*; but not to Day.

In the ſame Style.

FULL oft doth *Mat.* with *Topaz* dine,
Eateth bak'd Meats, drinketh Greek Wine:
But *Topaz* his own Werke rehearſeth;
And *Mat.* mote praiſe what *Topaz* verſeth.
Now ſure as Prieſt did e'er ſhrive Sinner,
Full hardly earneth *Mat.* his Dinner.

In the ſame Style.

FAIR SUSAN did her Wif-hede well mainteine,
Algates aſſaulted ſore by Letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient Song,
Olde were the Paramours, the Dame full yong.
Had thilk ſame Tale in other Guiſe been tolde;
Had They been Yong (pardie) and She been Olde;
That, by St. *Kit.* had wrought much ſorer Tryal;
Full marveillous, I wote, were ſwilk Denyal.

A FLOWER,

Painted by SIMON VAREEST.

WHEN fam'd *Vareeſt* this little Wonder drew;
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing Work to view:
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddeſs ſnatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;
And finiſhing the Piece, She ſmiling ſaid,
Behold one Work of Mine, which ne'er ſhall fade.

TO THE Lady *ELIZABETH HARLEY*, *Since Marchioneſs of* CARMARTHEN, *On a Column of Her Drawing.*

WHEN future Ages ſhall with Wonder view
Theſe glorious Lines, which *Harley*'s Daughter drew;
They ſhall confeſs, that *Britain* could not raiſe
A fairer Column to the Father's Praiſe.

PROTOGENES and APELLES.

WHEN Poets wrote, and Painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the View:
E'er *Gothic* Forms were known in *Greece*,
To ſpoil the well-proportion'd Piece:
And in our Verſe e'er Monkiſh Rhimes
Had jangl'd their Fantaſtic Chimes:
E'er on the flow'ry Lands of *Rhodes*
Thoſe Knights had fix'd their dull Abodes,

Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protogenes, Hiſtorians note,
Liv'd there, a Burgeſs Scot and Lot;
And, as old *Pliny*'s Writings ſhow,
Apelles did the ſame at *Co*.
Agreed theſe Points of Time, and Place,
Proceed We in the preſent Caſe.

Picqu'd by *Protogenes*'s Fame,
From *Co* to *Rhodes*, *Apelles* came;
To ſee a Rival and a Friend,
Prepar'd to Cenſure, or Commend,
Here to abſolve, and there object,
As Art with Candor might direct.
He ſails, He lands, He comes, He rings;
His Servants follow with the Things:
Appears the Governante of th' Houſe:
(For ſuch in *Greece* were much in uſe.)
If Young or Handſom, Yea or No,
Concerns not Me, or Thee to know.

Does 'Squire *Protogenes* live here?
Yes, Sir, ſay She with gracious Air,
And Curt'ſey low; but juſt call'd out
By Lords peculiarly devout;
Who came on purpoſe, Sir, to borrow
Our *Venus*, for the Feaſt To-morrow,
To grace the Church: 'tis *Venus*' Day:
I hope, Sir, You intend to ſtay,
To ſee our *Venus*: 'tis the Piece
The moſt renown'd throughout all *Greece*,
So like th' Original, they ſay:
But I have no great Skill that Way.
But, Sir: at Six (*'tis now paſt Three*)
Dromo muſt make my Maſter's Tea:
At Six, Sir, if You pleaſe to come,
You'll find my Maſter, Sir, at Home.

Tea, ſays a Critic big with Laughter,
Was found ſome twenty Ages after:

Au-

Authors, before they write, ſhou'd read:
'Tis very true; but We'll proceed.
And, Sir, at preſent wou'd you pleaſe
To leave your Name——Fair Maiden, yes:
Reach me that Board. No ſooner ſpoke
But done. With one judicious Stroke,
On the plain Ground *Apelles* drew
A Circle regularly true:
And will you pleaſe, Sweet-heart, ſaid He,
To ſhew your Maſter this from Me?
By it He preſently will know,
How Painters write their Names at *Co*.
He gave the Pannel to the Maid.
Smiling and Curt'ſing, Sir, She ſaid,
I ſhall not fail to tell my Maſter:
And, Sir, for fear of all Diſaſter,
I'll keep it my own ſelf: Safe bind,
Says the old Proverb, and ſafe find.
So, Sir, as ſure as Key or Lock——,
Your Servant Sir——at Six a Clock.
Again at Six *Apelles* came;
Found the ſame prating civil Dame.
Sir, that my Maſter has been here,
Will by the Board it ſelf appear.
If from the perfect Line He found,
He has preſum'd to ſwell the Round,
Or Colors on the Draught to lay;
'Tis thus (He order'd me to ſay)
Thus write the Painters of this Iſle:
Let thoſe of *Co* remark the Style.
She ſaid; and to his Hand reſtor'd
The rival Pledge, the Miſſive Board.
Upon the happy Line were laid
ſuch obvious Light, and eaſie Shade;
That *Paris*' Apple ſtood confeſt,
Or *Leda*'s Egg, or *Cloe*'s Breaſt.
Apelles view'd the finiſh'd Piece;
And Live, ſaid He, the Arts of *Greece*!

Howe'er PROTOGENES and I
May in our Rival Talents vie;
Howe'er our Works may have expreſs'd,
Who trueſt drew, or color'd beſt;
When He beheld my flowing Line;
He found at leaſt I cou'd deſign:
And from his artful Round, I grant,
That He with perfect Skill can paint,
The dulleſt GENIUS cannot fail
To find the Moral of my Tale:
That the diſtinguiſh'd Part of Men,
With Compaſs, Pencil, Sword, or Pen,
Shou'd in Life's Viſit leave their Name,
In Characters, which may proclaim
That They with Ardor ſtrove to raiſe
At once their Arts, and Countrey's Praiſe:
And in their Working took great Care,
That all was Full, and Round, and Fair.

DEMOCRITUS *and* HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear Droll, reviſit Earth,
And with our Follies glut Thy heighten'd Mirth:
Sad HERACLITUS, ſerious Wretch, return,
In louder Grief our greater Crimes to mourn.
Between You both I unconcern'd ſtand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and Honeſt, need I cry?

For my own Tomb-ſtone.

TO Me 'twas giv'n to die: to Thee 'tis giv'n
To live: Alas! one Moment ſets us ev'n.
Mark! how impartial is the Will of Heav'n!

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS.

Ad Amicos.

DUM Studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
ARCTOA florens Sophiâ, SAMIISQUE superbus
Discipulis, Animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
Vitäi faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
Nullaque sint DITIS Numina, nulla JOVIS:
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique superstes, Homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.
Attamen esse hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil esse velit:
Nam Sophia Ars illa est, quæ fallere suavitèr horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the busie Moments to deceive,
That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave,
I credit what the GRECIAN Dictates say,
And SAMIAN Sounds o'er SCOTIA's Hills convey.
When mortal Man resigns his transient Breath;
The Body only I give o'er to Death.
The Parts dissolv'd, and broken Frame I mourn:
What came from Earth, I see to Earth return.

The

The Immaterial Part, th' Æthereal Soul,
Nor can Change vanquish, nor can Death controul,
Glad I release it from it's Partner's Cares;
And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars.
Then in the flowing Bowl I drown those Sighs,
Which, Spight of Wisdom, from our Weakness rise.
The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,
And offer to the now immortal Friend.
But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,
Nor PLUTO's Rage there be, nor Pow'r of JOVE;
On it's dark Side if Thou the Prospect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black LETHE's Lake:
In total Death suppose the Mortal lye,
No new Hereafter, nor a future Sky:
Yet bear thy Lot content; yet cease to grieve:
Why, e'er Death comes, dost Thou forbear to live?
The little Time Thou hast, 'twixt Instant Now
And Fate's Approach, is All the Gods allow,
And of this little hast Thou ought to spare
To sad Reflection, and corroding Care?
The Moments past, if Thou art wise, retrieve
With pleasant Mem'ry of the Bliss they gave.
The present Hours in present Mirth imploy;
And bribe the Future with the Hopes of Joy.
The Future (few or more, how e'er they be)
Were destin'd e'rst; nor can by Fate's Decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the Grave and Thee.

THE FIRST HYMN
Of *CALLIMACHUS* to *JUPITER.*

WHILE we to JOVE select the holy Victim;
Whom after shall we sing, than JOVE himself,
The God for ever Great, forever King;
Who slew the Earth-born Race, and measures Right
To

To Heav'ns great Habitants? DICTÆAN hear'st Thou
More joyful, or *Lycæan*, long Dispute
And various Thought has trac'd. On *Ida*'s Mount,
Or *Dicte*, studious of his Country's Praise,
The *Cretan* boasts thy Natal Place: but oft
He meets Reproof deserv'd: for He presumptuous
Has built a Tomb for thee, who never know'st
To die, but liv'st the same To-day and Ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy Birth; Great *Rhea*
Pregnant to high *Parthasia*'s Cliffs retir'd,
And wild *Lycæus*, black with shading Pines:
Holy Retreat! Sithence no Female hither,
Conscious of Social Love and Nature's Rites,
Must dare approach, from the inferior Reptile,
To Woman, Form Divine. There the blest Parent
Ungirt her spacious Bosom, and discharg'd
The pond'rous Birth: She sought a neighb'ring Spring,
To wash the recent Babe: In vain: *Arcadia*,
(However streamy now) adust and dry,
Deny'd the Goddess Water: where deep *Melas*,
And rocky *Gratis* flow the Chariot smoak'd,
Obscure with rising Dust: the thirsty Trav'ler
In vain requir'd the Current, then imprison'd
In subterranean Caverns; Forests grew
Upon the barren Hollows, high o'ershading
The Haunts of savage Beasts, where now *Ianis*,
And *Erimanth* incline their friendly Urns.
Thou too, O Earth, great *Rhea* said, bring forth;
And short shall be thy Pangs: She said; and high
She rear'd her Arm, and with her Sceptre struck
The yawning Cliff: from it's disparted Height
Adown the Mount the gushing Torrent ran,
And chear'd the Vallies: There the Heav'nly Mother
Bath'd, mighty King, Thy tender Limbs: She wrapt them
In purple Bands: She gave the precious Pledge
To prudent *Neda*, charging her to guard Thee,
Careful and secret: *Neda* of the Nymphs
That tended the great Birth, next *Phibre*

And,

And STYX, the eldeſt. Smiling She receiv'd Thee,
And conſcious of the Grace, abſolv'd her Truſt:
Not unrewarded; ſince the River bore
The Fav'rite Virgin's Name: fair NEDA rowls
By LEPRION's ancient Walls, a fruitful Stream.
Faſt by her flow'ry Bank the Sons of ARCAS,
Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy Care protect
Their fleecy Charge; and joyous drink her Wave.

Thee, God, to CNOSSUS NEDA brought: the Nymphs
And CORYBANTES Thee their ſacred Charge
Receiv'd: ADRASTE rock'd Thy golden Cradle:
The Goat, now bright amidſt her fellow-Stars,
Kind AMALTHEA, reach'd her Tett diſtent
With Milk, Thy early Food: the ſedulous Bee
Diſtill'd her Honey on Thy purple Lips.

Around, the fierce CURETES (Order ſolemn
To thy foreknowing Mother!) trod tumultuous
Their Myſtic Dance, and clang'd their ſounding Arms;
Induſtrious with the warlike Din to quell
Thy Infant-Cries, and mock the Ear of SATURN.

Swift Growth and wond'rous Grace, O heav'nly JOVE,
Waited Thy blooming Years: Inventive Wit,
And perfect-Judgment crown'd Thy youthful Act.
That SATURN's Sons receiv'd the three-fold Empire
Of Heav'n, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
As the dark Urn and Chance of Lot determin'd.
Old Poets mention, fabling. Things of Moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring Value
By Lot are parted: But high Heav'n, Thy Share,
In equal Balance laid 'gainſt Sea or Hell,
Flings up the adverſe Scale, and ſhuns Proportion.
Wherefore not Chance, but Pow'r, above Thy Brethren
Exalted Thee, their King. When Thy great Will
Commands Thy Chariot forth; impetuous Strength,
And fiery Swiftneſs wing the rapid Wheels,
Inceſſant; high the Eagle flies before Thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult Thy Augur,
Grant the glad Omen; let Thy Fav'rite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the Right.

Thou

Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper Shares of Pow'r; Thy own, great *Jove*,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labor
The ſweaty Forge, who edge the crooked Scythe,
Bend ſtubborn Steel, and harden gleaning Armor,
Acknowledge *Vulcan*'s Aid. The early Hunter
Bleſſes *Diana*'s Hand, who leads Him ſafe
O'er hanging Cliffs; who ſpreads his Net ſucceſsful,
And guides the Arrow through the Panther's Heart.
The Soldier from ſucceſsful Camps returning,
With Laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile Spoil,
Severs the Bull to *Mars*. The skilful Bard,
Striking the *Thracian* Harp, invokes *Apollo*,
To make his Hero and Himſelf Immortal.
Thoſe, mighty *Jove*, mean time, Thy glorious Care,
Who model Nations, publiſh Laws, anounce
Or Life or Death, and found or change the Empire.
Man owns the Pow'r of Kings; and Kings of *Jove*.
And as their Actions tend ſubordinate
To what Thy Will deſigns, Thou giv'ſt the Means
Proportion'd to the Work; Thou ſee'ſt impartial,
How They thoſe Means imploy. Each Monarch rules
His different Realm, accountable to Thee,
Great Ruler of the World: Theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to Thoſe are giv'n
Aſſiſtant Days to ripen the Deſign;
To ſome whole Months; revolving Years to ſome:
Others, ill fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious Life, and mourn their Purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs Act, and Impotence of Council.
Hail! greateſt Son of *Saturn*, wiſe Diſpoſer
Of ev'ry Good: Thy Praiſe what Man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our Prayer,
Great Father! grant us Virtue, grant us Wealth:
For without Virtue, Wealth to Man avails not;
And Virtue without Wealth exerts leſs Pow'r,
And leſs diffuſes Good. Then grant us, Gracious,
Virtue, and Wealth; for both are of Thy Gift. THE

The Second HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS to APOLLO.

HAH! how the Laurel, great *Apollo*'s Tree,
And all the Cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The Man that is unhallow'd: for the God,
The God approaches. Hark! He knocks: the Gates
Feel the glad Impulſe: and the ſever'd Bars
Submiſſive clink againſt their brazen Portals.
Why do the *Delian* Palms incline their Boughs,
Self-mov'd: and hov'ring Swans, their Throats releas'd
From native Silence, carol Sounds harmonious?
Begin, young Men, the Hymn: let all your Harps
Break their inglorious Silence; and the Dance,
In myſtic Numbers trod, explain the Muſic.
But firſt by ardent Pray'r, and clear Luſtration
Purge the contagious Spots of Human Weakneſs:
Impure no Mortal can behold *Apollo*.
So may ye flouriſh, favour'd by the God,
In Youth with happy Nuptials, and in Age
With Silver Hairs, and fair Deſcent of Children;
So lay Foundations for aſpiring Cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading Colonies Encreaſe.
Pay ſacred Rev'rence to *Apollo*'s Song;
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting God emitt
His fatal Arrows. Silent Nature ſtands;
And Seas ſubſide, obedient to the Sound
Of Io, Io PEAN! nor dares *Thetis*
Longer bewail her lov'd *Achilles* Death:
For *Phoebus* was his Foe. Nor muſt ſad *Niobe*
In fruitleſs Sorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the *Phrygian* Marble, Hapleſs Mother!
Whoſe Fondneſs cou'd compare her Mortal Off-ſpring
To thoſe which fair *Latona* bore to *Jove*.
Io! again repeat Ye, Io PEAN! Againſt

Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He that reſiſts the Power of *Ptolomy*,
Reſiſt the Pow'r of Heav'n: for Pow'r from Heav'n
Derives; and Monarchs rule by Gods appointed.
Recite *Apollo*'s Praiſe, 'till Night draws on,
The Ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the Day
Unequal to the Godhead's Attributes
Various, and Matter copious of your Songs.
Sublime at *Jove*'s right Hand *Apollo* ſits,
And thence diſtributes Honor, gracious King,
And Theme of Verſe perpetual. From his Robe
Flows Light ineffable: his Harp, his Quiver.
And *Lictian* Bow are Gold: with golden Sandals
His Feet are ſhod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his Steps the yellow Min'ral riſes;
And Earth reveals her Treaſures. Youth and Beauty
Eternal deck his Cheek: from his fair Head
Perfumes diſtill their Sweets; and chearful *Health*,
His dutious Handmaid, thro' the Air improv'd,
With laviſh Hand diffuſes Scents Ambroſial.
The Spear-man's Arm by Thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain Wound. The Laurel'd Bard,
Inſpir'd by Thee, compoſes Verſe Immortal.
Taught by thy Art Divine, the ſage Phyſician
Eludes the Urn; and chains, or exiles Death.
Thee *Nomain* We adore; for that from Heav'n
Deſcending, Thou on fair *Amphryſus*' Banks
Did'ſt guard *Admetus*' Herds. Sithence the Cow
Produc'd an ampler Store of Milk; the She-Goat
Not without Pain dragg'd her diſtended Udder;
And Ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle Lambs,
Now drop'd their two-fold Burdens. Bleſt the Caſtle,
On which *Apollo* caſt his fav'ring Eye!
But, *Phoebus*, Thou to Man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building Cities. Bright *Diana*,
Kind Siſter to thy infant-Deity
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the Cradle,
Brought hunted wild Goats-Heads, and branching Antlers
Of Stags, The Fruit and Honor of her Toil. Theſe

These with discerning Hand Thou knew'st to range,
(Young as Thou wast) and in the well fram'd Models,
With Emblematic Skill, and mystic Order,
Thou shew'dst, where Towers, or Battlements should rise;
Where Gates should open; or where Walls should compass:
While from thy childish Pastime Man receiv'd
The future Strength, and Ornament of Nations.
Battus, our great Progenitor, now touch'd
The *Lybian* Strand; when the fore-boding Crow
Flew on the Right before the People, marking
The Country destin'd the auspicious Seat
Of future Kings, and favor of the God,
Whose Oath is sure; and Promise stands Eternal.
Or *Boedromian* hear'st Thou pleas'd, or *Clarian*,
Phoebus, great King? for diff'rent are thy Names,
As thy kind Hand has founded many Cities,
Or dealt benign Thy various Gifts to Man.
Carnean let me call Thee; for my Country
Calls Thee *Carnean*: the fair Colony
Thrice by Thy gracious Guidance was transported,
E'er settl'd in *Cyrene*; there W' appointed
Thy annual Feasts, kind God, and bless Thy Altars
Smoaking with Hecatombs of slaughter'd Bulls;
As *Carnus*, Thy High-Priest, and favor'd Friend,
Had er'st ordain'd; and with mysterious Rites,
Our great Forefathers taught their Sons to worship.
Io CARNEAN PHOEBUS! Io PEAN!
The yellow *Crocus* there, and fair *Narcissus*
Reserve the Honors of their Winter-Store,
To deck Thy Temple; 'till returning Spring
Diffuses Nature's various Pride; and Flow'rs
Innumerable, by the soft South-West
Open'd and gather'd by Religious Hands,
Rebound their Sweets from th' odorif'rous Pavement.
Perpetual Fires shine hallow'd on Thy Altars.
When Annual the *Carnean* Feast is held,
The Warlike LIBYANS clad in Armour, lead
The Dance, with clanging Swords and Shields they beat

The

The dreadful Measure: in the Chorus join
Their Women, Brown but Beautiful: such Rites
To Thee well-pleasing. Nor had yet Thy Votaries,
From *Greece* transplanted, touch'd *Cyrene's* Banks,
And Lands determin'd for their last Abodes;
But wander'd thro' *Acilia* horrid Forrest
Dispers'd; when from *Myrtusa's* craggy Brow,
Fond of the Maid, auspicious to the City,
Which must hereafter bear her favor'd Name,
Thou Gracious deign'st to let the Fair One view
Her *Typic* People; Thou with Pleasure taught'st Her
To draw the Bow, to slay the shaggy Lyon,
And stop the spreading Ruin of the Plains,
Happy the Nymph, who honor'd by Thy Passion:
Was aided by thy Pow'r! The monstrous *Python*
Durst tempt Thy Wrath in vain: for dead He fell,
To thy great Strength, and golden Arms unequal.
Io! while Thy unerring Hand elanc'd
Another, and another Dart; The People
Joyful repeated, *Io! Io Pean!*
Elance the Dart, *Apollo*: for the Safety,
And Health of Man, gracious Thy Mother bore Thee.
Envy Thy latest Foe suggested thus:
Like Thee I am a Pow'r Immortal; therefore
To Thee dare speak, How can'st Thou favor partial
Those Poets who write little? Vast and Great
Is what I Love: The far extended Ocean
To a small Riv'let I prefer. *Apollo*
Spurn'd *Envy* with His Foot; and thus the God:
Dæmon, the head-long Current of *Euphrates*,
Assyrian River, copious runs, but Muddy;
And carries forward with his stupid Force
Polluting Dirt; His Torrent still augmenting,
His Wave still more defil'd: mean while the Nymphs
Melissan, Sacred and Recluse to *Ceres*,
Studious to have their Off'rings well receiv'd,
And fit for Heav'nly Use, from little Urns
Pour Streams select, and Purity of Waters.

Io! *Apollo*, mighty King, let *Envy*
Ill-judging and Verboſe, from *Lethe's* Lake
Draw Tons unmeaſurable; while Thy Favor
Adminiſters to my ambitious Thirſt
The wholeſome Draught from *Aganippe's* Spring
Genuine, and with ſoft Murmurs gently rilling
Adown the Mountains, where Thy Daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE

On the Thirteenth Chapter *of the Firſt* Epiſtle To the *Corinthians.*

DID ſweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,
Than ever Man pronounc'd or Angel ſung:
Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:
Did SHADRACH's Zeal my glowing Breaſt inſpire,
To weary Tortures, and rejoice in Fire:
Or had I Faith like That which *Iſrael* ſaw,
When MOSES gave them Miracles and Law:
Yet, gracious *Charity*, indulgent Gueſt,
Were not Thy Pow'r exerted in my Breaſt;
Thoſe Speeches would ſend up unheeded Pray'r,
That Scorn of Life would be but wild Deſpair:
A Tymbal's Sound were better than my Voice:
My Faith were Form: my Eloquence were Noiſe.

Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind;
Knows with juſt Reins, and gentle Hand to guide,
Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, She eaſily forgives;
And much She ſuffers, as She much believes. Soft

Soft Peace she brings where-ever she arrives:
She builds our Quiet, as she forms our Lives;
Lays the rough Paths of peevish Nature ev'n;
And opens in each Heart a little *Heav'n*.
Each other Gift, which GOD on Man bestows,
It's proper Bounds, and due Reflection knows;
To one fixt Purpose dedicates it's Pow'r;
And finishing it's Act, exists no more.
Thus, in Obedience to what *Heav'n* decrees,
Knowledge shall fail and Prophecy shall cease:
But lasting *Charity*'s more ample Sway,
Nor bound by Time, nor subject to decay,
In happy Triumph shall for ever live,
And endless Good diffuse, and endless Praise receive.
As thro' the Artist's intervening Glass,
Our Eye observes the distant Planets pass;
A little we discover; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than Art can show:
So whilst our Mind it's Knowledge wou'd improve;
(It's feeble Eye intent on Things above)
High as we may, we lift our Reason up,
By *Faith* directed, and confirm'd by *Hope*:
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of Beams, and Promises of Day.
Heaven's fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd Sight;
Too great it's Swiftness, and too strong it's Light.
But soon the mediate Clouds shall be dispell'd:
The Sun shall soon be Face to Face beheld,
In all his Robes, with all his Glory on,
Seated sublime on His Meridian Throne.
Then constant *Faith* and holy *Hope* shall die,
One lost in Certainty, and one in Joy:
Whilst Thou, more happy Pow'r, fair *Charity*,
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the Three,
Thy Office, and thy Nature still the same,
Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the Host of *Heav'n* confest,
For ever Blessing, and for ever Blest.

Engraven

Engraven on a Column

In the Church of HALSTEAD *in* ESSEX,

The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was rebuilt at the Expence of Mr. Samuel Fiske, 1717.

VIEW not this Spire by Measure giv'n
To Buildings rais'd by common Hands:
That Fabric rises high as Heav'n,
Whose *Basis* on Devotion stands.
While yet we draw this vital Breath,
We can our *Faith* and *Hope* declare:
But *Charity* beyond our Death,
Will ever in our Works appear.
Best be he call'd among good Men,
Who to his GOD this Column rais'd:
Tho' Lightning strike the Dome again;
The Man, who built it, shall be prais'd.
Ye Spires and Towers in Dust shall lye,
The weak Efforts of Human Pains:
And *Faith* and *Hope* themselves shall dye;
While Deathless *Charity* remains.

Written in Montaigne's *Essays*,

Given to the Duke of SHREWSBURY *in* FRANCE, *after the Peace*, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty Judge, what thou hast seen
Of Cities, and of Courts, of Books, and Men;
And deign to let thy Servant hold the Pen.
Thro' Ages thus I may presume to live;
And from the Transcript of thy Prose receive,
What my own short-liv'd Verse can never give.

Thus

Thus shall fair *Britain* with a gracious Smile
Accept the Work; and the instructed Isle,
For more than Treaties made, shall bless my Toil.
Nor longer hence the *Gallic* Style preferr'd,
Wisdom in ENGLISH *Idiom* shall be heard;
While *Talbot* tells the World, where *Montaigne* err'd.

An EPISTLE,

Desiring the QUEEN's *Picture.*

Written at PARIS, 1714. *But left unfinish'd, by the sudden News of Her* MAJESTY's *Death.*

THE Train of Equipage and Pomp of State,
The shining Side-board, and the burnish'd Plate
Let other Ministers, great *ANNE*, require;
And partial fall thy Gift to their Desire.
To the fair Portrait of my Sov'reign Dame,
To That alone, eternal be my Claim.
My bright Defender, and my dread Delight,
If ever I found Favor in thy Sight;
If all the Pains that for thy *Britain*'s Sake
My past has took, or future Life may take,
Be grateful to my *Queen*; permit my Pray'r,
And with this Gift reward my total Care.
Will Thy Indulgent Hand, fair Saint, allow
The Boon? and will thy Ear accept the Vow?
That in despight of Age, of impious Flame,
And eating Time, thy Picture like thy Fame
Entire may last; that as their Eyes survey
The semblant Shade, Men yet unborn may say;
Thus Great, thus Gracious look'd *Britannia*'s Queen;
Her Brow thus smooth, Her Look was thus serene;
When to a Low, but to a Loyal Hand
The mighty Empress gave Her high Command,

That he to Hoſtile Camps, and Kings ſhou'd haſte,
To ſpeak Her Vengeance as their Danger paſt;
To ſay, She Wills deteſted Wars to ceaſe;
She checks Her Conqueſt, for Her Subjects Eaſe;
And bids the World attend Her Terms of Peace.
Thee, Gracious *ANNE*, Thee preſent I adore,
Thee, *Queen* of *Peace*—If Time and Fate have Pow'r
Higher to raiſe the Glories of thy Reign;
In Words ſublimer, and a nobler Strain,
May future Bards the mighty *Theme* rehearſe:
Here, STATOR JOVE, and PHOEBUS King of Verſe,
The Votive Tablet I ſuſpend * * * *

ALMA:

OR THE

PROGRESS

Of the MIND.

In THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα πόνος, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν.
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐςὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.
Incert. ap. Stobæum.

THE FIRST CANTO.

MATTHEW met RICHARD; when or where
From Story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty Points they ſpoke;
And *Pro* and *Con* by turns they took.
Rats half the Manuſcript have eat:
Dire Hunger! which we ſtill regret;
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The Horrors of ſo ſad a Feaſt.

Yet

Yet leſs our Grief, if what remains,
Dear JACOB, by thy Care and Pains
Shall be to future Times convey'd.
It thus begins:
* * * * Here *Matthew* ſaid;
Alma in Verſe; in Proſe, the *Mind*,
By *Ariſtotle*'s Pen defin'd,
Throughout the Body ſquat or tall,
Is *bona fide*, All in All.
And yet, ſlap dash, is All again
In every Sinew, Nerve, and Vein.
Runs here and there, like *Hamlet*'s Ghoſt;
While every where She rules the roaſt.
This *Syſtem*, RICHARD, We are told,
The Men of *Oxford* firmly hold.
The *Cambridge* Wits, You know, deny
With *Ipſe dixit* to comply.
They ſay (for in good truth They ſpeak
With ſmall Reſpect of that old *Greek*)
That, putting all his Words together,
'Tis Three blew Beans in One blew Bladder.
Alma, They ſtrenuouſly maintain,
Sits Cock-horſe on Her Throne, the Brain;
And from that Seat of Thought diſpenſes
Her Sov'reign Pleaſure to the Senſes.
Two *Optic* Nerves, They ſay, She tyes,
Like Spectacles, a-croſs the Eyes;
By which the Spirits bring her Word,
Whene'er the Balls are fix'd, or ſtirr'd;
How quick at Park and Play they ſtrike;
The Duke they court; the Toaſt they like;
And at St JAMES's turn their Grace
From former Friends, now out of Place.
Without theſe Aids, to be More ſerious,
Her Pow'r, They hold, had been precarious:
The Eyes might have conſpir'd her Ruin;
And She not known, what They were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That They ſhou'd ſee, and She be blind.

Wise Nature likewise, They suppose,
Has drawn two Conduits down our Nose;
Cou'd ALMA else with Judgment tell,
When *Cabbage* stinks, or *Roses* smell?
Or who wou'd ask for her Opinion
Between an *Oyster* and an *Onion*?
For from most Bodies, DICK, You know,
Some little Bits ask Leave to flow;
And, as thro' these Canals They roll,
Bring up a Sample of the Whole.
Like Footmen running before Coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.
By Nerves about our Palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the Taste,
Else (dismal Thought!) our Warlike Men
Might drink thick *Port* for fine *Champagne*;
And our ill-judging Wives and Daughters
Mistake Small-beer for *Citron*-Waters.
Hence too, that She might better hear,
She sets a Drum at either Ear;
And Loud or Gentle, Harsh or Sweet,
Are but th' *Alarums* which They beat.
Last, to enjoy her Sense of Feeling
(A thing She much delights to deal in)
A thousand little Nerves She sends
Quite to our Toes, and Fingers Ends;
And These in Gratitude again
Return their Spirits to the Brain;
In which their Figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
ALMA inform'd can try the Case,
As She had been upon the Place.
Thus, while the Judge gives different Journeys
To Country Counsel, and Attornies;
He on the Bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as They bring the Writs.
The POPE thus prays and sleeps at ROME,
And very seldom stirs from Home;

Yet

Yet sending forth his Holy Spies,
And having heard what They advise,
He rules the Church's blest Dominions;
And sets Men's Faith by His Opinions.
The Scholars of the STAGYRITE,
Who for the Old Opinion fight,
Would make their Modern Friends confess,
The difference but from More to Less.
The MIND, say They, while You sustain
To hold her Station in the Brain;
You grant, at least, She is extended:
Ergo the whole Dispute is ended.
For, 'till To-morrow shou'd You plead
From Form and Structure of the Head:
The MIND as visibly is seen
Extended thro' the whole *Machine*.
Why shou'd all Honor then be ta'en
From Lower Parts to load the Brain;
When other Limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as He?
For Music, grant the Head receives it;
It is the Artist's Hand that gives it.
And tho' the Scull may wear the Laurel;
The Soldier's Arm sustains the Quarrel.
Besides, the Nostrils, Ears, and Eyes
Are not his Parts, but his Allies.
Ev'n what You hear the Tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab Origine* from them.
What could the Head perform Alone,
If all Their friendly Aids were gone?
A foolish figure He must make;
Do nothing else, but sleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that You can show,
How to the Head the Spirits go.
Those Spirits started from some Goal,
Before they thro' the Veins cou'd roll.
Now We shou'd hold Them much to blame,
If They went back, before They came.

If

If therefore, as We muſt ſuppoſe,
They came from Fingers, and from Toes;
Or Toes or Fingers, in this Caſe,
Of *Num-ſcull*'s Self ſhou'd take the Place.
Diſputing fair, Your grant thus much,
That all Senſation is but Touch.
Dip but your Toes into cold Water;
Their Correſpondent Teeth will chatter;
And ſtrike the Bottom of your Feet;
You ſet your Head into a Heat.
The Bully beat, and happy Lover
Confeſs, that Feeling lies all over.
Note here, LUCRETIUS dares to teach
(As all our Youth may learn from CREECH)
That Eyes were made, but cou'd not view;
Nor Hands embrace, nor Feet purſue:
But heedleſs Nature did produce
The Members firſt, and then the Uſe.
What Each muſt act, was yet unknown,
Till All is mov'd by Chance alone.
A Man firſt builds a Country Seat:
Then finds the Walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wond'ring ſees
Nor Books, nor Medals on his Trees.
Yet Poet and Philoſopher
Was He, who durſt ſuch Whims aver.
Bleſt, for his Sake, be humane Reaſon,
That came at all, tho' late, in Seaſon.
But no Man ſure e'er left his Houſe,
And ſaddl'd *Ball*, with Thoughts ſo wild,
To bring a Midwife to his Spouſe,
Before He knew She was with Child,
And no Man ever reapt his Corn,
Or from the Oven drew his Bread,
E'er Hinds and Bakers yet were born,
That taught him both to Sow, and Knead.
Before They're ask'd, can Maids refuſe?
Can——— Pray, ſays DICK, hold in your Muſe.

While

While you *Pindaric* Truths rehearse;
She hobbles in *Alternate* Verse.
Verse? *Mat.* reply'd; Is that my Care?
Go on, quoth *Richard*, soft and fair.
This looks, Friend *Dick*, as Nature had
But exercis'd the Salesman's Trade:
As if She haply had sat down,
And cut out Cloaths for all the Town;
Then sent them out to *Monmouth*-Street,
To try, what Persons they wou'd fit.
But every free and licenc'd Taylor
Would in this *Thesis* find a Failure.
Should Whims like these his Head perplex,
How could he work for either Sex?
His Cloaths, as Atomes might prevail,
Might fit a Pismire, or a Whale.
No, no: He views with studious Pleasure
Your Shape, before he takes your Measure.
For real *Kate* he made the Boddice,
And not for an *Ideal* Goddess.
No Error near his Shop-Board lurk'd:
He knew the Folks for whom he work'd.
Still to their Size he aim'd his Skill:
Else, pr'ythee, who wou'd pay his Bill?
Next, *Dick*, if Chance her self shou'd vary;
Observe, how Matters would miscarry:
Across your Eyes, Friend, place your Shoes;
Your Spectacles upon your Toes:
Then You and *Memmius* shall agree,
How nicely Men would walk, or see.
But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd.
And still your Knowledge will increase,
As you make other People's less.
In Arms and Science 'tis the same:
Our Rival's Hurts create our Fame.
At *Faubert*'s if Disputes arise
Among the Champions for the Prize;

To

To prove, who gave the fairer Butt
John shows the Chalk on *Robert*'s Coat.
So, for the Honor of your Book,
It tells, where other Folks mistook:
And, as their Notions You confound,
Those You invent get farther Ground.
The Commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in Judgement vary:
They to their own Conceits have brought
The Image of his general Thought.
Just as the Melancholic Eye
Sees Fleets and Armies in the Sky;
And to the poor Apprentice Ear
The Bells sound *Whittington* Lord May'r.
The Conj'rer thus explains his *Scheme*
Thus Spirits walk, and Prophets dream:
North Britons thus have *Second Sight*;
And *Germans* free from Gunshot fight.
Theodoret, and *Origen*,
And fifty other Learned Men
Attest, that if their Comments find
The Traces of their Master's Mind;
Alma can ne'er decay nor dye:
This flatly t'other Sect deny,
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand;
Great Names, but hard in Verse to stand.
They wonder Men should have mistook;
The *Tenets* of their Master's Book;
And hold, that Alma yields her Breath,
O'ercome by Age, and seiz'd by Death.
Now which were Wise? and which were Fools?
Poor Alma sits between two Stools:
The more She reads, the more perplext;
The Comment ruining the Text:
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful Fate:
But, Richard, let her look to That ——
Whilst We our own Affairs pursue.

These

These diff'rent *Systems*, Old or New,
A Man with half an Eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now to bring Things to fair Conclusion,
And save much Christian Ink's Effusion;
Let me propose an Healing *Scheme*,
And sail along the Middle Stream:
For, DICK, if We could reconcile
Old ARISTOTLE with GASSENDUS;
How many would admire our Toil;
And yet how few would comprehend us?
Here, RICHARD, let my *Scheme* commence.
Oh! may my Words be lost in Sense;
While pleas'd THALIA deigns to write
The Slips and Bounds of ALMA's Flight.
My simple *System* shall suppose,
That ALMA enters at the Toes;
That then She mounts by just Degrees
Up to the Ancles, Legs, and Knees:
Next, as the Sap of Life does rise,
She lends her Vigor to the Thighs:
And, all these under-Regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the Waste:
Gives Pain or Pleasure, Grief or Laughter;
As We shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd, by Time
Up to the Heart She loves to climb:
From thence, compell'd by Craft and Age,
She makes the Head her latest Stage.
From the Feet upward to the Head;
Pithy, and short, says DICK: proceed.
DICK, this is not an idle Notion:
Observe the Progress of the Motion.
First I demonstratively prove.
That Feet were only made to move;
And Legs desire to come and go:
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence

Hence, long before the Child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl;
To hinder which, your Midwife knows
To bind Those Parts extremely close;
Lest ALMA newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own Christ'ning's Din,
Fearful of future Grief and Pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young *Alma's* Case!
As in a luckless Gamester's Place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.
Again as she grows something stronger,
And Master's Feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the Night too oft he kicks,
Or shows his *Loco-motive* Tricks;
These first Assaults fat KATE repays Him,
When half asleep She overlays Him.
Now mark, Dear RICHARD, from the Age
That Children tread this Worldly Stage,
Broom-staff or Poaker they bestride,
And round the Parlor love to ride;
'Till thoughtful Father's pious Care
Provides his Brood, next *Smithfield* Fair,
With Supplemental Hobby-Horses:
And happy be their Infant Courses!
Hence for some Years they ne'er stand still:
Their Legs, You see, direct their Will.
From opening Morn 'till setting Sun,
A-round the Fields and Woods They run:
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed, what FRIEND or SNAPE can say.
To Her next Stage as ALMA flies,
And likes, as I have said, the Thighs:
With *Sympathetic* Pow'r She warms,
Their good Allies and Friends, the Arms.
While *Betty* dances on the Green;
And *Susan* is at Stool-ball seen:
While *John* for Nine-pins does declare;
And *Roger* loves to pitch the Bar;

Both

Both Legs and Arms spontaneous move:
Which was the Thing I meant to prove.
Another Motion now she makes:
O need I name the Seat She takes?
His Thought quite chang'd the Stripling finds;
The Sport and Race no more He minds:
Neglected *Tray* and *Pointer* lye;
And Covies unmoleſted fly.
Sudden the jocund Plain He leaves;
And for the Nymph in Secret grieves.
In dying Accents He complains
Of cruel Fires, and raging Pains.
The Nymph too longs to be alone;
Leaves all the Swains; and ſighs for One.
The Nymph is warm'd with young Deſire;
And feels, and dies to quench His Fire.
They meet each Evening in the Grove:
Their Parley but augments their Love.
So to the Prieſt their Caſe they tell:
He ties the Knot; and all goes well.
But, O my *Muſe*, juſt diſtance keep:
Thou art a Maid, and muſt not peep.
In nine Months Time the Boddice looſe,
And Petticoats too ſhort, diſcloſe,
That at This Age the active Mind
About the Waſte lies moſt confin'd;
And that young Life, and quick'ning Senſe
Spring from His Influence darted thence.
So from the Middle of the World
The *Sun*'s prolifick Rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that Seat He darts thoſe Beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial Flames.
Dick, who thus long had paſſive ſat,
Here ſtroak'd his Chin, and cock'd his Hat;
Then ſlapp'd his Hand upon the Board;
And thus the Youth put in his Word.
Love's Advocates, ſweet Sir, would find Him
A higher Place, than You aſſign'd Him.

Love's Advocates, *Dick*, who are those?——
The Poets, You may well suppose.
I'm sorry, Sir, You have discarded
The Men, with whom 'till now You herded,
Prose-Men alone, for private Ends,
I thought, forsook their ancient Friends.
In cor stillavit, crys *Lucretius*;
If He may be allow'd to teach Us.
The self same Thing soft *Ovid* says
(A proper Judge in such a Case.)
Horace his Phrase is *Torret Jecur*;
And happy was that curious Speaker.
Here *Virgil* too has plac'd this Passion:
What signifies too long Quotation?
In *Ode* and *Epic* plain the Case is,
That Love holds One of these Two Places.
Dick, without Passion or Reflection,
I'll strait demolish this Objection.
First Poets, all the World agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please.
Matter and Figure They produce;
For Garnish This, and that for Use;
And, in the Structure of their Feasts,
They seek to feed, and please their Guests:
But One may balk this good Intent,
And take Things otherwise than meant,
Thus, if You Dine with my Lord May'r,
Roast-Beef, and Ven'son is your fare;
Thence You proceed to Swan, and Bustard,
And persevere in Tart and Custard:
But *Tulip-leaves*, and *Limon-peel*
Help only to adorn the Meal;
And painted Flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim You welcome to the Treat.
The Man of Sense his meat devours;
But only smells the Peel, and Flow'rs:
And He must be an idle Dreamer,
Who leaves the Pie and gnaws the Streamer.

That *Cupid* goes with Bow and Arrows,
And *Venus* keeps her Coach and Sparrows,
Is all but Emblem, to acquaint One,
The Son is sharp, the Mother wanton.
Such Images have sometimes shown
A *Mystic* Sense, but oft'ner None;
For who conceives, what Bards devise,
That Heav'n is plac'd in *Celia*'s Eyes?
Or where's the Sense, direct or moral,
That Teeth are Pearl, or Lips are Coral?

Your *Horace* owns, He various writ,
As wild, or sober Maggots bit:
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The Sage Philosopher recanted:
His grave *Epistles* may disprove
The wanton *Odes* He made to *Love*.

Lucretius keeps a mighty Pother
With *Cupid*, and his fancy'd Mother:
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air;
Declares, that Winds and Seas obey Her;
And, while her Honor he rehearses,
Implores Her to inspire his Verses.

Yet, free from this Poetic Madness,
Next Page He says in sober Sadness,
That She and all her fellow-Gods
Sit idling in their high Abodes,
Regardless of this World below,
Our Health or Hanging, Weal or Woe;
Nor once disturb their Heav'nly Spirits
With *Scapin*'s Cheats, or *Cesar*'s Merits.

Nor e'er can *Latin* Poets prove,
Where lies the real Seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their Verse:
And, if Folks ask the Reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.
Thus, I presume, the *British* Muse,
May take the Freedom Strangers use.

In Proſe our Property is greater,
Why ſhould it then be leſs in Metre?
If *Cupid* throws a ſingle Dart;
We make him wound the Lover's *Heart*:
But if He takes his Bow and Quiver;
'Tis ſure, He muſt transfix the *Liver*:
For Rhime with Reaſon may diſpenſe;
And Sound has Right to govern Senſe.
But let your Friends in Verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in Proſe:
Anatomiſts can make it clear,
The *Liver* minds his own Affair:
Kindly ſupplies our publick Uſes;
And parts, and ſtrains the Vital Juices:
Still lays ſome uſeful Bile aſide,
To tinge the Chyle's inſipid Tide:
Elſe We ſhould want both Gibe and Satyr;
And all be burſt with pure Good-nature.
Now Gall is bitter with a Witneſs;
And Love is all Delight and Sweetneſs.
My *Logic* then has loſt it's Aim,
If Sweet and Bitter be the ſame:
And He, methinks, is no great Scholar,
Who can miſtake Deſire for Choler.
The like may of the *Heart* be ſaid:
Courage and Terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe *Hearts* are looſe and low,
Start, if they hear but the *Tattoo*:
And mighty Phyſical their Fear is;
For, ſoon as Noiſe of Combat near is,
Their Heart, deſcending to their Breeches,
Muſt give their Stomach cruel twitches.
But Heroes who o'ercome or dye,
Have their Hearts hung extreamly high;
The Strings of which, in Battel's Heat,
Againſt their very *Corſlets* beat;
Keep Time with their own Trumpet's Meaſure;
And yeild 'em moſt exceſſive Pleaſure,

Now if 'tis chiefly in the Heart,
That Courage does it ſelf exert;
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That This is eke the Throne of Love.
Would Nature make One Place the Seat
Of fond Deſire, and fell Debate?
Muſt People only take Delight in
Thoſe Hours, when They are tir'd with Fighting?
And has no Man, but who has kill'd
A Father, right to get a Child?
Theſe Notions then I think but idle:
And Love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the Middle.
This Truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your Hero were a Lover.
Tho' He before had Gall and Rage,
Which Death, or Conqueſt muſt aſſwage;
He grows diſpirited and low:
He hates the Fight, and ſhuns the Foe.
In ſcornful Sloth ACHILLES ſlept;
And for his Wench, like *Tall-Boy*, wept:
Nor would return to War and Slaughter;
Till They brought back the Parſon's Daughter.
Antonius fled from *Actium*'s Coaſt,
Auguſtus preſſing, ASIA loſt:
His Sails by *Cupid*'s Hand unfurl'd,
To keep the Fair, he gave the World.
EDWARD our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vig'rous in Youth, in Arms renown'd;
While *England*'s Voice, and *Warwick*'s Care
Deſign'd him *Gallia*'s beauteous Heir;
Chang'd Peace and Pow'r for Rage and Wars,
Only to dry One Widow's Tears.
France's fourth HENRY we may ſee,
A Servant to the fair D' ESTREE;
When quitting *Coutras* proſp'rous Field,
And Fortune taught at length to yeild,
He from his Guards and Mid-night Tent,
Diſguis'd o'er Hills and Vallies went,

To

To wanton with the ſprightly Dame;
And in his Pleaſure loſt his Fame.
Bold is the Critic, who dares prove
Theſe Heroes were no Friends to Love;
And bolder He, who dares aver,
That they were Enemies to War.
Yet, when their Thought ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their *Heart*, or fir'd their *Liver*;
Fond *Alma* to thoſe Parts was gone,
Which *Love* more juſtly calls his own,
Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with theſe Four:
For when One's Proofs are aptly choſen;
Four are as valid as four Dozen.
One came from *Greece*, and One from *Rome*;
The other Two grew nearer Home.
For ſome in ancient Books delight:
Others prefer what Moderns write:
Now I ſhould be extremely loath,
Not to be thought expert in both.

The Second CANTO.

BUT ſhall we take the Muse abroad,
To drop her idly on the Road?
And leave our Subject in the middle;
As *Butler* did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet he, conſummate Maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His noble Negligences teach,
What Others Toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect Dancer, climbs the Rope,
And balances your Fear and Hope:
If after ſome diſtinguiſh'd Leap,
He drops his Pole, and ſeems to ſlip;
Straight gath'ring all his active Strength,
He riſes higher half his Length.

With Wonder you approve his Slight;
And owe your Pleasure to your Fright,
But, like poor *Andrew*, I advance,
False *Mimic* of my Master's Dance:
A-round the Cord a while I sprawl;
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.
My Preface tells you, I digress'd;
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.
I like, quoth *Dick*, your *simile*:
And in Return, take two from me.
As Masters in the *Clare-obscure*,
With various Light your Eyes allure:
A flaming Yellow here they spread;
Draw off in Blew, or charge in Red:
Yet from these Colors odly mix'd,
Your Sight upon the Whole is fix'd.
Or, as again, your Courtly Dames,
(Whose Cloaths returning Birth-Day claims,)
By Arts improve the Stuffs they vary;
And Things are best, as most contrary.
The Gown with stiff embroid'ry shining,
Looks charming with a slighter Lining:
The Out-, if *Indian* Figures stain;
The In-side must be rich and plain.
So You, great Authors, have thought fit,
To make Digression temper Wit:
When Arguments too fiercely glare;
You calm them with a milder Air:
To break their Points, You turn their Force;
And *Furbelow* the plain Discourse.
Richard, quoth *Mat*, these Words of thine,
Speak something sly, and something fine:
But I shall e'en resume my *Theme*,
However thou may'st praise or blame.
As People marry now, and settle;
Fierce Love abates his usual Mettle:
Worldly Desires, and Houshold Cares
Disturb the Godhead's soft Affairs:

So

So now, as Health or Temper changes,
In larger Compass *Alma* ranges,
This Day below, the next above;
As light as solid Whimsies move.
So Merchant has his House in Town,
And Country-Seat near *Banstead* Down:
From one he dates his Foreign Letters,
Sends out his Goods, and duns his Debtors;
In t'other, at his Hours of Leisure,
He smokes his Pipe, and takes his Pleasure.

And now your Matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For Story and Experience tell us,
That Man grows cold, and Woman jealous.
Both would their little Ends secure;
He sighs for Freedom, She for Pow'r.
His Wishes tend abroad to roam;
And Her's, to domineer at Home.
Thus Passion flags by slow Degrees;
And ruffl'd more, delighted less,
The busy Mind does seldom go
To those once charming Seats below;
But, in the Breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred Feints, and future Wars.
The Man suspects his Lady's crying
(When he last Autumn lay a dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By Codicil a larger Jointure.
The Woman finds it all a Trick,
That he could swoon, when she was sick;
And knows that in that Grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd *Susan* for his Second.

Thus having strove some tedious Years
With feign'd Desires, and real Fears;
And tir'd with Answers and Replies,
Of *John* affirms, and *Martha* lies;
Leaving this endless Altercation,
The Mind affects a higher Station.

POLTIS, that gen'rous King of THRACE,
I think, was in this very Case,
All ASIA now was by the Ears:
And Gods beat up for Voluntiers
To GREECE, and TROY; while POLTIS sat
In Quiet, governing his State.
And whence, said the Pacific King,
Does all this Noise, and Discord spring?
Why, PARIS took ATRIDES' Wife——;
With Ease I could compose this Strife:
The injur'd Hero should not lose,
Nor the young Lover want a Spouse:
But HELEN chang'd her first Condition,
Without her Husband's just Permission.
What from the Dame can PARIS hope?
She may as well from Him elope.
Again, how can her old Good-man
With Honor take Her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The Woman cannot live with Either.
Now I have Two right honest Wives,
For whose Possession No Man strives:
One to ATRIDES I will send;
And t'other to my TROJAN Friend.
Each Prince shall thus with Honor have,
What Both so warmly seem to crave:
The Wrath of Gods and Man shall cease;
And POLTIS live and die in Peace.

DICK, if this Story pleaseth Thee,
Pray thank DAN POPE, who told it Me.

Howe'er swift ALMA's Flight may vary;
(Take this by way of *Corollary*:)
Some Limbs She finds the very same,
In Place, and Dignity, and Name:
These dwell at such convenient Distance,
That each may give his Friend Assistance.
Thus He who runs or dances, begs
The equal Vigor of Two Legs;

So

So much to both does ALMA truſt,
She ne'er regards, which goes the firſt,
TRAGUE could make neither of them ſtay,
When with Himſelf he ran away.
The Man who ſtruggles in the Fight,
Fatigues left Arm, as well as right:
For whilſt one Hand exalts the Blow,
And on the Earth extends the Foe;
T'other would take it wond'rous ill,
If in your Pocket He lay ſtill.
And when you ſhoot, and ſhut one Eye,
You cannot think, He would deny
To lend the t'other friendly Aid,
Or wink, as Coward, and affraid.
No, Sir; whilſt He withdraws his Flame,
His Comrade takes the ſurer Aim,
One Moment if his Beams recede;
As ſoon as e'er the Bird is dead,
Opening again, He lays his Claim,
To half the Profit, half the Fame,
And helps to Pocket up the Game.
'Tis thus, One Tradeſman ſlips away,
To give his Part'ner fairer Play.

Some Limbs again in Bulk or Stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by Nature,
In Concert act, like modern Friends;
Becauſe one ſerves the t'other's Ends.
The Arm thus waits upon the Heart,
So quick to take the Bully's Part,
That one, tho' warm, decides more ſlow,
Than t'other executes the Blow.
A Stander-by may chance to have it,
E'er HACK himſelf perceives, He gave it.

The am'rous Eyes thus always go
A-ſtroling for their Friends below:
For long before the 'Squire and Dame
Have tête à tête reliev'd their Flame;
E'er Viſits yet are brought about,
The Eye by Sympathy looks out;

Knows

Knows FLORIMEL, and longs to meet Her;
And, if He sees, is sure to greet Her,
Tho' at Sash-Window, on the Stairs,
At Court, nay (Authors say) at Pray'rs.——

The Funeral of some valiant Knight
May give this Thing it's proper Light:
View his Two Gantlets: these declare,
That Both his Hands were us'd to War.
And from his Two gilt Spurs 'tis learn'd,
His Feet were equally concern'd.
But have You not with Thought beheld
The Sword hang dangling o'er the Shield?
Which shows the Breast, That Plate was us'd to,
Had an Ally right Arm to trust to.
And by the Peep-holes in his Crest,
Is it not virtually confest,
That there his Eye took distant Aim,
And glanc'd Respect to that bright Dame,
In whose Delight his Hope was center'd,
And for whose Glove his Life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *System*
May 'rise, perhaps, and I have miss them:
But I can call to my Assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and Distance:
Can prove, that all Things, on Occasion,
Love Union, and desire Adhesion;
That ALMA merely is a Scale;
And Motives, like the Weights, prevail.
If neither Side turn down or up,
With Loss or Gain, with Fear or Hope;
The Ballance always would hang ev'n,
Like MAH'MET's Tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n.

This, RICHARD, is a curious Case:
Suppose your Eyes sent equal Rays
Upon two distant Pots of Ale,
Not knowing, which was Mild or Stale:
In this sad State your doubtful Choice
Would never have the casting Voice;

Which

Which Best, or Worst, You could not think;
And die You must, for want of Drink.
Unless some Chance inclines your Sight,
Setting one Pot in fairer Light;
Then You prefer or A, or B,
As Lines and Angles best agree:
Your Sense resolv'd impells your Will;
She guides your Hand, ——— so drink your Fill.
Have you not seen a Baker's Maid
Between two equal Panniers sway'd?
Her Tallies useless lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the Middle:
But forc'd from this unactive State,
By virtue of some casual Weight;
On either Side You hear 'em clatter,
And judge of right and left-hand Matter.
Now, RICHARD, this coercive Force,
Without your Choice, must take it's Course.
Great Kings to Wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded Needles to the North.
And Thou and I, by Pow'r unseen,
Are barely Passive, and suck'd in
To HENAULT's Vaults, or CELIA's Chamber,
As Straw and Paper are by Amber.
If we sit down to play, or bet
(Suppose at *Ombre* or *Basset*)
Let People call us Cheats, or Fools;
Our Cards and We are equal Tools.
We sure in vain the Cards condemn:
Our selves both cut and shuffl'd them.
In vain on Fortune's Aid rely:
She only is a Stander-by.
Poor Men! poor Papers! We and They
Do some impulsive Force obey;
And are but play'd with: ——— Do not play,
But Space and Matter we should blame:
They palm'd the Trick that lost the Game.

Thus

Thus to save further Contradiction,
Against what You may think but Fiction;
I for Attraction, DICK, declare:
Deny it those bold Men that dare
As well your Motion, as your Thought
Is all by hidden Impulse wrought:
Ev'n saying, that you Think or Walk,
How like a Country 'Squire you talk?
Mark then; ——— Where Fancy or Desire
Collects the Beams of Vital Fire;
Into that Limb fair *Alma* slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides.
She dwells in *Nicholini*'s Tongue,
When *Pyrrhus* chants the Heav'nly Song.
When *Pedro* does the Lute command,
She guides the cunning Artist's Hand.
Thro' *Macer*'s Gullet she runs down,
When the vile Glutton dines alone.
And void of Modesty and Thought,
She follows *Bibo*'s endless Draught.
Thro' the soft Sex again She ranges;
As Youth, Caprice, or Fashion changes.
Fair *Alma* careless and serene,
In *Fanny*'s sprightly Eyes is seen;
While they diffuse their Infant Beams,
Themselves not conscious of their Flames.
Again fair *Alma* sits confest,
On *Florimel*'s experter Breast;
When She the rising Sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her Pains.
In *Cynthia*'s Neck fair *Alma* glows;
When the vain Thing her Jewels shows;
When *Jenny*'s Stays are newly lac'd,
Fair *Alma* plays about her Waste;
And when the swelling Hoop sustains
The rich Brocard, fair *Alma* deigns
Into that lower Space to enter,
Of the large Round, Her self the Center.

Again:

Again: That Single Limb or Feature
(Such is the cogent Force of Nature)
Which moſt did *Alma*'s Paſſion move,
In the firſt Object of her Love,
For ever will be found conteſt,
And printed on the am'rous Breaſt.
O *Abelard*, ill-fated Youth,
Thy Tale will juſtify this Truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel Wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's Song.
Dan POPE for thy Misfortune griev'd,
With kind Concern, and Skill has weav'd
A ſilken Web; and ne'er ſhall fade
It's Colors: gently has He laid
The Mantle o'er thy ſad Diſtreſs:
And *Venus* ſhall the Texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping Nun has drawn,
Such artful Folds of Sacred Lawn,
That Love with equal Grief and Pride,
Shall ſee the Crime, He ſtrives to hide:
And ſoftly drawing back the Veil,
The God ſhall to his Vot'ries tell
Each conſcious Tear, each bluſhing Grace,
That deck'd Dear *Eloiſa*'s Face.
Happy the Poet, bleſt the Lays,
Which *Buckingham* has deign'd to praiſe.
Next, *Dick*, as Youth and Habit ſways,
A hundred Gambols *Alma* plays.
If, whilſt a Boy, *Jack* run from Schole,
Fond of his Hunting-horn, and Pole;
Tho' Gout and Age his Speed detain,
Old *John* halloo's his Hounds again.
By his Fire-ſide he ſtarts the Hare;
And turns Her in his Wicker-Chair:
His Feet, however lame, You find,
Have got the better of his Mind.
If while the Mind was in her Leg,
The Dance affected nimble *Peg*;

Old

Old *Madge*, bewitch'd at Sixty one,
Calls for *Green Sleeves*, and *Jumping Joan*.
In public Mask, or private Ball,
From *Lincoln's-Inn*, to *Goldſmiths-Hall*,
All Chriſtmas long away She trudges;
Trips it with Prentices and Judges:
In vain her Children urge her Stay;
And Age or Palſey bar the Way.
But if thoſe Images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the Tail;
She ſtill reviews the ancient Scene;
Forgets the forty Years between:
Awkardly gay, and odly merry,
Her Scarf pale Pink, her Head-Knot Cherry;
O'er heated with *Ideal* Rage,
She cheats her Son, to wed her Page.

If *Alma*, whilſt the Man was young,
Slip'd up too ſoon into his Tongue:
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic Skill,
He lets that Weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any Point if You diſpute;
Depend upon it, He'll confute:
Change Sides; and You increaſe your Pain:
For He'll confute You back again.
For one may ſpeak with *Tully*'s Tongue;
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable, that They
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty ſpeakers have the Curſe,
To plead bad Cauſes down to worſe:
As Dames, who Native Beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more They paint.

Again: If in the Female Sex
Alma ſhould on this Member fix;
(A cruel and a deſp'rate Caſe,
From which Heav'n ſhield my lovely Laſs!)
For evermore all Care is vain,
That would bring *Alma* down again.

As

As in habitual Gout, or Stone,
The only Thing that can be done,
Is to correct your Drink and Diet,
And keep the inward Foe in Quiet;
So, if for any Sins of Our's,
Or our Forefathers, Higher Pow'rs,
Severe tho' just, afflict our Life
With that Prime Ill, a talking Wife;
'Till Death shall bring the kind Relief,
We must be Patient, or be Deaf.

You know, a certain Lady, Dick,
Who saw Me, when I last was sick:
She kindly talk'd, at least three Hours,
Of *Plastic* Forms, and *Mental* Pow'rs:
Describ'd our pre-existing Station,
Before this vile Terrene Creation:
And lest I should be weary'd, Madam,
To cut Things short, came down to Adam;
From whence, as fast as She was able,
She drowns the World, and builds up Babel;
Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece She goes;
And takes the Roman's in the Close.

But We'll descant on gen'ral Nature:
This is a *System*, not a Satyr.

Turn We this Globe; and let Us see,
How diff'rent Nations disagree,
In what We wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In Water as You smell and taste
The Soyls, thro' which it rose and past:
In Alma's Manners You may read
The Place, where She was born and bred.

One People from their swadling Bands
Releas'd their Infants Feet and Hands:
Here Alma to these Limbs was brought;
And Sparta's Offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their Babes to talk,
E'er they could yet in Goe-carts walk:

As

There

There ALMA ſettl'd in the Tongue;
And Orators from ATHENS ſprung.
Obſerve but in theſe Neighb'ring Lands,
The diff'rent Uſe of Mouths and Hands:
As Men repos'd their various Hopes,
In Battles Theſe, and Thoſe in Tropes.
In BRITAIN's Iſles, as HEYLYN notes,
The Ladies trip in Petticoats;
Which, for the Honor of their Nation,
They quit but on ſome great Occaſion.
Men there in Breeches clad You view:
They claim that Garment, as their due.
In TURKEY the Reverſe appears;
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears,
And greets His Wife with angry Speeches;
If She be ſeen without her Breeches.
In our Fantaſtic *Climes* the Fair
With cleanly Powder dry their Hair:
And round their lovely Breaſt and Head
Freſh Flow'rs their mingl'd Odors ſhed.
Your nicer HOTTENTOTES think meet
With Guts and Tripe to deck their Feet:
With down-caſt Looks on TOTTA's Legs,
The ogling Youth moſt humly begs,
She would not from his Hopes remove
At once his Breakfaſt, and his Love:
And if the ſkittiſh Nymyph ſhould fly;
He in a double Senſe muſt die.
We ſimple *Toaſters* take Delight
To ſee our Women's Teeth look white.
And ev'ry ſaucy ill-bred Fellow
Sneers at a Mouth profoundly yellow.
In CHINA none hold Women ſweet,
Except their Snags are black as Jet.
King CHIHU put Nine Queens to Death,
Convict on Statute, *Iv'ry Teeth.*
At TONQUIN if a Prince ſhould die;
(As Jeſuits write, who never lye)

The

The Wife, and Counſellor, and Prieſt,
Who ſerv'd Him moſt, and lov'd Him beſt,
Prepare, and light his funeral Fire,
And chearful on the Pile expire.
In *Europe* 'twould be hard to find
In each Degree One half ſo kind.

Now turn we to the fartheſt Eaſt,
And there obſerve the Gentry dreſt.
Prince *Giolo*, and his Royal Siſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely Bliſters;
The Marks remaining on the Skin,
To tell the Quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd Slaſhes deck the Great:
As each excells in Birth, or State;
His Oylet-holes are more, and ampler;
The King's own Body was a Sampler.
Happy the Climate where the *Beau*
Wears the ſame Suit for Uſe and Show:
And at a ſmall Expence your Wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for Life.

Weſtward again the *Indian* fair,
Is nicely ſmear'd with Fat of Bear.
Before you ſee, you ſmell your Toaſt,
And ſweeteſt ſhe, who ſtinks the moſt.
The fineſt Sparks, and cleaneſt *Beaux*
Drip from the Shoulders to the Toes.
How ſleek their Skins! their Joints how eaſy!
There Slovens only are not greaſy.

I mention'd different Ways of Breeding:
Begin we in our Children's Reading.
To Maſter *John* the *Engliſh* Maid
A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread:
And that the Child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the Letter.
Proceeding thus with vaſt Delight,
He ſpells and knaws from Left to Right,
But ſhew a *Hebrew*'s hopeful Son,
Where we ſuppoſe the Book begun;

The Child would thank You for your Kindness,
And read quite backward from our Vices.
Devour the Learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal Instance of this Matter,
Is in the Manners of a Daughter.
In *Europe*, if a harmless Maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should e'er a Wife become a Nurse;
Her Friends would look on Her the Worse.
In *China*, *Dampier*'s Travels tell Ye;
(Look in his Index for *Pagelli*:)
Soon as the *British* Ships unmoore,
And jolly Long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the Nobles of the Land:
Each brings his Daughter in his Hand,
Beseeching the Imperious Tar
To make Her but One Hour his Care.
The tender Mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear Daughter should be slighted:
And poor Miss *Yaya* dreads the Shame
Of going back the Maid She came.

Observe how Custom, Dirt, compells
The Lady that in *Europe* dwells
After her Tea she slips away,
And what to do, One need not say.
Now see how great *Edmonque*'s Queen
Behav'd Herself amongst the Men:
Pleas'd with her Punch, the Gallant Soul
First drank, then water'd in the Bowl;
And sprinkl'd in the Captain's Face
The Marks of Her Peculiar Grace.

To close this Point, We need not roam
For Instances so far from Home.
What parts gay *France* from sober *Spain*?
A little rising Rocky Chain.
Of Men born South or North o'th' Hill,
Those seldom move; Those never stand still.

Dick,

Dick, you love Maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from *Geneve*,
If the good *Pope* remains at Home,
He's the First Prince in *Christendome*.
Choose then, good *Pope*, at Home to stay;
Nor Westward curious take Thy Way.
Thy Way unhappy should'st Thou take
From *Tiber*'s Bank to *Leman*-Lake;
Thou art an Aged Priest no more,
But a Young flaring Painted Whore:
Thy Sex is lost; Thy Town is gone,
No longer *Rome*, but *Babylon*.
That some few Leagues should make this Change
To Men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
But need We, Friend, insist on This?
Since in the very *Canton*'s *Swiss*,
All Your Philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that One may be
A Heretic, or True Believer,
On this, or t'other Side a River.
Here with an artful Smile, quoth *Dick*,
Your Proofs come mighty full, and thick——
The Bard on this extensive Chapter,
Wound up into Poetic Rapture,
Continu'd: *Richard*, cast your Eye
By Night upon a Winter-Sky:
Cast it by Day-light on the Strand,
Which compasses fair *Albion*'s Land;
If You can count the Stars that glow
Above, or Sands that lie below;
Into those Common-places look,
Which from great Authors I have took;
And count the Proofs I have collected,
To have my Writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of Need;
And Thou may'st at thy Leasure read.
For standing every Critic's Rage,
I safely will to future Age

My *System*, as a Gift, bequeath
Victorious over Spight, and Death.

The Third CANTO.

RICHARD, who now was half a-sleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer Silence keep:
And Sense like this, in vocal Breath
Broke from his twofold Hedge of Teeth.
Now if this Phrase too harsh be thought;
Pope, tell the World, 'tis not my Fault.
Old *Homer* taught us thus to speak:
If 'tis not Sense; at least 'tis Greek.
As Folks, quoth *Richard*, prone to Leasing,
Say Things at first because they're pleasing;
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their Lie deserted;
'Till their own Dreams at length deceive 'em;
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.
Or as again those am'rous Blades,
Who trifle with their Mother's Maids;
Tho' at the first their wild Desire,
Was but to quench a present Fire;
Yet if the Object of their Love
Chance by *Lucina*'s Aid to prove;
They seldom let the Bantling roar
In Basket, at a Neighbour's Door:
But by the flatt'ring Glass of Nature,
Viewing themselves in *Cake-bread*'s Feature;
With serious Thought and Care support,
What only was begun in Sport.
Just so with You, my Friend, it fares,
Who deal in Philosophic Wares:
Atoms you cut; and Forms you measure,
To gratifie your private Pleasure;
'Till airy Seeds of casual Wit
Do some fantastic Birth beget:

And

And pleas'd to find your *System* mended,
Beyond what You at first intended,
The happy Whimsey You pursue;
'Till You at length believe it true,
Caught by your own delusive Art,
You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth, *Matthew*: Friend, as far as I
Thro' Art or Nature cast my Eye,
This *Axiom* clearly I discern,
That One must Teach, and t'Other Learn.
No Fool *Pythagoras* was thought:
Whilst He his weighty Doctrines taught;
He made his list'ning Scholars stand,
Their Mouth still cover'd with their Hand;
Else, may be, some odd-thinking Youth,
Less Friend to Doctrine than to Truth,
Might have refus'd to let his Ears
Attend the Musick of the Spheres;
Deny'd all *transmigrating* Scenes,
And introduc'd the Use of Beans.
From great *Lucretius* take His Void;
And all the World is quite destroy'd.
Deny *Des-cart* His subtil Matter;
You leave Him neither Fire nor Water.
How odly would Sir *Isaac* look,
If You, in Answer to his Book,
Say in the Front of your Discourse,
That Things have no *Elastic* Force?
How could our *Chymic* Friends go on,
To find the *Philosophic* Stone;
If You more pow'rful Reasons bring,
To prove that there is no such Thing?

Your Chiefs in Sciences and Arts,
Have great Contempt of *Alma*'s Parts.
They find, She giddy is, or dull;
She doubts, if Things are void, or full;
And who should be presum'd to tell,
What She Her self should see, or feel?

She doubts, if two and two make four;
Tho' She has told them ten times o'er.
It can't —— it may be —— and it muſt;
To which of theſe muſt *Alma* truſt?
Nay, further yet They make Her go,
In doubting, if She doubts, or no.
Can *Syllogiſm* ſet Things right?
No: *Majors* ſoon with *Minors* fight:
Or, Both in friendly Conſort join'd;
The *Conſequence* limps falſe behind.
So to ſome Cunning-Man She goes,
And asks of Him, how much She knows.
With Patience grave He hears Her ſpeak,
And from his ſhort Notes, gives Her back
What from her Tale He comprehended:
Thus the Diſpute is wiſely ended.
From the Account the Loſer brings,
The Conj'ror knows, who ſtole the Things.
'Squire (interrupted *Dick*) ſince when
Were You amongſt theſe Cunning-Men?
Dear *Dick*, quoth *Mat*, let not Thy Force
Of Eloquence ſpoil my Diſcourſe.
I tell Thee, this is *Alma*'s Caſe,
Still asking, what ſome Wiſe-man ſays,
Who does his Mind in Words reveal,
Which All muſt grant; tho' Few can ſpel,
You tell Your Doctor, that You're ill:
And what does He, but write a Bill,
Of which You need not read one Letter?
The worſe the Scrawl, the Doſe the better.
For if You knew but what You take;
Tho' You recover, He muſt break.
Ideas, *Forms*, and *Intellects*,
Have furniſh'd out three diff'rent Sects.
Subſtance, or *Accident* divides
All *Europe* into adverſe Sides.
Now, as engag'd in Arms or Laws,
You muſt have Friends to back your Cauſe;

In *Philosophic* Matters so
Your Judgment must with others go.
For as in Senates, so in Schools,
Majority of Voices rules.
Poor *Alma*, like a lonely Deer,
O'er Hills and Dales does doubtful err:
With panting Haste, and quick surprise,
From ev'ry Leaf that stirs, she flies;
'Till mingl'd with the neighb'ring Herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd:
And now, exempt from Doubt and Dread,
She dares pursue; if they dare lead:
As their Example still prevails;
She tempts the Stream, or leaps the Pales.
He then, quoth *Dick*, who by your Rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a Fool.
As Party-Man who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but *Whimsical* at Best.
Now, by your Favour, Master *Mat*,
Like *Ralpho*, here I smell a Rat.
I must be listed in your Sect;
Who, tho' they teach not, can protect.
Right, *Richard*, *Mat.* in Triumph cri'd;
So put off all Mistrust and Pride.
And while my Principles I beg;
Pray answer only with your Leg.
Believe what friendly I advise:
Be first secure; and then be wise.
The Man within the Coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than He that drives.
So, Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy Hair;
And I will pour into thy Ear
Remarks, which None did e'er disclose,
In smooth-pac'd Verse, or hobling Prose.
Attend, Dear *Dick*; but don't reply;
And thou may'st prove as Wise as I.

When *Alma* now in diff'rent Ages,
Has finish'd Her aſcending Stages;
Into the Head at length She gets,
And There in Public Grandeur ſits,
To judge of Things, and cenſure Wits.
Here, *Richard*, how could I explain,
The various Lab'rinths of the Brain?
Surpriſe My Readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *Cerebrum*, and *Cerebellum*?
How could I play the Commentator
On *Dura*, and on *Pia Mater*?
Where Hot and Cold, and Dry and Wet,
Strive each the t'other's Place to get;
And with inceſſant Toil and Strife,
Would keep Poſſeſſion during Life.
I could demonſtrate every Pore,
Where Mem'ry lays up all her Store;
And to an Inch compute the Station,
'Twixt Judgment, and Imagination.
O Friend! I could diſplay much Learning
At leaſt to Men of ſmall Diſcerning.
The Brain contains ten Thouſand Cells:
In each ſome active Fancy dwells;
Which always is at Work, and framing
The ſeveral Follies I was naming.
As in a Hive's viminious Dome,
Ten thouſand Bees enjoy their Home;
Each does her ſtudious Action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry:
Each ſtill renews her little Labor;
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous Neighbour:
Each ——— whilſt this *Theſis* I maintain;
I fancy, *Dick*, I know thy Brain.
O with the mighty *Theme* affected,
Could I but ſee thy Head diſſected!
My Head, quoth *Dick*, to ſerve your Whim?
Spare That, and take ſome other Limb.
Sir, in your nice Affairs of *Syſtem*,
Wiſe Men propoſe; but Fools aſſiſt 'em.

Says

Says *Matthew* & *Richard*, keep thy Head,
And hold thy Peace; and I'll proceed.
Proceed? quoth DICK: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far,
When People once are in the Wrong;
Each Line they add, is much too long.
Who fasteſt walks, but walks astray,
Is only furtheſt from his Way.
Bleſs your Conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſur'd, what You conceive;
And, for your Friendſhip, live and dye
A Papiſt in Philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever You maintain
Of ALMA in the Heart, or Brain;
The plaineſt Man alive may tell Ye,
Her Seat of Empire is the Belly:
From hence She ſends out thoſe Supplies,
Which make Us either ſtout, or wiſe:
The Strength of ev'ry other Member,
Is founded on your Belly-Timber:
The Qualms or Raptures of your Blood
Riſe in Proportion to your Food:
And if you would improve your Thought;
You muſt be fed as well as taught.
Your Stomach makes your Fabric roll;
Juſt as the Biaſs rules the Bowl,
That great ACHILLES might imploy
The Strength, deſign'd to ruin TROY;
He Din'd on Lion's Marrow, ſpread
On Toaſts of Ammunition-Bread:
But by His Mother ſent away,
Amongſt the THRACIAN Girls to play,
Effeminate He ſat, and quiet:
Strange Product of a Cheeſe-cake Diet!
Now give my Argument fair Play;
And take the Thing the t'other Way:
The Youngſter, who at Nine and Three
Drinks with his Siſters Milk and Tea,

From

From Break-fast reads, 'till twelve a Clock,
BURNET and HEYLYN, HOBBES and LOCK:
He pays due Visits after Noon
To Cousin ALICE, and Uncle JOHN:
At Ten from Coffee-House or Play
Returning, finishes the Day.
But give him Port, and potent Sack;
From *Milk-sop* He starts up *Mohack*:
Holds that the Happy know no Hours;
So thro' the Street at Midnight scow'rs:
Breaks Watch-men's Heads, and Chair-men's Glasses;
And thence proceeds to nicking Sashes:
Till by some tougher Hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led Home;
He damns the Foot-man, strikes the Maid,
And decently reels up to Bed.

Observe the various Operations
Of Food, and Drink in several Nations.
Was ever TARTAR fierce or cruel,
Upon the Strength of Water-Gruel?
But who shall stand His Rage and Force;
If first he rides, then eats his Horse?
Sallads, and Eggs, and lighter Fare
Tune the ITALIAN Spark's Guitar.
And, if I take *Dan* CONGREVE right;
Pudding and Beef make BRITONS fight.
TOKAY and COFFEE cause this Work,
Between the GERMAN and the TURK:
And Both, as They Provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and Thirst, or Guns and Swords,
Give the same Death in different Words.
To push this Argument no further;
To starve a Man, in Law, is Murther.

As in a WATCH's fine Machine,
Tho' many artful Springs are seen;
The added Movements, which declare,
How full the Moon, how old the Year,

Deriv

Derive their ſecondary Pow'r
From that, which ſimply points the Hour.
For, tho' theſe Gim-cracks were away;
(*Quare* would not ſwear; but *Quare* would ſay)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The Watch would ſtill a Watch remain:
But if the *Horal* Orbite ceaſes;
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was;
And You may e'en go ſell the Caſe.
So if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The Goings of this Clock-work, Man;
You find a hundred Movements made.
By fine Devices in his Head:
But 'tis the Stomach's ſolid Stroke,
That tells his Being, what's a Clock.
If You take off his *Rhet'ric*-Trigger;
He talks no more in Mood and Figure:
Or clog his *Mathematic*-Wheel;
His Buildings fall; his Ship ſtands ſtill.
Or laſtly, break his *Politic*-Weight;
His Voice no longer rules the State.
Yet if theſe finer Whims were gone;
Your Clock, tho' plain, would ſtill go on:
But ſpoil the Engine of Digeſtion;
And you entirely change the Queſtion.
Alma's Affairs no Pow'r can mend;
The Jeſt, alas! is at an End:
Soon ceaſes all this worldly Buſtle;
And you conſign the Corps to *Ruſſel*.
Now make your *Alma* come or go,
From Leg to Hand, from Top to Toe;
Your *Syſtem*, without My Addition,
Is in a very ſad Condition.
So *Harlequin* extol'd his Horſe,
Fit for the War, or Road, or Courſe:
His Mouth was ſoft: his Eye was good;
His Foot was ſure as ever trod:

One

One Fault he had, a Fault indeed;
And what was that? The Horſe was Dead.

DICK, from theſe Inſtances and Fetches,
Thou mak'ſt of Horſes, Clocks, and Watches,
Quoth MAT, to Me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That ALMA is a mere *Machine*;
That telling others what's a Clock,
She knows not what Her ſelf has ſtruck;
But leaves to Standers-by the Tryal,
Of what is mark'd upon her Dial.

Here hold a Blow, good Friend, quoth DICK,
And rais'd his Voice exceeding quick:
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't You infer. In Argument,
Similies are like Songs in Love:
They much deſcribe; they nothing prove.

MAT, who was here a little gravel'd,
Toſt up his Noſe, and would have cavil'd:
But calling HERMES to his Aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus He ſaid:

Where mind ('tis for the Author's Fame)
That *Matthew* call'd, and HERMES came.
In Danger Heroes, and in Doubt
Poets find Gods to help 'em out.

Friend *Richard*, I begin to ſee,
That You and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how odly you behave:
The more I grant, the more You crave.
But, Comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and You allow.
We *Syſtem*-makers can ſuſtain
The *Theſis*, which, You grant, was plain;

And

And with Remarks and Comments teaze Ye;
In caſe the Thing before was eaſy.
But in a Point obſcure and dark,
We fight as *Leibnits* did with *Clark*;
And when no Reaſon we can ſhow,
Why Matters This or That Way go;
The ſhorteſt Way the Thing We try,
And what We know not, We deny:
True to our own o'erbearing Pride,
And falſe to all the World beſide.

That old Philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what Motion was:
Becauſe He walk'd againſt his Will;
He fac'd Men down, that He ſtood ſtill.
And He who reading on the Heart,
(When all his *Quodlibets* of Art
Could not expound it's Pulſe and Heat)
Swore, He had never felt it beat.
Chryſippus, foil'd by *Epicurus*,
Makes bold (Jove bleſs Him!) to aſſure Us,
That all things, which our Mind can view,
May be at once both falſe, and true.
And *Malbranch* has an odd Conceit,
As ever enter'd *Frenchman's* Pate:
Says He, ſo little can our Mind
Of Matter, or of Spirit find,
That We by Gueſs, at leaſt, may gather
Something, which may be Both, or Neither.
Faith, *Dick*, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
(But this is only *Entre Nous*)
That many knotty Points there are,
Which All diſcuſs, but Few can clear:
As Nature ſlily had thought fit,
For ſome by-Ends, to croſs-bite Wit.
Circles to ſquare, and Cubes to double,
Would give a Man exceſſive Trouble;

The

The Longitude uncertain roams,
In spight of Wh———, and his Bombs.
What *System*, Dick, has right averr'd
The Cause, why Woman has no Beard;
Or why, as Years our Frame attack,
Our Hair grows White, our Teeth grow black?
In Points like These We must agree,
Our Barber knows as much as We.
Yet still unable to explain,
We must persist the best We can;
With Care our *Systems* still renew,
And prove Things likely, tho' not true.
I could, Thou see'st, in quaint Dispute,
By dint of *Logic* strike Thee mute;
With learned Skill, now push, now parry,
From *Darii* to *Bocardo* vary,
And never yield, or what is worst,
Never conclude the Point discours'd.
Yet, that You *hic & nunc* may know,
How much You to my Candor owe;
I'll from the Disputant descend,
To show Thee, I assume the Friend:
I'll take Thy Notion for my own———
(So most Philosophers have done)
It makes my *System* more complete:
Dick, can it have a Nobler Fate?
Take what Thou wilt, said Dick, Dear Friend;
But bring thy Matters to an End.
I find, quoth Mat, Reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wisheſt, I should make to Shoar;
Yet still put'st in Thy thwarting Oar,
What I have told Thee fifty times
In Prose, receive for once in Rhimes:
A huge fat Man in Countrey-Fair,
Or City-Church, (no matter where)
Labor'd and push'd amidst the Croud,
Still bauling out extremely loud;

Lord

Lord save us! why do People press?
Another marking his Distress,
Friendly reply'd; Plump Gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can:
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very Croud you blame.

Says *Dick*, your Moral does not need
The least Return; so e'en proceed:
Your Tale, howe'er apply'd, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't.

Mat. took his Thanks, and in a Tone
More Magisterial, thus went on.

Now *Alma* settles in the Head;
As has before been sung, or said:
And here begins this Farce of Life:
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife:
Behold on both sides Men advance,
To form in Earnest *Bays*'s Dance.
L'*Avare* not using half his Store,
Still grumbles, that he has no more;
Strikes not the present Tun, for fear
The Vintage should be bad next Year:
And eats To-day with inward sorrow,
And Dread of fancy'd Want To-morrow.
Abroad if the *Sour-tout* You wear,
Repells the Rigor of the Air;
Would You be warmer, if at Home
You had the Fabric, and the Loom?
And if two Boots keep out the Weather;
What need you have two Hides of Leather?
Could *Pedro*, think you, make no Tryal
Of a *Sonata* on his Viol,
Unless he had the total Gut,
Whence every String at first was cut?

When *Rarus* shows you his Carton;
He always tells you, with a Groan,
Where two of that same Hand were torn,
Long before you, or he were born.

Poor

Poor *Vento*'s Mind so much is croſt,
For Part of His *Petronius* loſt;
That he can never take the Pains
To underſtand what yet remains.
What Toil did honeſt *Curio* take?
What ſtrict Enquiries did He make,
To get one Medel wanting yet,
And perfect all his *Roman* Sett?
'Tis found: and O his happy Lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of theſe no more You hear him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the *Greek*.
Theſe rang'd and ſhow'd, ſhall in their Turns
Remain obſcure, as in their Urns.
My Copper-Lamps at any Rate,
For being true Antique, I bought;
Yet wiſely melted down my Plate,
On Modern Models to be wrought.
And Trifles I alike perſue;
Becauſe they're Old; becauſe they're New.
Dick, I have ſeen you with Delight,
For *Georgy* make a Paper Kite.
And ſimple Odes too many ſhow ye,
My ſervile Complaiſance to *Cloe*.
Parents and Lovers are decreed
By Nature Fools —— That's brave indeed!
Quoth *Dick*: ſuch Truths are worth receiving:
Yet ſtill *Dick* look'd, as not believing.
Now, *Alma*, to Divines and Proſe
I leave thy Frauds, and Crimes, and Woes:
Nor think to Night of thy ill Nature,
But of thy Follies, idle Creature,
The Turns of thy uncertain Wing,
And not the Malice of Thy Sting:
Thy Pride of being great and wiſe,
I do but mention to deſpiſe.
I view with Anger and Diſdain,
How little gives Thee Joy, or Pain,

A Print, a *Bronze*, a Flow'r, a Root,
A Shell, a Butter-fly can do't.
Ev'n a Romance, a Tune, a Rhime
Help Thee to paſs the tedious Time,
Which elſe would on thy Hand remain:
Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again.
And Cards are dealt, and Cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the Pain of Coward-Thought.
Happy Reſult of Human VVit!
That *Alma* may Her ſelf forget.
Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toſs'd by Hope, or ſunk by Care.
With endleſs Pain This Man purſues
What, if he gain'd, He could not uſe:
And T'other fondly Hopes to ſee
What never was, nor e'er ſhall be.
We err by Uſe, go wrong by Rules;
In Geſture grave, in Action Fools:
We join Hypocriſie to Pride,
Doubling the Faults, We ſtrive to hide.
Or grant, that with extreme Surprize,
We find our ſelves at Sixty wiſe;
And twenty pretty Things are known,
Of which we can't accompliſh One;
Whilſt, as my *Syſtem* ſays, the Mind
Is to theſe upper-Rooms confin'd:
Should I, my Friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd Senſe, her fond Conceit;
The Bede-roll of her vicious Tricks;
My Poem would be too prolix.
For could I my Remarks ſuſtain,
Like *Socrates*, or *Miles Montaigne*:
Who in theſe Times would read my Books,
But *Tom o' Stiles*, or *John o' Nokes*?
As *Brentford* Kings diſcrete and wiſe,
After long Thought and grave Advice,
Into *Lardellia*'s Coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cauſe their Mirth or Weeping:

So *Alma* now to Joy or Grief
Superior, finds her late Relief:
Weary'd of being High, or Great,
And nodding in her Chair of State;
Stun'd and worn out with endless Chat,
Of *Will* did this, and *Nan* said that;
She finds, poor Thing, some little Crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make;
Thro' which She wings her destin'd Way:
Upward She soars; and down drops Clay:
While some surviving Friend supplies
Hic Jacet, and a hundred Lies.

O *Richard*, 'till that Day appears,
Which must decide our Hopes and Fears:
Would *Fortune* calm her present Rage,
And give us Play-things for our Age:
Would *Clotho* wash her Hands in Milk,
And twist our Thread with Gold and Silk:
Would She in Friendship, Peace, and Plenty,
Spin out our Years to four times Twenty:
And should We both in this Condition,
Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition;
(Else those two Passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy Play:)
Then *Richard*, then should We sit down,
Far from the Tumult of this Town:
I fond of my well-chosen Seat,
My Pictures, Medals, Books compleat:
Or should We mix our friendly Talk,
O'er-shaded in that Fav'rite Walk,
Which Thy own Hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought We wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then one cross Reflection
Would spoil Thy Grove, and My Collection:
Thy Son and his, e'er that, may die;
And Time some uncouth Heir supply;
Who shall for nothing else be known,
But spoiling All, that Thou hast done.

Who ſet the Twigs, ſhall He remember,
That is in Haſt to fell the Timber?
And what ſhall of thy Woods remain,
Except the Box that threw the Main?
Nay may not Time and Death remove
The near Relations, whom I love?
And my Coz *Tom*, or his Coz *Mary*
(Who hold the Plough or skim the Dairy)
My Fav'rite Books and Pictures ſell
To *Smart*, or *Doiley* by the Ell?
Kindly throw in a little Figure,
And ſet their Price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read their Grammar;
When my dear Volumes touch the Hammer;
May think Books beſt, as richeſt bound.
My Copper Medals by the Pound
May be with learned Juſtice weigh'd;
To turn the Ballance, *Otho*'s Head
May be thrown in; And for the Mettle,
The Coin may mend a Tinker's Kettle——
Tir'd with theſe Thoughts——Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth *Dick*, with Your Philoſophy——
That People live and dye, I knew
An hour ago, as well as You.
And if Fate ſpins Us longer Years,
Or is in haſte to take the Shears;
I know, We muſt Both Fortunes try,
And bear our Evils, wet or dry.
Yet let the Goddeſs ſmile or frown;
Bread We ſhall eat, or White, or brown;
And in a Cottage, or a Court,
Drink fine *Champaigne*, or muddl'd *Port*.
What need of Books theſe Truths to tell,
Which Folks perceive, who cannot ſpell?
And muſt We Spectacles apply,
To view, what hurts our naked Eye?
Sir, if it be Your Wiſdom's Aim,
To make Me merrier than I am;

I'll be all Night at Your Devotion——
Come on, Friend; broach the pleasing Notion;
But if You would depress my Thought;
Your *System* is not worth a Groat——
For *Plato*'s Fancies what care I?
I hope You would not have me die,
Like simple *Cato* in the Play,
For any Thing that He can say?
E'en let Him of *Ideas* speak
To Heathens in his Native *Greek*,
If to be sad is to be wise;
I do most heartily despise
Whatever *Socrates* has said,
Or *Tully* writ, or *Wanley* read.
Dear *Drift*, to set our Matters right,
Remove these Papers from my Sight;
Burn *Mat*'s *Des-Cart*, and *Aristotle*:
Here, *Jonathan*, Your Master's Bottle.

SOLO

SOLOMON
ON THE
VANITY
OF THE
WORLD.
A
POEM,
In THREE BOOKS.

Ὁ Βίος γάρ ὄνομ' ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πέλει. Eurip.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, & in cunis vagiam, valdè recusem. Cicero de Senect.

The *bewailing of Man's Miseries* hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by Many, in the Writings as well of Philosophers, as Divines. And it is both a pleasant and a profitable Contemplation.

Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

IT is hard for a Man to speak of himself with any tolerable Satisfaction or Success: He can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a Satyr made on him by another; and though He may justly desire, that a Friend should praise him; yet if he makes his own Panegyric, He will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own Writings. An Author is in the Condition of a Culprit: the Public are his Judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, He may injure his own Cause, and become a kind of Felo de se; and by Pleading and Asserting too boldly, He may displease the Court that sits upon him: His Apology may only heighten his Accusation. I would avoid these Extreams: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the Reader with a long Preface, before he enters upon an indifferent Poem; I would say something to perswade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The Noble Images and Reflections, the profound Reasonings upon Human Actions, and excellent Precepts for the Government of Life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other Books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford Subjects for finer Poems in every Kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any Modern Language: How far They were Verse in their Original, is a Dissertation not to be entred into at present.

Out of this great Treasure, which lies heaped up together, in a confused Magnificence, above all Order, I had a Mind to col-

lect

lect and digeſt ſuch Obſervations, and Apophthegms, as moſt particularly tend to the Proof of that great Aſſertion, laid down in the beginning of the Eccleſiaſtes, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the Subject thus choſen, ſuch various Images preſent themſelves to a Writer's Mind, that he muſt find it eaſier to judge, what ſhould be rejected, than what ought to be received: The Difficulty lies in Drawing, and diſpoſing; or (as the Painters term it) in grouping *ſuch a Multitude of different Objects, preſerving ſtill the Juſtice and Conformity of Style and Coloring, the* Simplex duntaxat & unum, *which* Horace *preſcribes, as requiſite to make the whole Picture beautiful and perfect.*

As Precept, however true in Theory, or uſeful in Practice, would be but dry and tedious in Verſe, eſpecially if the Recital be long; I found it neceſſary to form ſome Story, and give a kind of Body to the Poem. Under what Species it may be comprehended, whether Didaſcalic, *or* Heroic, *I leave to the Judgment of the Critics; deſiring them to be favourable in their Cenſure; and not ſollicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.*

The chief Perſonage or Character in the Epic, *is always proportioned to the Deſign of the Work, to carry on the Narration, and the Moral.* Homer *intended to ſhew us in his* Iliad, *that Diſſentions amongſt great Men obſtruct the Execution of the nobleſt Enterprizes, and tend to the Ruin of a State or Kingdom. His* Achilles *therefore is haughty, and paſſionate, impatient of any Reſtraint by Laws, and arrogant in Arms. In his* Odyſſes *the ſame Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardeſt Difficulties may be overcome by Labor, and our Fortune reſtored after the ſevereſt Afflictions.* Ulyſſes *therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient.* Virgil's *Deſign was to tell us, how from a ſmall Colony eſtabliſhed by the* Trojans *in* Italy, *the* Roman *Empire roſe, and from what Ancient Families* Auguſtus (*who was his Prince and Patron*) *deſcended. His Hero therefore was to fight his way to the Throne, ſtill diſtinguiſh'd and protected by the Favor of the Gods. The Poet to this End takes off from the Vices of* Achilles, *and adds to the Virtues of* Ulyſſes; *from both perfecting a Character proper for his Work in the perſon of* Æneas.

As Virgil *copy'd after* Homer, *other* Epic *Poets have copied after them both.* Taſſo's Gieruſalemme Liberate *is*

di-

directly Troy Town *Sacked*; *with this Difference only, that the two chief Characters in* Homer, *which the* Latin *Poet had joined in One, the* Italian *has ſeparated in his* Godfrey *and* Rinaldo: *but he makes them both carry on his Work with very great Succeſs.* Ronſard's Franciade, (*incomparably good as far as it goes*) *is again* Virgil's Æneis. *His Hero comes from a Foreign Country, ſettles a Colony, and lays the Foundation of a future Empire. I inſtance in theſe, as the greateſt* Italian *and* French *Poets in the* Epic. *In our Language* Spenſer *has not contented himſelf with this ſubmiſſive Manner of Imitation: He lanches out into very flowery Paths, which ſtill ſeem to conduct him into one great Road. His* Fairy Queen (*had it been finiſhed*) *muſt have ended in the Account, which every Knight was to give of his Adventures, and in the accumulated Praiſes of his Heroine* Gloriana. *The Whole would have been an* Heroic *Poem, but in another Caſt and Figure, than any that had ever been written before: Yet it is obſervable, that every Hero (as far as we can judge by the Books ſtill remaining) bears his diſtinguiſhed Character, and repreſents ſome particular Virtue conducive to the whole Deſign.*

To bring this to our preſent Subject: The pleaſures of Life do not compenſate the Miſeries: Age ſteals upon Us unawares; and Death, as the only Cure of our Ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This Inſtruction is to be illuſtrated by the Action of ſome great perſon. Who therefore more proper for the Buſineſs than Solomon *himſelf? And why may He not be ſuppoſed now to repeat what, We take it for granted, He acted almoſt three thouſand Years ſince? If in the fair Situation where this Prince was placed, He was acquainted with Sorrow; If endowed with the greateſt perfections of Nature, and poſſeſs'd of all the Advantages of external Condition, He could not find Happineſs; the reſt of Mankind may ſafely take the Monarch's Word for the Truth of what He aſſerts. And the Author who would perſwade, that We ſhould bear the Ills of Life patiently, meerly becauſe* Solomon *felt the ſame, has a better Argument, than* Lucretius *had, when in his imperious way, He at once convinces and commands, that We ought to ſubmit to Death without repining, becauſe* Epicurus *died.*

The

The whole Poem is a Soliloquy: Solomon *is the Perſon that ſpeaks: He is at once the Hero and the Author; but He tells Us very often what others ſay to Him. Thoſe chiefly introduced are his Rabbies and Philoſophers in the Firſt Book, and his Women and their Attendants in the Second: With Theſe the Sacred Hiſtory mention Him to have converſed; as likewiſe with the Angel brought down in the Third Book, to help Him out of His Difficulties, or at leaſt to teach Him how to overcome them.*

Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus.

I preſume this Poetical Liberty may be very juſtly allowed Me on ſo ſolemn an Occaſion.

In my Deſcription I have endeavoured to keep to the Notions and Manners of the Jewiſh *Nation, at the time when* Solomon *liv'd: And where I allude to the Cuſtoms of the* Greeks, *I believe I may be juſtified by the ſtricteſt* Chronology; *though a Poet is not obliged to the Rules, that confine an Hiſtorian.* Virgil *has anticipated Two hundred Years; or the* Trojan *Hero and* Carthaginian *Queen could not have been brought together: And without the ſame* Anachroniſm *ſeveral of the fineſt Parts of his* Æneis *muſt have been omitted. Our Countryman* Milton *goes yet further. He takes up many of his Material Images ſome Thouſands of Years after the Fall of Man: Nor could He otherwiſe have written, or we read one of the ſublimeſt Pieces of Invention that was ever yet produced. This likewiſe takes off the Objection, that ſome Names of Countries, Terms of Art, and Notions in Natural Philoſophy are otherwiſe expreſſed, than can be warranted by the* Geography *or* Aſtronomy *of* Solomon's *Time. Poets are allow'd the ſame Liberty in their Deſcriptions and Compariſons, as Painters in their Draperies and Ornaments: Their Perſonages may be dreſs'd, not exactly in the ſame Habits which they wore, but in ſuch as make them appear moſt graceful. In this caſe Probability muſt attone for the want of Truth. This Liberty has indeed been abuſed by Eminent Maſters in either Science.* Raphael *and* Taſſo *have ſhewed their Diſcretion, where* Paul Veroneſe *and* Arioſto *are to anſwer for their Extravagancies. It is the Exceſs, not the Thing it ſelf, that is blameable.*

I

PREFACE.

I would say one Word of the Measure, in which This, and most Poems of the Age are written. Heroic *with continued Rhime, as* Donne *and his Contemporaries used it, carrying the Sense of one Verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near Prose. As* Davenant *and* Waller *corrected, and* Dryden *perfected it; It is too Confined: It cuts off the Sense at the end of every first Line, which must always rhime to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an Identity in the Sound, and brings every Couplet to the Point of an Epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the Sentiments, and represent the Images proper for* Epic. *And as it tires the Writer, while he composes, it must do the same to the Reader while he repeats; especially in a Poem of any considerable length.*

If striking out into Blank Verse, *as* Milton *did (and in this kind Mr.* Philipps, *had He lived, would have excelled) or running the Thought into* Alternate *and* Stanza, *which allows a greater Variety, and still preserves the Dignity of the Verse; as* Spenser *and* Fairfax *have done; If either of these, I say, be a proper Remedy for my Poetical Complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better Informed; without presuming to direct the Judgment of Others. And while I am speaking of the Verse it self, I give all just Praise to many of my Friends now living; who have in* Epic *carried the Harmony of their Numbers as far, as the Nature of this Measure will permit. But once more; He that writes in Rhimes, dances in Fetters: And as his Chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger Steps.*

I need make no Apology for the short Digressive Panegyric *upon* Great Britain, *in the First Book: I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my Verses a Zeal for the Honor of my Country: and I had rather be thought a good* English-man, *than the best Poet, or greatest Scholar that ever Wrote.*

And now, as to the publishing of this Piece, though I have in a literal Sense observed Horace's Nonum prematur in Annum; *yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetical Law-giver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed*

been

been written and laid aside much longer than the Term prescribed: but in the mean time I had little Leisure, and less Inclination to revise or print it. The frequent Interruptions I have met with in my private Studies, and great Variety of public Life, in which I have been imployed; my Thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in Foreign Language, and even formed by a Habitude very different from what the Beauty and Elegance of English Poetry *requires: All These, and some other Circumstances, which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my Excuse in this Behalf very plausible. For indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these Papers in my* Scritoire, *there to lie in peace, 'till my Executors might have taken Them out. What altered this Design; or how my* Scritoire *came to be unlocked before my Coffin was nailed; is the Question. The true Reason I take to be the best: Many of my Friends of the first Quality, finest Learning, and greatest Understanding, have wrested the Key from my Hands by a very kind and irresistible Violence: And the Poem is published, not without my Consent indeed, but a little against my Opinion; and with an implicite Submission to the partiality of Their Judgment. As I give up here the Fruits of many of my vacant Hours to Their Amusement and Pleasure; I shall always think my self happy, if I may dedicate my most serious Endeavours to Their Interest and Service. And I am proud to finish this Preface by saying, that the Violence of many Enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed, by the Goodness of more Friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the Liberty of mentioning My Lord* Harley *and Lord* Bathurst *as the Authors of this Amicable Confederacy; among All Those, whose Names do me great Honor in the beginning of my Book: These Two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive Order, whilst I make even this small Acknowledgment of their particular Kindness.*

KNOWLEDGE,

THE

FIRST BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Solomon *seeking Happineſs from Knowledge, convenes the learned Men of his Kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; diſcourſes of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; propoſes ſome Queſtions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the* Syſtem *of the viſible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of Worlds; enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully inform'd, as to the Attributes of the Supreme* Being. *He is imperfectly anſwered by the* Rabbins, *and Doctors; blames His own Curioſity; and concludes, that as to Human Science,* All is Vanity.

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this Book.*

The Words of the Preacher, the Son of *David*, King of *Jeruſalem*. *Eccleſiaſtes*, Chap I. Verſ. 1.

Vanity of Vanities, ſaith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity, Verſ. 2

I communed with mine own Heart, ſaying, lo, I am come to great Eſtate, and have gotten more VViſdom, than all they that have been before me in *Jeruſalem*; Yea my Heart had great Experience of *Wiſdom* and *Knowlege*, v. 16.

He ſpake of Trees, from the *Cedar*-tree that is in *Lebanon*, even unto the *Hyſſop* that ſpringeth out of the VVall: he ſpake alſo of Beaſts, and of Fowl, and of creeping Things, and of Fiſhes. 1 *Kings*, Chap. IV. Verſ. 33.

I know, that whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before him: *Eccleſiaſtes*, Chap. III. Verſ. 14.

He hath made every *thing* beautiful in his time: Alſo he hath ſet the World in their Heart, ſo that no Man can find out the VVork that God maketh from the beginning to the end. Verſ. 11.

For in much VViſdom is much Grief: and he that increaſeth Knowlege, increaſeth Sorrow. Ch. I. V. 18.

And further, by theſe, my Son, be admoniſhed: of making many Books there is no End; and much Study is a wearineſs of the Fleſh. Chap. XII. Verſ. 12.

KNOW,

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

YE Sons of Men. with juſt Regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious *Muſe* inſpires Him to explain,
That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain.
That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End,
That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Paſſions, Labors, Tumults, Cares;
And at Approach of Death ſhall only know
The Truths, which from theſe penſive Numbers flow,
That We purſue falſe Joy, and ſuffer real Woe,
Happineſs, Object of that waking Dream,
Which we call Life, miſtaking; Fugitive Theme
Of my purſuing Verſe, Ideal Shade,
Notional Good, by Fancy only made,
And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
Whoſe dancing Beams miſ-lead our fond Deſire,
Cauſe of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
O! had'ſt Thou ever been by Heav'n deſign'd
To *Adam*, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
Entire, had been reſerv'd for *Solomon*:
On Me the partial Lot had been beſtow'd;
And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made;
E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
That Joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This, ſad Experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.
Born as I was, great *David*'s fav'rite Son,
Dear to my People, on the *Hebrew* Throne
Sublime, my Court with *Ophir*'s Treaſures bleſt;
My Name extended to the fartheſt Eaſt,
My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace,
Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,
My ſhining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment ſound.
Ariſe (I commun'd with my ſelf) ariſe;
Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wiſe:
Content of Spirit muſt from Science flow;
For 'tis a God-like Attribute, to Know.
I ſaid; and ſent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* ſtand,
Hiſtoric Leaves revolve, long Volumes ſpread,
The Old diſcourſing, as the Younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and ſaid;
The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree
I am allow'd, as *Fame* reports, to know,
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of *Lebanon* nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping *Moſs*, and *Hyſſop* on the Wall:
Yet juſt and conſcious to my ſelf, I find
A thouſand Doubts oppoſe the ſearching Mind.
I know not why the *Beech* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
Whilſt tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* forms ariſe,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:
Nor why again the changing *Oak* ſhould ſhed
The Yearly Honour of his ſtately Head;

Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd *Yew* is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
Why does the *Cypreſs* flouriſh in the Shade?
The *Fig* and *Date* why love they to remain
In middle Station, and an even Plain;
While in the lower Marſh the *Gourd* is found;
And while the Hill with *Olive*-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
The bluſhing *Poppy* with a crimſon Hue;
Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
Why does the fond *Carnation* love to ſhoot
A various Colour from one Parent Root;
While the fantaſtic *Tulip* ſtrives to break
In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?
The twining *Jaſmine*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*,
With laviſh Grace their Morning Scents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling *Tub'roſe* and *Junquele* declare,
The ſtronger Impulſe of an Evening Air.
Whence has the Tree (reſolve me) or the Flow'r
A various Inſtinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?
Why ſhould one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
Raiſe this to Strength, and ſicken that to Death?
Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Senſitive*, ſhould move and Feel?
Whence know her Leaves to anſwer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the neighb'ring Hand?
Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thouſand Stalks their various Bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
The *Cowſlip* ſmiles, in brighter Yellow dreſs'd,
Than that which veils the nubile Virgin's Breaſt.
A fairer Red ſtands bluſhing in the *Roſe*,
Than that which on the Bridegroom's Veſtment flows.

Take but the humbleſt *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reaſon yeild,
It muſt by ſure Compariſon be ſhown,
That on the Regal Seat great *David's* Son,
Aray'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with leſs Glory, than that ſimple Flow'r.
Of Fiſhes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
How the mute Race engender, or reſpire;
From the ſmall Fry that glide on *Jordan's* Stream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a Name,
To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempeſt plays.
How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
To Southern Climes directing their Career,
Their Station changing with th'inverted Year,
How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd.
To chuſe their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.
Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
Proper Materials for her Neſt can find;
And build a Frame, which deepeſt Thought in Man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in ſmall Flights They know to try their Young,
And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
Why theſe frequent the Plain, and thoſe the Wood.
Why ev'ry Land has her ſpecifie Brood.
Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,
Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:
If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
Or conſcious of the coming Evil, fly
To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.
Of Beaſts and creeping Inſects ſhall we trace
The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;
Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell

Tell me, Ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into Nature's Bosom, whence the Bee
Was first inform'd her ventrous Flight to steer
Thro' trackless Paths, and an Abyss of Air.
Whence She avoids the slimy Marsh, and knows
The fertile Hills, where sweeter Herbage grows,
And Hony-making Flowrs their opening Buds disclose.
How from the thicken'd Mist, and setting Sun
Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?
Who taught Her against Winds and Rains to strive,
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
And thro' the liquid Fields again to pass
Dutious, and harkning to the sounding Brass?

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the Ant
'Midst Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Wants
By constant Journeys careful to prepare
Her Stores; and bringing home the Corny Ear,
By what Instruction does She bite the Grain,
Lest hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
It might elude the Forefight of her Care?
Distinct in either Insects Deed appear
The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
On the Young *Gnat*; or new-engender'd *Fly*;
On the vile *Worm*, that Yesterday began
To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!
Like Thee they breath, they move, they taste, they see,
They show their Passions by their Acts like Thee:
Darting their Stings, they previously declare
Design'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
Each then has Organs to digest his Food,
One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood and Heart, and Brain,
Life, and her proper Functions to sustain;
Tho' the whole Fabric smaller than a Grain.

What more can our penurious Reaſon grant
To the large *Whale*, or Caſtled *Elephant*,
To thoſe enormous Terrors of the *Nile*,
The creſted *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
Than that all differ but in ſhape and Name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs, or larger Frame?
For potent Nature loves a various Act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract:
Now forms her Work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the Meaſures of our feeble Senſe.
The Object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies it's real Image to the Eye:
Too little, it eludes the dazl'd Sight;
Becomes mixt Blackneſs, or unparted Light.
Water and Air the varied Form confound;
The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round
Thus while with fruitleſs Hope, and weary Pain,
We ſeek great Nature's Pow'r, but ſeek in vain;
Safe ſits the Goddeſs in her dark Retreat;
Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
And endleſs Shapes, which the Myſterious Queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:
As from our loſt Purſuit She wills to hide
Her cloſe Decrees, and chaſten human Pride.
Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* ſtill remains:
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains:
For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
He ſeeks his Keeper's Fleſh, and thirſts his Blood:
While the ſtrong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horſe*,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
Do to the Rider's Will their Rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the Spur, and own the Bit;
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.
Again: the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
On ſecret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud;

Now

Now haunts the Cliff, now traverſes the Lawn;
And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man:
While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
Likeſt that *Fox* in ſhape and Species found,
Refuſes thro' theſe Cliffs and Lawns to roam;
Purſues the noted Path, and covets home;
Does with kind Joy Domeſtic Faces meet;
Takes what the glutted Child denies to eat;
And dying, licks his long-lov'd Maſter's Feet.

By what immediate Cauſe They are inclin'd,
In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their Principles, and our's agree.
Evil like Us they ſhun, and covet Good;
Abhor the Poiſon, and receive the Food.
Like Us they love or hate: like Us they know,
To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.
With ſeeming Thought their Action they intend,
And uſe the Means proportion'd to the End.
Then vainly the Philoſopher avers,
That Reaſon guides our Deed, and Inſtinct their's.
How can We juſtly diff'rent Cauſes frame,
When the Effects entirely are the ſame?
Inſtinct and Reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the Fool's Ignorance, and the Pedant's Pride.

With the ſame Folly ſure, Man vaunts his Sway;
If the brute Beaſt refuſes to Obey.
For teſt me, when the empty Boaſter's Word
Proclaims himſelf the Univerſal Lord;
Does he not tremble, leſt the *Lion's* Paw
Should join his Plea againſt the fancy'd Law?
Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair;
If in the Schools or Porches ſhould appear
The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear*?

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
When the ſwift Veſſel flies before the Wind;
Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.

And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing;
Forward she strives, averse to be with-held
From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.
Consider with me this Ætherial Space,
Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place,
Anxious I ask Ye, how the Pensile Ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run;
I doubt of many Lands, if they contain
Or Herd of Beast, or Colony of Man:
If any Nations pass their destin'd Days
Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays;
If any suffer on the Polar Coast,
The Rage of *Arctos*, and eternal Frost.
May not the Pleasure of Omnipotence
To each of these some secret Good dispence?
Those who amidst the Torrid Regions live,
May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirsty Earth,
And bless the flow'ry Buds succeeding Birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
While by fix'd Laws, and with a just Return,
They feel twelve Hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
And praise the neighb'ring Sun, whose constant Flame
Enlightens them with Seasons still the same?
And may not Those, whose distant Lot is cast
North beyond *Tartary*'s extended Waste,
Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
Six shining Months pursue their even Way;
And Six succeeding urge their dusky Flight,
Obscur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night;
May not, I ask, the Natives of these Climes
(As Annals may inform succeeding Times)
To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
Their one Vicissitude, and equal Share
Of Day and Night, disparted thro' the Year?

May they not from our Sun's repeated Race,
To narrow Bounds prescrib'd, and little Space,
Hast'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
Half of our daily Toil yet scarcely done?
May they not justly to our Climes upbraid
Shortness of Night, and Penury of Shade;
That e'er our weary'd Limbs are justly blest
With wholsome Sleep, and necessary Rest;
Another Sun demands return of Care,
The remnant Toil of Yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar Beams salute their Sight,
Bold and secure in half a Year of Light,
Uninterrupted Voyages they take
To the remotest Wood, and farthest Lake;
Manage the Fishing, and pursue the Course
With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force,
And when declining Day forsakes their Sky;
When gath'ring Clouds speak gloomy Winter nigh;
With Plenty for the coming Season blest,
Six solid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
From all the Labor, Process, Clamor, Woe,
Which our sad Scenes of daily Action know:
They light the shining Lamp, prepare the Feast,
And with full Mirth receive the welcome Guest;
Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning Fair;
And rais'd in Pleasure, or repos'd in Ease
(Grateful Alternates of substantial Peace)
They bless the long Nocturnal Influence shed
On the crown'd Goblet, and the Genial Bed.

In foreign Isles which our Discov'rers find,
Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd,
The rugged *Bears*, or spotted *Lynx's* brood,
Frighten the Vallies, and infest the Wood;
The hungry *Crocodile*, and hissing *Snake*
Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake:
And Man untaught, and ravinous as the Beast,
Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infest.

Deriv'd these Men and Animals their Birth
From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth?
Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
In EDEN's Shade, and one created Man?
Or grant this Progeny was wafted o'er
By coasting Boats from next adjacent Shoar:
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless Lands, and Poyson bring?
Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
Feed the She-*Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
Or could they think the new discover'd Isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?
And since the Savage Lineage we must trace
From NOAH sav'd, and his distinguish'd Race;
How should their Fathers happen to forget
The Arts which NOAH taught, the Rules he set,
To sow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,
And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?
While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
Unpress their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,
Straggling o'er Dale and Hill in quest of Food,
And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.
How shall we next o'er Earth and Seas pursue
The vary'd Forms of every thing we view;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?
Of those Materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine Springs, and Parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stop'd gives Birth
To Grass and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
Diffus'd it rises in a higher Sphere;
Dilates it's Drops, and softens into Air:
Those finer Parts of Air again aspire;
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
Alters it's Particles; is Fire no more;
But lies resplendent Dust, and shining Oar:

Or

Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
Changes it's Shape; puts off it's old Remains;
With watry Parts it's lessen'd Force divides;
Flows into Waves, and rises into Tides.
Disparted Streams shall from their Chanels fly,
And deep surcharg'd by sandy Mountains lye,
Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating Rain,
And furious Wind, down to the distant Plain
The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
Shall fall: The Plain by slow Degrees shall rise
Higher than er'st had stood the Summit-Hill:
For Time must Nature's great Behests fulfill.
Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
All Things are light or heavy, small or great:
Thus JORDAN's Waves shall future Clouds appear;
And EGYPT's *Pyramids* refine to Air.
Thus later Age shall ask for PISON's Flood;
And Travellers enquire, where *Babel* stood.
Now where we see these Changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by, as Natural:
Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
The Pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active Thought these close *Mæanders* trace:
Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
Are all Things Miracle; or nothing such?
And prove We not too little, or too much?
For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
Is this more strange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
Strip'd by *December's* Frost, and white with Snow,
Should push, in Spring, ten thousand thousand Buds;
And boast returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
That each successive Night from opening Heav'n
The Food of Angels should to Man be giv'n;
Is this more strange, than that with common Bread
Our fainting Bodies every day are fed;
Than that each Grain and Seed consum'd in Earth,
Raises it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth;

And

And from the handful, which the Tiller ſows,
The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harveſt flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Senſe produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abſtruſe,
From Nature's conſtant or Eccentric Laws,
The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Influence draws,
That an Effect muſt preſuppoſe a Cauſe.
And while She does her upward Flight ſuſtain,
Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A Firſt, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.

This great Exiſtence thus by Reaſon found,
Bleſt by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd;
How can we bind or limit His Decree,
By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may ſee?
Say then: *Is* all in Heaps of Water loſt,
Beyond the Iſlands, and the Mid-land Coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,
Sever'd thoſe Waters by ſome other Earth,
Countries by future Plow-ſhares to be torn,
And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?
E'er the progreſſive Courſe of reſtleſs Age
Performs Three thouſand times it's Annual Stage;
May not our Pow'r and Learning be ſuppreſt;
And Arts and Empire learn to travel Weſt?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my Soul? what ſees She White and Great
Amidſt ſubjected Seas? An *Iſle*, the Seat
Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne,
For Juſtice and for Mercy ſought and known;
Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd Nation given,

Yet

Yet farther West the Western *Isle* extends
Her happy Fame; her Armed Fleets She sends
To Climates folded yet from human Eye;
And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky.
From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts resound,
And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;
Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
In other *Indies*, and a second World.

Long shall BRITANNIA (That must be her Name)
Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame:
Long shall her favor'd Monarchy engage
The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:
Rever'd and Happy She shall long remain,
Of human Things least changeable, least vain.
Yet All must with the gen'ral Doom comply;
And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And chusing Sable for the peaceful Night.
Ask Reason now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n:
Reason our Guide, what can She more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;
Than that Night rises from his absent Ray,
And his returning Lustre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain;
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obscur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Light'ning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night sometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears;

Our

Our Joy and Wonder sometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.
Send forth, Ye Wise, send forth your lab'ring Thought;
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke;
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and scaffolding of Words;
In other Garb my Question I receive;
And take the Doubt the very same I gave.

Lo! as a Giant strong, the lusty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Course, yet constant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finishing the Year.
Again when his descending Orb retires,
And Earth perceives the Absence of his Fires;
The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams distributes fainter Day:
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.
Each Planet shining in his proper Sphere,
Does with just Speed his radiant Voyage steer:
Each sees his Lamp with diff'rent Lustre crown'd:
Each knows his Course with diff'rent Periods bound;
And in his Passage thro' the liquid Space,
Nor hastens, nor retards his Neighbor's Race.
Now shine these Planets with substantial Rays?
Does innate Lustre gild their measur'd Days?
Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have shown)
Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again I see ten thousand thousand Stars,
Nor cast in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
(Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)

But

But shining with such vast, such various Light,
As speaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:
How mean the Order and Perfection sought
In the best Product of the human Thought,
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the World ordains;

Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his Ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a Day;
How small a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more distant, and remoter Heav'n?
And of those Stars, which our imperfect Eye
Has doom'd, and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
Each by a native stock of Honor great,
May dart strong Influence, and diffuse kind Heat,
It self a Sun; and with transmissive Light
Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
New Moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;
And other Stars may to those Suns be Earths;
Give their own Elements their proper Births;
Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
See their Lands flourish, and their Oceans roll;
Yet these great Orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,
May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes or their Distance, or their Height appear)
Be seen a nobler, or inferior Star;
And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In vain We measure this amazing Sphere,
And find and fix it's Centre here or there;
Whilst it's Circumf'rence, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquish'd Thought,

Where

Where then are all the radiant *Monsters* driv'n,
With which your Guesses fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?
Where will their fictious Images remain?
In paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN'S Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Guess,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confess;
That these fair Stars, these Objects of Delight,
And Terror, to our searching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do these Worlds display their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to serve thy Use, to please thy Pride?
Thy self but Dust, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration; foolish Man!
As well may the minutest Emmet say,
That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way:
The Snail, that LEBANON'S extended Wood
Was destin'd only for his Walk, and Food:
The vilest Cockle, gaping on the Coast
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,
The craggy Rock projects above the Sky,
That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye;
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters swell,
Only to quench his Thirst, or move and blanch his Shell.

A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race.
For Rebel *Lucifer* with *Michael* fought:
(I offer only what Tradition taught:)
Embattl'd Cherub against Cherub rose;
Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppose:
Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.
What were these Forms, of which your Volumes tell,
How some fought great, and others recreant fell?
These bound to bear an everlasting Load,
Durance of Chain, and Banishment of God:

By

By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;
To swim in sulph'rous Lakes, or land on solid Fire:
While Those exalted to primæval Light,
Excess of Blessing, and Supreme Delight,
Only perceive some little Pause of Joys
In those great Moments, when their God imploys
Their Ministry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:
Or to reverse JEHOVAH's high Command,
And speak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
When to his Duty the proud King returns;
And the Rebellious State in Ashes mourns.
How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
Or view that Presence, which no Space can bind?
Is GOD above, beneath, or yon, or here?
He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?
O how can wicked Angels find a Night
So dark to hide 'em from that piercing Light,
Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now of Angel, when I hear
Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?
Spirits to Action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external Eye be ever seen.
Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,
That these had Appetite, and Limb, and Bone?
Else how could *Abram* wash their weary'd Feet;
Or *Sarah* please their Taste with sav'ry Meat?
Whence should they fear? or why did *Lot* engage
To save their Bodies from abusive Rage?
And how could *Jacob*, in a real Fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling Angel's Might?
How could a Form it's Strength with Matter try?
Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,
By ſtronger Blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By Tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in Whirlwinds loſt?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting Frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great Effect of one Creator's Care;
That whilſt our Bodies ſicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt We ſtruggle in this Vale beneath,
With Want and Sorrow, with Diſeaſe and Death;
Do They more bleſs'd perpetual Life employ
On Songs of Pleaſure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World ſurvey'd,
And found, that Nothing by it ſelf was made;
VVhen Thought has rais'd it ſelf by juſt Degrees,
From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;
From ſmoaking Min'rals, and from riſing Streams;
From fatt'ning NILUS, or victorious THAMES;
From all the Living, that four-footed move
Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;
From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
Thro' the Aerial, or the VVat'ry Sky;
From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
That miſerable Maſter of the VVhole;
From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
VVith Stars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd Light;
From Eſſences unſeen, Celeſtial Names,
Enlight'ning Spirits, and miniſterial Flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
All that in each Degree the name of Creature owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sov'reign Cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with Life, and bounded it with Laws;

VVho

Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
His Will and Act, His Word and Work the same;
To whom a thousand Years are but a Day;
Who bad the Light her genial Beams display;
And set the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way:
Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
Primæval, order'd his predestin'd Course;
Himself, as in the Hallow of his Hand,
Holding, obedient to his high Command,
The deep Abyss, the long continu'd Store,
Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes pour
Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This *Alpha* and *Omega*, First and Last,
Who like the Potter in a Mould has cast
The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
Such as the Eyes of Sense and Reason see;
Yet if he wills, may change or spoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry Roll,
And burn it, like an useless parchment Scroll:
May from it's *Basis* in one Moment pour
This melted Earth——
Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:
Who sole in Pow'r, at the Beginning said;
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:
And it was so——And when He shall ordain
In other Sort, has but to speak again,
And They shall be no more: Of this great Theme,
This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlasting Name,
This GOD, I would discourse——

The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
Nor Speech They meditate, nor Answer frame:
Too plain, alas! their Silence spake their Shame;
'Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
And Turn superior to the vulgar Herd,
Began; that Human Learning's furthest Reach
Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;

That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey;
For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did ſway;
And the aſtoniſh'd World in me beheld
Moſes eclips'd, and *Jeſſe*'s Son excell'd.
Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;
Foreſaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
O Live, ſaid He, Thou Wiſeſt of the Wiſe!
As None has equall'd, None ſhall ever riſe,
Excelling Thee———

Parent of wicked, Bane of honeſt Deeds;
Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
With riſing Pride amidſt the Corn appear,
And choak the Hopes and Harveſt of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd
Mute to my Queſtions, in my Praiſes loud,
Echo'd the Word: whence Things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the Apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dulleſt ſee.

My Prophets, and my Sophiſts finiſh'd here
Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
Not ſo my *Rabbins*, and Logicians yield:
Retiring ſtill they combat: from the Field
Of open Arms unwilling they depart,
And ſculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.
To ſpeak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;
Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools;
Ill grounded Maxims by falſe Gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious Science againſt Reaſon charg'd.

Soon

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:
The adverse Sect deny'd, what This had taught;
And He at length the ampleſt Triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!
We erring ſtill Excuſe for Error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man! ſince firſt thy bluſhing Sire eſſay'd
His Folly with connected Leaves to ſhade;
How does the Crime of thy reſembling Race
With like Attempt that priſtine Error trace?
Too plain thy Nakedneſs of Soul eſpy'd,
Why doſt Thou ſtrive the conſcious Shame to hide
By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;
Own'd my ſick Mind by their Diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent and inward to my Self again
Perplex'd, theſe Matters I revolv'd; in vain.
My Search ſtill tir'd, my Labor ſtill renew'd,
At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd
Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid: [weigh'd.
Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy

Forc'd by reflective Reaſon I confeſs,
That human Science is uncertain Gueſs.
Alas! We graſp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
In vain We lift up our Preſumptuous Eyes
To what our Maker to their Ken denies;
The Searcher follows faſt; the Object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly We find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
To fruitleſs Search of Something yet behind.

Various Diſcuſſions tear our heated Brain;
Opinions often turn; ſtill Doubts remain;
And who indulges Thought, increaſes Pain.

How narrow Limits were to Wiſdom giv'n?
Earth She ſurveys: She thence would meaſure Heav'n:
Thro' Miſts obſcure, now wings her tedious Way;
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
And from the Summit of a pathleſs Coaſt
Sees *Infinite*, and in that Sight is loſt.

Remember, that the curs'd Deſire to know,
Off-ſpring of *Adam* was thy Source of Woe.
Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
With empty Labor and eluded Strife
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
Which flaming Swords and angry *Cherubs* guard.

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK

The ARGUMENT.

Solomon *again seeking Happineß, enquires if Wealth and Greatneß can produce it: begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Muſic and Feaſting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Deſires of Love. In two Epiſodes are ſhewn the Follies and troubles of that paſſion.* Solomon *ſtill diſappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertiniſm and Idolatry; recovers his Thought, reaſons aright, and concludes, that as to the Purſuit of Pleaſure, and ſenſual Delight,* All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this Book.*

I ſaid in my own Heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth; therefore enjoy Pleaſure. *Eccleſ.* c. 2. verſ. 1.

I made me great Works, I builded me Houſes, I planted me Vineyards. Verſ. 4.

I made me Gardens and Orchards; and I planted Trees in them of all kind of Fruits. Verſ. 5.

I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth forth Trees. Verſ. 6.

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do: And behold, all was Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit; and there was no Profit under the Sun. Verſ. 11.

I gat me Men-Singers and Women-Singers, and the Delights of the Sons of Men, as Muſical Inſtruments, and that of all Sorts. Verſ. 8.

I ſought in mine Heart to give my ſelf unto Wine (yet acquainting mine Heart with Wiſdom) and to lay hold on Folly, till I might ſee what was that Good for the Sons of Men, which they ſhould do under Heaven, all the Days of their Life. Verſ 3.

Then I ſaid in my Heart, as it happeneth unto the Fool, ſo it happeneth even unto Me; and why was I then more Wiſe? Then I ſaid in my Heart, that this alſo is Vanity. Verſ. 15.

Therefore I hated Life, becauſe the Work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me. Chap 2. Verſ. 27.

Dead Flies cauſe the Oyntment to ſend forth a ſtinking Savour: ſo doth the little Folly him that is in Reputation for Wiſdom and Honour. Chap. X. Verſ. 1.

The Memory of the Juſt is bleſſed, but the Memory of the Wicked ſhall rot. *Prov.* Chap. X. V. 7.

PLEA-

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

TRY then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,
That from the Womb attend Thee to the Grave:
For weary'd Nature find some apter Scheme:
Health be thy Hope; and Pleasure be thy Theme:
From the perplexing and unequal Ways,
Where Study brings Thee; from the endless Maze,
Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
To jocund Mirth, soft Joy, and careless Ease;
Forsake what may instruct, for what may please;
Essay amusing Art, and proud Expence;
And make thy Reason subject to thy Sense.
I commun'd thus: the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
And all the various Luxe of costly Pride.
Artists and Plans reliev'd my solemn Hours:
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.
Birds, Fishes, Beasts of each Exotic Kind
I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.
To Trees transferr'd I gave a second Birth;
And bid a foreign Shade grace *Judah's* Earth.
Fish-ponds were made, where former Forrests grew;
And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.
Rivers diverted from their Native Course,
And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,

From large Cascades in pleasing Tumult roll'd;
Or rose thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.
From furthest *Africa*'s tormented Womb
The Marble brought erects the spacious Dome;
Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows,
On which the planted Grove, and pensile Garden grows.
The Workmen here obey the Master's Call,
To gild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;
To mark the Pavement there with various Stone;
And on the Jasper Steps to rear the Throne:
The spreading *Cedar*, that an Age had stood,
Supreme of Trees, and Mistress of the Wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining Roof adorns;
And *Lebanon* his ruin'd Honor mourns.
A thousand Artists shew their cunning Pow'r,
To raise the Wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r.
A thousand Maidens ply the purple Loom,
To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;
'Till *Tyre* confesses her exhausted Store,
That on her Coast the *Muren* is no more;
'Till from the *Parian* Isle, and *Lybia*'s Coast,
The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble lost;
And *India*'s Woods return their just Complaint,
Their Brood decay'd and want of *Elephant*.
My full Design with vast Expence atchiev'd,
I came, behe'ld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
I chid the Folly of my thoughtless Haste:
For, the Work perfected, the Joy was past.
To my new Courts sad thought did still repair;
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on silken Beds I sought Repose;
And restless oft' from purple Couches rose:
Vexatious Thought still found my flying Mind
Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and pursu'd my VVays,
Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding Maze.

Yet

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul; another Senſe
Indulge; add Muſic to Magnificence:
Eſſay, if Harmony may Grief controll;
Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.
Often our Seers and Poets have confeſt,
That Muſic's Force can tame the furious Beaſt;
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar reſtrain
His Rage; the Lion drop his creſted Mane,
Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget
His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minſtrel's Feet.
Are we, alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe Muſic ſure may human Cares appeaſe.
I ſpake my purpoſe; and the chearful Choir
Parted their ſhares of Harmony: the Lyre
Soften'd the Timbrel's Noiſe: the Trumpet's Sound
Provok'd the *Dorian* Flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd:) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd;
And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.
Each Morn they wak'd me with a ſprightly Lay:
Of opening Heav'n they Sung, and gladſome Day.
Each Evening their repeated Skill expreſs'd
Scenes of Repoſe, and Images of Reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain: for Muſic gather'd Thought:
But how unequal the Effects are brought?
The ſoft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot.
The ſolemn Violence of the graver ſound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting Wound.
And now reflecting, I with Grief deſcry
The fickly Luſt of the fantaſtic Eye;
How the weak Organ is with ſeeing cloy'd,
Flying e'er Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy ſearch of Thought!) I found
The fickle Ear ſoon glutted with the ſound,
Condemn'd eternal Changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the New.
I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Muſick with the ſprightly Dance.

In

In vain! too low the Mimic-Motions seem:
What takes our Heart, must merit our Esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,
Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;
And vex'd I found, that the Musician's Hand
Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.
I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas Rage; 'twas Noise;
An airy Scene of transitory Joys.
In vain I trusted, that the flowing Bowl
Would banish Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.
To the late Revel, and protracted Feast
Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest;
And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reason's Light
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night;
What had been said, I ask'd my Soul, what done;
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun;
Perhaps the Jest that charm'd the sprightly Croud,
And made the Jovial Table laugh so loud,
To some false Notion ow'd it's poor Pretence,
To an ambiguous Word's perverted Sense,
To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
Offence and Torture to the sober Ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing Stream was brought
From this Man's Error, from another's Fault;
From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
And Prudence mention with the last Regret.
Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unseen
In the pernicious Draught; the Word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt Reply,
Seed of severe Distrust, and fierce Debate;
What We should shun, and what We ought to hate.
Add too the Blood impoverish'd, and the Course
Of Health suppress'd, by Wine's continu'd Force.
Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
To diff'rent Ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees,
That melancholy Sloth, severe Disease,

Mem'ry

Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:
And in the Flow'rs that wreath the sparkling Bowl,
Fell Adders hiss, and poys'nous Serpents roll.
Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickness of Mind, and heal the Bosom? —— Love,
Love yet remains: Indulge his genial Fire,
Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious *Soul* explore
This last great Remedy's Mysterious Pow'r.
Why therefore hesitates my doubtful Breast?
Why ceases it one Moment to be blest?
Fly swift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; imploy
Your instant Pains to bring your Master Joy.
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dress'd:
Let them to night attend the Royal Feast;
All *Israel*'s Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War.
Before their Monarch They shall singly pass;
And the most Worthy shall obtain the Grace.
I said: the Feast was serv'd: the Bowl was crown'd;
To the King's Pleasure went the mirthful Round:
The Women came: as Custom wills, they past;
On One (O that distinguish'd One!) I cast
The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind retains
That fond Beginning of my infant Pains.
Mature the Virgin was of *Egypt*'s Race:
Grace shap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face;
Easy her Motion seem'd, serene her Air:
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Bosom rose her Hair:
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,
Adown her Shoulders loosely lay display'd;
And in the Jetty Curls ten thousand *Cupids* play'd.
Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's Bliss, I said; fresh Roses bring
To strow my Bed; 'till the impov'rish'd Spring
Confess her Want; around my am'rous Head
Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber shed,

Till *Arab* has no more. From the soft Lyre,
Sweet Flute, and ten-string'd Instrument, require
Sounds of Delight: And thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;
Thou, in whose graceful Form, and potent Eye
Thy Master's Joy long sought at length is found;
And as thy Brow, let my Desires be crown'd;
O fav'rite Virgin, that hast warm'd the Breast,
Whose sov'reign Dictates subjugate the East!
I said; and sudden from the golden Throne
With a submissive Step I hasted down.
The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,
Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:
O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I said)
Receive the Honours destin'd to thy Brow;
And O above thy Fellows happy Thou!
Their Duty must thy sov'reign Word obey.
Rise up, my Love; my fair One, come away.
What Pang, alas! what Ecstasy of Smart
Tore up my Senses, and transfix'd my Heart;
When she with modest scorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd?
Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern suppress'd
Pretended Drowsiness, and Wish of Rest;
And sullen I forsook th' Imperfect Feast:
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper Care
Our Eastern Grandeur gives th' imprison'd Fair,
To lead Her forth to a distinguish'd Bow'r,
And bid her dress the Bed, and wait the Hour.
Restless I follow'd this obdurate Maid;
(Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread:)
Approach'd her Person, courted her Embrace,
Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Disgrace:
By turns put on the Suppliant and the Lord;
Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
And choice of happy Love, or instant Death.

Averse

Averse to all her am'rous King desir'd,
Far as she might, she decently retir'd;
And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,
What means, said she, King *Solomon* the Wise?
This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r,
Thus far could Fortune: but she can no more.
Free to her self my potent Mind remains;
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.
'Tis said, that thou can'st plausibly dispute,
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;
Can'st plead with subtil Wit and fair Discourse,
Of Passion's Folly, and of Reason's Force.
That to the Tribes attentive Thou can'st show,
Whence their Misfortunes, or their Blessings flow.
That thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;
And Truth and Honor on thy Edicts wait.
Where is that Knowledge now, that regal Thought,
With just Advice, and timely Counsel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of *Israel*, does it rove?
What in one Moment dost thou offer? Love——;
Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife:
'Tis all the Color of remaining Life:
And Human Mis'ry must begin or end,
As he becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.
Would *David's* Son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first Bride-bed of the World receive
A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?
Or grant, thy Passion has these Names destroy'd;
That Love, like Death, makes all Distinction void;
Yet in his Empire o'er thy abject Breast,
His Flames and Torments only are expres't;
His Rage can in my smiles alone relent;
And all his Joys solicit my Consent.
Soft Love, spontaneous Tree, it's parted Root
Must from two Hearts with equal Vigour shoot:
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing Ecstasy, which each receives:

Cherish'd

Cherish'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:
It's chearful Buds their opening Bloom disclose;
And round the happy Soil diffusive Odor flows.
If angry Fate that mutual Care denies;
The fading Plant bewails it's due Supplies:
Wild with Despair, or sick with Grief, it dies.
By Force Beasts act, and are by Force restrain'd:
The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.
Thy useless Strength, mistaken King, employ:
Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the Harvest, tho' Thou spoil'st the Field.
Know, *Solomon*, Thy poor Extent of Sway;
Contract thy Brow, and *Israel* shall obey:
But wilful Love Thou must with Smiles appease;
Approach his awful Throne by just Degrees;
And if Thou would'st be happy, learn to please.
Not that those Arts can here successful prove:
For I am destin'd to another's Love.
Beyond the cruel Bounds of Thy Command,
To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,
My plighted Vow I gave: I His receiv'd:
Each swore with Truth: with Pleasure each believ'd.
The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:
In equal Scales the busy Angels weigh'd
It's solemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and spread
The lasting Roll, recording what We said.
Now in my Heart behold Thy Poynard stain'd:
Take the sad Life which I have long disdain'd:
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
Thy ill-starr'd Passion, and My steadfast Hate.
For long as Blood informs these circling Veins;
Or fleeting Breath it's latest Pow'r retains;
Hear Me to *Egypt*'s vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is My Part: be Thine, O King, Despair.
Now strike, She said, and open'd bare her Breast:
Stand it in *Judah*'s Chronicles confest,
That *David*'s Son, by impious Passion mov'd,
Smote a She-Slave, and murder'd what he lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd I started from the Bed;
And to my Soul yet uncollected said:
Into Thy self, fond *Solomon*, return;
Reflect again, and Thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd Years have Pleasure sought;
And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;
To mock my *Sense*, and mortify my Pride;
'Tis in another's Pow'r, and is deny'd.
Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath;
While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore;
And One mad Damsel dares dispute My Pow'r?
To Ravish Her? That thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the Monarch to the Beast.
To send Her back? O whither, and to whom?
To Lands where *Solomon* must never come;
To that Insulting Rival's happy Arms,
For whom, disdaining Me, She keeps her Charms.
Fantastic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;
How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!
Those 'scape Thy Anger, who refuse Thy Sway;
And those are punish'd most, who most Obey.
See *Judah*'s King revere thy greater Pow'r:
What can'st Thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O *Love*, with an obdurate Ear
Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r?
Why to some simple Shepherd does She run,
From the fond Arms of *David*'s Fav'rite Son?
Why flies She from the Glories of a Court,
Where VVealth and Pleasure may Thy Reign support,
To some poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,
Now bleak with VVinds, and cover'd now with Snow,
Where pinching want must curb her warm Desires,
And Household Cares suppress Thy Genial Fires?
Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The Force, while they erect the Shrines of *Love*.
His Mystic Form the Artizans of *Greece*
In wounded Stone, or molten Gold express;

And

And *Cyprus* to his Godhead pays her Vow:
Faſt in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow;
A Quiver by his Side ſuſtains a Store
Of pointed Darts; ſad Emblems of his Pow'r;
A pair of Wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton Ends.
Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
Since firſt, alas! I ſaw the beauteous Maid:
I felt him ſtrike; and now I ſee him fly:
Curs'd Demon! O! for ever broken lye
Thoſe fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my Wiſhes yet o'ertake thy ſpeed!
Tir'd may'ſt Thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing;
Except Thou turn'ſt Thy Courſe, reſolv'd to bring
The Dam'ſel back, and ſave the Love-ſick King.
My Soul thus ſtrugling in the fatal Net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reaſon'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and diſapprov'd:
'Till hopeleſs plung'd in an Abyſs of Grief,
I from Neceſſity receiv'd Relief:
Time gently aided to aſſwage my Pain;
And Wiſdom took once more the ſlacken'd Rein.
But O how ſhort My Interval of Woe!
Our Griefs how ſwift; our Remedies how ſlow!
Another Nymph (for ſo did Heav'n ordain,
To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)
Another Nymph, amongſt the many Fair,
That made My ſofter hours their ſolemn Care,
Before the reſt affected ſtill to ſtand;
And watch'd My Eye, preventing My Command.
Abra, She ſo was call'd, did ſooneſt haſt
To grace my Preſence: *Abra* went the laſt:
Abra was ready e'er I call'd her Name;
And tho' I call'd another, *Abra* came.
Her Equals firſt obſerv'd her growing Zeal;
And laughing gloſs'd, that *Abra* ſerv'd ſo well.

To

To Me her Actions did unheeded dye,
Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;
'Till more appris'd of what the Rumor said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the Maid.
The Sun declin'd had shot his VVestern Ray;
VVhen tir'd with Bus'ness of the solemn Day,
I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,
And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.
I call'd, before I sat, to wash my Hands:
For so the Precept of the Law commands.
Love had ordain'd, that it was *Abra*'s Turn
To mix the Sweets, and minister the Urn.
With awful Homage, and submissive Dread
The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head
To pour the Oyls: she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer Face: and now recall'd her Eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden Sigh.
And whence, said I, canst thou have Dread, or Pain?
What can thy imag'ry of Sorrow mean?
Secluded from the World, and all it's Care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little Heart
Ne'er felt Love's Anger, or receiv'd his Dart.
Abash'd she blush'd, and with Disorder spoke;
Her rising Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.
If the great Master will descend to hear
The humble Series of his Hand-maid's Care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne;
O! let not Death severe in Glory lye
In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.
Mine to obey; Thy Part is to ordain:
And tho' to mention, be to suffer Pain;
If the King smiles, whilst I my Woe recite;
If weeping I find Favour in His Sight;
Flow fast my Tears, full rising his Delight.

O! Witness Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
For can I hide it? I am sick of Love:
If Madness may the Name of Passion bear;
Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Despair.
Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret Will controuls
The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!
Why hast Thou plac'd such infinite Degrees
Between the Cause and Cure of my Disease?
The mighty Object of that raging Fire,
In which unpity'd *Abra* must expire,
Had He been born some simple Shepherd's Heir,
The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;
At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,
Scornful of Winter's Frost, and Summer's Sun,
Still asking, where He made his Flock to rest at Noon.
For him at Night, the dear expected Guest,
I had with hasty Joy prepar'd the Feast;
And from the Cottage, o'er the distant Plain,
Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain;
Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by Hope and Fear;
Till He and Joy together should appear
And the lov'd Dog declare his Master near.
On my declining Neck, and open Breast,
I should have lull'd the lovely Youth to Rest;
And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,
With softest Care have stol'n my Arm away;
To rise, and from the Fold release the Sheep,
Fond of his Fleck, indulgent to his Sleep.
Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame,
(For sure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)
Had blest my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
With Heights of Title, and Extent of Pow'r;
Without a Crime my Passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I desir'd.
Then I had come, preventing *Sheba*'s Queen,
To see the comliest of the Sons of Men;
To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;

To

To take the fragrant Kisses of his Mouth,
Sweeter than Breezes of her native South:
Likening his Grace, his Person, and his Mien
To all that Great or Beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his Eyes, as solar Beams
Reflecting temper'd Light from Chrystal Streams;
Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Bosom fair
As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair
Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,
Than Eastern Coral, or the scarlet Thread;
Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear Brook,
Recent, and blanching on the Sunny Rock.
Iv'ry with Saphirs interspers'd, explains
How white his Hands, how blew the Manly Veins.
Columns of polish'd Marble firmly set
On golden Bases, are his Legs, and Feet,
His Stature all Majestic, all Divine,
Strait as the Palmtree, strong as is the Pine.
Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments shed;
And everlasting Sweets bloom round his Head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
Die, Adria, die: too plainly hast thou said
Thy Soul's Desire to meet his high Embrace;
And Blessings stamp'd upon thy future Race;
To bid attentive Nations bless thy Womb,
With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and *Solomons* to come.
Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail,
O foolish Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
My suff'ring Heart for ever shall defy
New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.
O! yet my torture'd Senses deep retain
The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,
The dire Affront, and my Egyptian Chain.
As Time, I said, may happily efface
That cruel Image of the King's Disgrace;
Imperial Reason shall resume her Seat;
And *Solomon* once fall in, again be great.

Betray'd by Paſſion, as ſubdu'd in War,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double Care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond Time to err.
This ABRA then ———
I ſaw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave
Some Reſpite to the Sorrows of my Slave.
Her fond Exceſs proclaim'd her Paſſion true;
And generous Pity to that Truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd her often; for ſhe always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her Perſon eaſy to my Sight;
And Eaſe inſenſibly produc'd Delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs;
(For firſt I ſought her but at looſer Hours:)
The Apples ſhe had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet:
The Cake ſhe kneaded was the ſav'ry Meat:
But Fruits their Odor loſt, and Meats their Taſte;
If gentle ABRA had not deck'd the Feaſt.
Diſhonour'd did the ſparkling Goblet ſtand,
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle ABRA's Hand:
And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,
Raiſing their Voices to the Maſter-Lyre;
Too flat I thought this Voice, and that too ſhrill;
One ſhow'd too much, and one too little Skill:
Nor could my Soul approve the Muſic's Tone;
'Till all was huſh'd, and ABRA ſung alone,
Fairer ſhe ſeem'd, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
And better Mein diſclos'd, as better dreſt.
A bright *Tiarà* round her Forehead ty'd,
To juſter Bounds confin'd it's riſing Pride:
The bluſhing Ruby on her ſnowy Breaſt,
Render'd it's panting Whiteneſs more confeſs'd:
Bracelets of Pearl gave Roundneſs to her Arm;
And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm.
Her Senſes pleas'd, her beauty ſtill improv'd;
And ſhe more lovely grew, as more belov'd.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The ſeveral Follies of my former Flame;

Willing

Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove
The certain Joys that lye in Prosp'rous Love.
For what, said I, from *Abra* can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?
The Dam'sel's sole Ambition is to please:
With Freedom I may like, and quit with Ease:
She Sooths, but never can enthrall my Mind;
Why may not Peace and Love for once be joyn'd?
Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own Strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the Adverse Pow'r;
And by the Blast of Self-opinion moy'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On Pleasure's flowing Brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning Way:
Seeing no Danger, we disarm our Mind;
And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:
Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the Chaplet, and we crown the Bowl;
And smiling see the nearer Waters roll;
'Till the strong Gusts of raging Passion rise;
'Till the dire Tempest mingles Earth and Skies;
And swift into the boundless Ocean born,
Our foolish Confidence too late We mourn:
Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;
And from our troubl'd View the lessen'd Lands retreat.
O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r
How shall the human Bosom rest secure?
How shall our Thought avoid the various Snare?
Or Wisdom to our caution'd Soul declare
The diff'rent Shapes, thou pleasest to imploy,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
The haughty Nymph in open Beauty dress,
To-Day encounters our unguarded Breast:

She

She looks with Majesty, and moves with State:
Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,
She scorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate.

Here whilst we take stern Manhood for our Guide,
And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride:
Charm'd with the Courage in her Action shown,
We praise her Mind, the Image of our own.
She that can please, is certain to perswade:
To-day belov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see thro' Reason's Optics right;
Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:
Struck with her Eye whilst we applaud her Mind;
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, thou arm'st the Fair
With flowing Sorrow, and dishevel'd Hair:
Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,
Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.
Here gen'rous Softness warms the honest Breast:
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd:
And whilst our Wish prepares the kind Relief;
Whilst Pity mitigates her rising Grief:
We sicken soon from her contagious Care;
Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Dispair;
And against Love too late those Bosoms arm,
Which Tears can soften, and which Sighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruelest of Foes,
What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose?
Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon Aid?
If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd?
External Remedy shall we hope to find,
When the close Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind?
Insulting there does Reason's Pow'r deride;
And, blind himself, conduct the dazl'd Guide.

My Conqueror now, my lovely ARRA held
My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd
With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone
It sought it's Peace and Joy: while She was gone,

It

It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay:
Return'd, she chas'd those Sighs, that Grief away:
Her Absence made the Night: her Presence brought
the Day.

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns succeed;
For her I make the Song: the Dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each Shape and Dress,
That Luxury may form, or Thought express.
To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains
In Deborah's Arms and Habit Asra reigns:
The Wreath denoting Conquest guides her Brow:
And low, like *Barak*, at her Feet I bow.
The Mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous Hand;
As She had slain the Foe, and sav'd the Land.
To-morrow she approves a softer Air;
Forsakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War;
The Form of peaceful *Abigail* assumes;
And from the Village with the Present comes:
The youthful Band dispose their glitt'ring Arms;
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms;
Whilst I assume my Father's Step and Mein,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.
If hap'ly *Abra*'s Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chase the flying Hind;
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly Court
Leave their Repose, and hasten to the Sport.
In lessen'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, *Jerusalem*, descends to wait,
'Till *Abra* comes: She comes: a Milk-white Steed,
Mixture of *Persia*'s, and *Arabia*'s Breed,
Sustains the Nymph: her Garments flying loose
(As the *Sydonian* Maids, or *Thracian* Use)
And half her Knee, and half her Breast appear,
By Art, like Negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courser's Flight:
A Silver Bow she carries in her Right:
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Rustles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.

Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front diſplay
An artificial Moon's increaſing Ray.
DIANA, Huntreſs Miſtreſs of the Groves,
The fav'rite *Abra* ſpeaks, and looks, and moves;
Her, as the preſent Goddeſs, I obey:
Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.
The mingl'd Chorus ſings DIANA's Fame:
Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim
Her Myſtic Praiſe: the vocal Triumphs bound
Againſt the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.
If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
To the large Fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy Floods
Her Mind To-morrow points; a thouſand Hands
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.
Upon the wat'ry Beach an artful Pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Iſle.
A golden Chariot in the midſt is ſet;
And ſilver Cygnets ſeem to feel it's Weight.
Abra, bright Queen, aſcends her gaudy Throne,
In ſemblance of the *Græcian Venus* known:
Tritons and Sea-green *Naiads* round Her move;
And ſing in moving Strains the Force of Love:
Whilſt as th'approaching Pageant does appear;
And echoing Crouds ſpeak mighty *Venus* near;
I, her Adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the utmoſt Margin of the Land,
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddeſs riſing from the Wave.
O ſubject Reaſon! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would My Folly rove?
Is it enough, that *Abra* ſhould be great
In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
That maſking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?
No, no: JERUSALEM combin'd muſt ſee
My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.
Solemn a Month is deſtin'd for the Feaſt;
Abra Invites: the Nation is the Gueſt.

To

To have the Honor of each Day ſuſtain'd,
The Woods are travers'd; and the Lakes are drain'd:
ARABIA's Wilds, and EGYPT's are explor'd:
The Edible Creation decks the Board:
Hardly the *Phœnix* 'ſcapes ———
The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raiſe,
To ſing my Happineſs, and *Abra*'s Praiſe.
And ſlaviſh Bards our mutual Loves rehearſe
In lying Strains, and ignominious Verſe:
While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
Whom prudent Love from public Eyes ſhould hide;
I ſhow Her to the World, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.
And now her Friends and Flatt'rers fill the Court:
From DAN, and from BEERSHEBA They reſort:
They barter Places, and diſpoſe of Grants,
Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.
They teach Her to recede, or to debate;
With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State;
By practis'd Rules her Empire to ſecure;
And in my Pleaſure make my Ruin ſure.
They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
That Monarchs ſhould their inward Soul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble, and command; be falſe, and wiſe;
By ignominious Arts for ſervile Ends
Should compliment their Foes, and ſhun their Friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt Supports
Of Legal Princes, and of honeſt Courts.
Barzillai's, and the fierce *Benaiah*'s Heirs;
Whoſe Sires, Great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,
Saluted their young King at *Hebron* crown'd,
Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.
And now, unhappy Council, I prefer
Thoſe whom my Follies only made me fear,
Old *Corah*'s Brood, and taunting *Shimei*'s Race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their Lives to *David*'s Grace;
Tho' they had ſpurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his
Face,
Still

Still *Abra*'s Power, my Scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what *Abra* pleas'd:
Her Will alone could settle or revoke;
And Law was fix'd by what She latest spoke.

Israel neglected, *Abra* was my Care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her.
I durst not reason with my wounded Heart.
Abra possess'd; She was it's better Part.
O! had I now review'd the famous Cause,
Which gave my righteous Youth so just Applause,
In vain on the dissembl'd Mother's Tongue
Had cunning Art, and sly Perswasion hung;
And real Care in vain, and native Love
In the true Parent's panting Breast had strove;
While both deceiv'd, had seen the destin'd Child
Or slain, or sav'd, as *Abra* frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-less King, a Royal Shade I lay.
Unheard the injur'd Orphans now complain:
The Widow's Cries address the Throne in vains
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded File;
And sleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
To hear My Maxims, and reform their own.
No more the Young Nobility were taught,
How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
Loose and undisciplin'd the Soldier lay;
Or lost in Drink, and Game, the solid Day:
Porches and Scholes, design'd for public Good,
Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin ——
Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;
And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.
The Artists grieve; the labring People droop:
My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
God's Temple lies unfinish'd ——

The

The Wise and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
And future Mischiefs of a sinking State.
Is this, the Serious said, is this the Man,
Whose active Soul thro' every Science ran?
Who by just Rule and elevated Skill
Prescrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
Whose Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
On large *Phylacteries* expressive writ,
Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,
Our Youth's Instruction, and our Age's Pride?
Could not the Wise his wild Desires restrain?
Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain:
What from his Life and Letters were we taught?
What from his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?
In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay,
As crown'd with Roses at their Feasts they lay;
Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with *Abra*'s Name,
And Charms superior to their Master's Fame:
Laughing some praise the King, who let 'em see,
How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree.
Some gloss'd, how Love and Wisdom were at Strife;
And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.
However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries;
To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.
The King, for Judah's, and for Wisdom's Curse,
To *Abra* yields: could I, or Thou do worse?
Our looser Lives let Chance or Folly steer;
If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with Flowers her flowing Hair;
And touch the Lute, and sound the wanton Air:
Let Us the Bliss without the Sting receive,
Free, as We will, or to enjoy, or leave.

Pleasures on Levity's smooth Surface flow:
Thought brings the Weight, that sinks the Soul to Woe.
Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the Thousand He has made.

Sadly

Sadly, O Reason, is thy Pow'r expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breaſt!
And harſh the Rules, which We from Thee receive;
If for our wiſdom We our Pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If JUDAH's King at thy Tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his Joy to vindicate his Pride;
And changing Sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more ſtrictly [bound.

But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy Laws, how abſolute thy Reign?
While Thou, alas! art but an empty Name,
To no Two Men, who e'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle Product of a troubled Thought,
In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colors wrought;
A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade;
A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel Eſſence bring,
I own thy Influence; for I feel thy Sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to controul.
Yes; thy inſulting Dictates ſhall be heard:
Virtue for once ſhall be Her own Reward:
Yes; Rebel *Iſrael*, this unhappy Maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the Crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The King his Paſſion, and his Rule ſhall leave,
No longer ABRA's, but the People's Slave.
My Coward Soul ſhall bear it's wayward Fate:
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great;
And ſigh in Royalty, and grieve in State.

I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my Grief
At once ſo far, as to expect Relief

From

From my Deſpair alone——
I choſe to write the Thing I durſt not ſpeak,
To Her I lov'd; to Her I muſt forſake.
The harſh Epiſtle labour'd much to prove,
How inconſiſtent Majeſty, and Love.
I always ſhould, It ſaid, eſteem Her well;
But never ſee her more; It bid Her feel
No future Pain for Me: but inſtant wed
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
To the juſt Duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to Me She wildly ran,
To Me, the Eaſe of all her former Pain.
She kneel'd intreated, ſtruggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd;
And with alternate Paſſion liv'd, and dy'd;
'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,
And by rude Fury from my Preſence torn,
This only Object of my real Care,
Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Deſpair,
In ſome few poſting fatal Hours is hurl'd
From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the World.

Here tell Me, if thou dar'ſt, my conſcious Soul,
What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll:
What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didſt Thou ſuſtain,
What ſad Viciſſitudes of ſmarting Pain?
How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
To feed Deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs Love?
How oft, all Day, recall'd I *Abra*'s Charms,
Her Beauties preſs'd, and panting in my Arms?
How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
Where mimic Fancy might her Likeneſs trace?
How oft deſir'd to fly from *Iſrael*'s Throne,
And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?
How oft, all Night, purſu'd Her in my Dreams,
O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Cryſtal Streams;
And waking, view'd with Grief the riſing Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear Deluſion gone?

When

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love
In my swoln Bosom, with long War had strove;
At length they broke their Bounds: at length their Force
Bore down whatever met it's stronger Course:
Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waste;
And scatter'd Ruin as the Torrent past.

So from the Hills, whose hollow Caves contain
The congregated Snow, and swelling Rain;
'Till the full Stores their antient Bounds disdain;
Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:
In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppose:
Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous drown'd,
With one great Death deform the dreary Ground;
The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks resound.

And now what impious Ways my Wishes took;
How they the Monarch, and the Man forsook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
Thro' crooked Paths, and foul Retreats of Ill;
How Judah's Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,
By turns my prostituted Bed receives.
Thro' Tribes of Women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;
And by the Instinct of capricious Lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:
O, be these Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
In Clouds of decent Silence justly veil'd!
O, be the wanton Images convey'd
To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
Or let their sad Epitome alone,
And outward Lines to future Age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure Belief,
That Vice engenders Shame, and Folly broods o'er Grief.

Bury'd in Sloth, and lost in Ease I lay;
The Night I rioted, and I slept the Day.

New

New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;
And daily Change extinguish'd young Desires.
By it's own Force destroy'd Fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected Mind
It's wonted Stores, and old Ideas find.
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the True, or sift the False aside.
No longer does swift Memory trace the Cells,
Where springing Wit, or young Invention dwells;
Frequent debauch to Habitude prevails:
Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.
By sad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;
Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage built their Sway;
They ask; I grant: they threaten; I obey.
In Regal Garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the *Persian* Dame's haughty Pride.
Now with the looser *Syrian* dares and sing,
In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire;
And shape my Foolishness to their Desire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the *Philistine* Dame,
At *Dagon*'s Shrine I kindle impious Flame.
With the Chaldean's Charms her Rites prevail;
And curling Frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new Harlot I new Altars dress;
And serve Her God, whose Person I caress.
Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?
Where the high Majesty of David's Throne?
Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
With which the Living GOD inform'd my Youth?
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
In Israel's Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
Beastly Divinities, and Hieroes of Gods;

Osiris,

Osiris, *Apis*, Pow'rs that chew the Cud
And Dog *Anubis*, Flatt'rer for his Food:
When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade
I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd it's Aid:
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal
Unworthy human Thought, I proſtrate fell:
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
And ſet the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd;
When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' theſe ſad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,
Some Seeds of Light at Length began to roll.
The riſing Motion of an Infant Ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day.
And now one Moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to neglect;
Seen without Awe, and ſerv'd without Reſpect.
I found my Subjects amicably joyn,
To leſſen their Defects, by citing Mine.
The prieſt with Pity pray'd for *David*'s Race;
And left his Text, to dwell on my Diſgrace.
The Father, whilſt he warn'd his erring Son,
The ſad Examples which He ought to ſhun,
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not, *Solomon*.
Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil ſing,
A Wiſe Child better than a Fooliſh King.

Into My ſelf my Reaſon's Eye I turn'd;
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty King I am, an Earthly God:
Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod.
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free;
And Life or Death depends on my Decree.
Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:
O'er *Judah*'s King ten thouſand Tyrants reign.
Legions of Luſt, and various Pow'rs of Ill
Inſult the Maſter's Tributary Will:

And

And He, from whom the Nations should receive
Justice, and Freedom, lyes Himself a Slave,
Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Desires,
Lash'd by mad Rage, and scorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reason! once again to Thee I call:
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
Wisdom, Thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;
Her Beams transmitted to the subject Earth.
Yet this great Empress of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;
If restless Passion by Rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart
To worse Extrems with swifter Steps would run,
Not sav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Oft have I said, the Praise of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Ointment to the Smell.
Now if some Flies perchance, however small,
Into the Alabaster Urn should fall;
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye;
And Stench corrupt (sad Change!) their Place supply:
So the least Faults, if mix'd with fairest Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:
Into the Balm of purest Virtue cast,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blast.

Lost *Solomon*! pursue this Thought no more:
Of thy past Errors recollect the Store:
And silent weep, that while the Deathless Muse
Shall sing the Just; shall o'er their Head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish Hand; She shall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone; and to Thy evil Fame
Impartial, scatter Damps, and Poysons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my VVomen, and their Gods asham'd
From this Abyss of exemplary Vice
Resolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought to rise;
Again I bid the mournful Goddess write
The fond Pursuit of fugitive Delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
And rais'd from Earth, and sav'd from Passion, sing
Of human Hope by cross Event destroy'd,
Of useless Wealth, and Greatness, unenjoy'd,
Of Lust and Love, with their fantastic Train,
Their Wishes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.

POWER;

The ARGUMENT.

POWER;

THE

THIRD BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON *considers Man through the several Stages and Conditions of Life; and concludes in general, that We are all Miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the Trouble and Uncertainty of Greatness and Power; gives some Instances thereof from* ADAM *down to Himself; and still concludes that* ALL *is* VANITY. *He reasons again upon Life, Death, and a future Being; finds Human Wisdom too imperfect to resolve his Doubts; has Recourse to Religion; is informed by an Angel, what shall happen to Himself, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of* ISRAEL: *and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his Enquiries and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.*

TEXTS

TEXTS *chiefly alluded to in this Book.*

Or ever the Silver Cord be looſed, or the golden Bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Ciſtern. *Eccleſiaſtes* Ch. XII. V. 6.

The Sun ariſeth, and the Sun goeth down, and haſteth to his Place where He aroſe. *Eccleſiaſtes*, Ch. I. V. 5.

The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the Wind returneth again according to his Circuit: Verſ. 6.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the Place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Verſ. 7.

Then ſhall the Duſt return to the Earth, as it was: and the Spirit ſhall return unto God who gave it. *Eccleſiaſtes*, Chap. XII. Verſ. 7.

Now when *Solomon* had made an End of Praying, the Fire came down from Heaven, and conſumed the Burnt-offering, and the Sacrifices; and the Glory of the Lord filled the Houſe. II *Chronicles*, Chap. VII. Verſ. 1.

By the Rivers of *Babylon*, there we ſat down; Yea We wept, when We remembred Sion *&c.* *Pſalm* CXXXVII. Verſ. 1.

I ſaid of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what doeth it? *Eccleſiaſtes*, Chap. II. Verſ. 2.

——No Man can find out the Work that God maketh from the Beginning to the End. *Eccleſiaſtes*, Chap. III. Verſ. 11.

Whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men ſhould fear before Him. Verſ. 14.

Let us hear the Concluſion of the whole Matter; Fear God, and keep his Commandments; for this is the whole Duty of Man. *Eccleſiaſtes*, Chap. XII. Verſ. 13.

POWER.

THE

THIRD BOOK.

COME then, my Soul: I call Thee by that Name,
Thou buſie Thing from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know Thou art;
Since That muſt needs exiſt, which can impart:
But how Thou cam'ſt to be, or whence Thy Spring:
For various of Thee Prieſts and Poets ſing.

Hear'ſt Thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly Birth,
Some ſep'rate Particles of finer Earth,
A plain Effect, which Nature muſt beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
Companion of the Body's Good or Ill,
From Force of Inſtinct more than Choice of Will;
Conſcious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild Courſes of the Blood ordain;
Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
In Youth doſt flouriſh, and with Age ſhalt fail;
'Till mingl'd with thy Part'ner's lateſt Breath
Thou fly'ſt, diſſolv'd in Air, and loſt in Death.

Or if Thy great Exiſtence would aſpire
To Cauſes more ſublime; of Heav'nly Fire
We're Thou a Spark ſtruck off, a ſep'rate Ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with Terreſtrial Clay;
With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel;

To teach it Good and Ill, Disgrace or Fame;
Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame;
To guide it's Actions with informing Care,
In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
As fits the various Course of human Age;
Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
The Captive breaks Her Prison's mould'ring Walls;
Hovers a-while upon the sad Remains,
Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;
And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go;
(Points which We rather may dispute, than know)
Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breast,
Which for Thy Sake from Passions I divest:
For these, Thou say'st, raise all the stormy Strife,
Which hinder Thy Repose, and trouble Life.
Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may perswade;
Be Thy Affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amass'd in Man there justly is beheld
What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd:
The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beasts the Sense,
The Angel's Forecast and Intelligence:
Say from these glorious Seeds what Harvest flows;
Recount our Blessings, and compare our Woes.
In it's true Light let clearest Reason see
The Man drag'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
Helpless and Naked on a Woman's knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as She may please;
Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Disease.
His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;

His

His Heart assaulted by invading Air,
And beating fervent to the vital War;
To his Young Sense how various Forms appear;
That strike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
By his Distortions he reveals his Pains;
He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
'Till Time and Use assist the Infant Wretch,
By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
His Wants in plainer Characters to show.
And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe.
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish Years
To babling Ignorance, and to empty Fears;
To pass the riper Period of his Age,
Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
To lasting Toils expos'd, and endless Cares,
To open Dangers, and to secret Snares;
To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
And the more dangerous Love of seeming Friends.
His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill:
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd Debate,
Who in the Scorner's, or the Judge's Seat
Dare to condemn the Virtue which they hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;
And Trees and Beasts prefer to Courts and Men?
In the remotest Wood and lonely Grott
Certain to meet that worst of Evils Thought;
Diff'rent *Ideas* to his Mem'ry brought;
Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods;
Impetuous some, as the descending Floods:
With anxious Doubts, with raging Passions torn,
No sweet Companion near with whom to mourn;
He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
And from himself the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path soe'er of Life We rove,
Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:

Vex'd

Vex'd with the present Moment's heavy Gloom,
Why seek we Brightness from the Years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick Man's Sleep,
Our troubl'd Thoughts to distant Prospects leap:
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
For Hope is but the Dream of Those that wake:
But looking back, We see the dreadful Train
Of woes, a-new which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the Path again.
Still adding Grief, still counting from the first;
Judging the latest Evils still the worst;
And sadly finding each progressive Hour
Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r;
Till by one countless Sum of Woes oppress,
Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Rest,
We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:
Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn,
Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood we return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the VVomb
We yesterday came forth; that in the Tomb
Naked again we must To-morrow lye,
Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Pass we the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
The weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;
The Bear, the Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
The Sheepfold scatter'd, and the Shepherd slain;
The frequent Errors of the pathless VVood,
The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:
The noisom Pestilence, that in open War
Terrible, marches thro' the Mid day Air,
And scatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
Cuts the dank Mist, and fatal wings it's Flight;
The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,
That from the Hills disperse their dreadful Store,
And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;
The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, sad Guest,
Canker or Locust hurtful to infest

The

The Blade; while Huſks elude the Tiller's Care,
And Eminence of want diſtinguiſhes the Year.

Paſs we the ſlow Diſeaſe, and ſubtil Pain,
Which our weak Frame is deſtin'd to ſuſtain;
The cruel Stone, with congregated VVar
Tearing his bloody VVay; the cold Catarrh,
With frequent Impulſe, and continu'd Strife,
Weak'ning the waſted Seats of irkſom Life;
The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Feaver's Rage,
The ſad Experience of Decay; and Age,
Her ſelf the ſoareſt Ill; while Death, and Eaſe,
Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appeaſe,
Or end the Grief, with haſty Wings recede
From the vext Patient, and the ſickly Bed.

Nought ſhall it profit, that the charming Fair,
Angelic, ſofteſt VVork of Heav'n, draws near
To the cold ſhaking paralytic Hand,
Senſeleſs of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
The Dictates of its feeble Maſter's VVill.

Nought ſhall the Pſaltry, and the Harp avail,
The pleaſing Song, or well repeated Tale,
When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
And numbing Coldneſs has unbrac'd the Ear.

The verdant Riſing of the flow'ry Hill,
The Vale enamell'd, and the Cryſtal Rill,
The Ocean rolling, and the ſhelly Shoar,
Beautiful Objects, ſhall delight no more;
When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffuſion lye.
Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
After the falling of the later Rain:
But to the Aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful Viciſſitude; He ſtill muſt mourn

The

The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
Eclips'd to Him, and loſt in everlaſting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:
Frequent for Breath his panting Boſom heaves:
To broken Sleeps his remnant Senſe He gives;
And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the Silver Cord
Diſſever'd lies: unhonour'd from the Board
The Cryſtal Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
And after Utenſils their Place ſupply.
Theſe Things and Thou muſt ſhare one equal Lot;
Dye and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
While ſtill another, and another Race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the Place.
From Earth all came, to Earth muſt all return;
Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of theſe Ills ſuppreſs'd:
And view we Man with Health and Vigour bleſt.
Home he returns with the declining Sun,
His deſtin'd Task of Labor hardly done:
Goes forth again with the aſcending Ray,
Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
And find the Ill ſufficient to the Day.
Haply at Night he does with Horror ſhun
A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:
His Neighbour's Off-ſpring he To-morrow ſees;
And doubly feels his Want in their Increaſe:
The next Day, and the next he muſt attend
His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.
In every Act and Turn of Life he feels
Public Calamities, or Houſhold Ills:
The due Reward to juſt Deſert refus'd:
The Truſt betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd;

The

The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cauſe,
And doubtful Iſſue of miſconſtru'd Laws:
The crafty Turns of a diſhoneſt State,
And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:
The venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
Which nor can Wiſdom ſhun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Eſteem we theſe, my Friends, Event and Chance,
Produc'd as Atoms from their flutt'ring Dance?
Or higher yet their Eſſence may we draw
From deſtin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
Again, my Muſe, the cruel Doubt repeat:
Spring they, I ſay, from Accident, or Fate?
Yet ſuch, we find, they are, as can controll
The ſervile Actions of our wav'ring Soul;
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will;
Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
Still preſs'd with Weight of Woe, ſtill hopes to find
A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
From Years of Pain, one Moment of Releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt ſhe may herſelf deceive
Againſt Experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at laſt
Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry paſt;
Who to his deſtin'd Stage has carry'd on
The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
Whom the cut Braſs, or wounded Marble ſhows
Victor o'er Life, and all her Train of VVoes,
He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate
To ſhorter Labor, and a lighter VVeight,
Receiv'd but Yeſterday the Gift of Breath,
Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
But O! beyond Deſcription happieſt he,
VVho ne'er muſt roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;

VVho

Who with bleſs'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming Womb,
Nor ſee the Sun, nor ſink into the Tomb.

Who breaths, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks muſt mourn;
And He alone is bleſs'd, who ne'er was born.

" Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear:
" Are not theſe general Maxims too ſevere?
" Say: cannot Pow'r ſecure it's Owner's Bliſs?
" And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?
" Are Victors bleſs'd with Fame, or Kings with Eaſe?

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
And Man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.

" But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree
" From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain
Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain:
But hence, Ye Worldly, and Profane, retire:
For I adapt my Voice, and raiſe my Lyre
To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receivid:
Ye ſtill muſt covet Life, and be deceivid:
Your very Fear of Death ſhall make Ye try
To catch the Shade of Immortality;
Wiſhing on Earth to linger and to ſave
Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave;
To thoſe who may ſurvive Ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in ſpight of Time, and Death;
A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
And in a Book, or from a Building live.
False Hope! vain Labor! let ſome Ages fly:
The Dome ſhall moulder, and the Volume dye:
Wretches, ſtill taught, ſtill will Ye think it ſtrange,
That all the Parts of this great Fabric change;

Quit

Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
And loſe their Shape, their Eſſence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain;
Our Lot is Sorrow; and Our Portion Pain.

What Pauſe from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
The Name of Wife or Great, of Judge or King?
What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
Now crown'd ſome angry Faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a Victim to the People's Eaſe:
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
Nouriſh'd in Flatt'ry, and eſtrang'd from Truth;
At Home ſurrounded by a ſervile Crowd,
Prompt to abuſe, and in Detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears;
His very State acknowledging his Fears:
Marching amidſt a thouſand Guards, He ſhows
His ſecret Terror of a thouſand Foes:
In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave;
Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies;
Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But He returns with Conqueſt on his Brow;
Brings up the Triumph, and abſolves the Vow:
The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde
Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride.
What is this Triumph? Madneſs, Shouts, and Noiſe,
One great Collection of the People's Voice.
The Wretches he brings back, in Chains relate,
What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.
The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, ſhow
National Loſs, and Epidemic Woe,
Various Diſtreſs, which He and His may know.

Does

Does He not mourn the valiant Thousands slain;
The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
Or the Wolve's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
See Millions crowding round the gilded Car!
In the vast Joys of this Ecstatic Hour,
And full Fruition of successful Pow'r,
One Moment and one Thought might let Him scan
The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of sad Distrust,
And Popular Change, obscur'd a-mid the Dust,
That rises from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
Can the loud Clarion, or shrill Fife repel
The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the Noise;
Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air;
Stun the Birds now releas'd and shake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praises loud,
(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquish'd go;
Should She depress my Arms, and raise the Foe;)
Would for That Foe with equal Ardor wait
At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate;
With restless Rage would pull my Statues down;
And cast the Brass a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Desire of Worldly Sway!
That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,
May of To-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
Ghastly with Wounds, and lifeless on the Bier!
Then (Vileness of Mankind!) then of all These,
Whom my dilated Eye with Labor sees,

Would

Would one, alas! repeat me Good, or Great?
Wash my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile Carr,
The Victor's Pastime, and the Sport of War;
Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my Friend?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?
To see this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?
To know with more Distinction to complain,
And have superior Sense in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with strictest Eye,
Where safe from Time distinguish'd Actions lye;
And judge if Greatness be exempt from Pain,
Or Pleasure ever may with Pow'r remain.

Adam, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
The fairest Blessing to his Arms convey'd,
A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea, and Land,
And all that move therein, to his Command
Render'd obedient: say, my pensive Muse,
What did these golden Promises produce?
Scarce tasting Life, he was of Joy bereav'd:
One Day, I think, in *Paradise* he liv'd;
Destin'd the next his Journey to pursue,
Where wounding Thorns, and cursed Thistles grew.
E'er yet he earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
Inclin'd to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat must flow:
His Limbs must ake, with daily Toils oppress'd;
E'er long-wish'd Night brings necessary Rest:
Still viewing with Regret his Darling *Eve*,
He for her Follies, and his own must grieve.
Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless Choice;
His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice
Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd; oft his View
A-ghast, as when the Infant Light'ning flew;
And the stern *Cherub* stop'd the fatal Road,
Arm'd with the Flames of an avenging GOD.

His younger Son on the polluted Ground,
First Fruit of Death, lies Plaintiff of a Wound,
Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His eldest Birth
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
Yet why those Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age sinn'd on, and Guilt advanc'd with Time:
The Son still added to the Father's Crime;
'Till GOD arose, and great in Anger said:
Lo! it repenteth me that Man was made.
Withdraw thy Light, thou Sun! be dark, ye Skies!
And from your deep Abyss, ye Waters, rise!

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
And o'er the Earth from wrathful Vials pour'd
Tempests and Storm, obedient to his Word.
Mean time, his Providence to *Noah* gave
The Guard of all, that he design'd to save.
Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch stood;
Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall silent; and the Waves decrease:
The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive, Peace:
Yet still his Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
Which Faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward World his Views are cast;
'Tis Death diffus'd, and Universal Waste.
Present (sad Prospect!) can he ought descry,
But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
The Beauties of the ancient Fabric lost,
In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coast?
While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
When of GOD's Image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the Watry Grave, and sav'd from Nations
And from three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth, [drown'd;
The Seed, whence Empires must receive their Birth,

One

One he foresees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
And mark'd with Curses fatal to his Race.

Abraham, Potent Prince, the Friend of God,
Of Human Ills must bear the destin'd Load;
By Blood and Battles must his Pow'r maintain,
And slay the Monarchs, e'er he rules the Plain;
Must deal just Portions of a servile Life
To a proud Handmaid, and a peevish Wife;
Must with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
Must take his other Child, his Age's Hope
To trembling *Moriam*'s melancholy Top,
Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
Destroy his Heir, or disobey his GOD.

Moses beheld that GOD; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep Abyss of Light;
While present, too severe for Human Sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd Night.
The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
To fierce Encounter, and to toilsome Deed.
His Youth with Wants and Hardships must engage:
Plots and Rebellions must disturb his Age.
Some *Corah* still arose, some Rebel Slave,
Prompter to sink the State, than he to save:
And *Israel* did his Rage so far provoke,
That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke.
His Voice scarce heard, his Dictates scarce believ'd,
In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, he liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to severest Law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, he saw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood must engage
The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage,

By various Turns his threaten'd Youth must fear
Goliah's lifted Sword, and *Saul*'s emitted Spear.
Forlorn he must, and persecuted fly;
Climb the steep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;
And often ask, and be refus'd to dye.

For ever, from his manly Toils, are known
The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguish of a Crown.
What Tongue can speak the restless Monarch's Woes;
When GOD and *Nathan* were declar'd his Foes?
When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
The Parent's Sins impress'd upon the dying Child?
What Heart can think the Grief which he sustain'd;
When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;
And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection shed
It's poys'nous Venom on the Royal Dead:
Yet the unwilling Truth must be express'd;
Which long has labor'd in this pensive Breast:
Dying he added to my VVeight of Care:
He made me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
Left his unfinish'd Murder to his Son,
And *Joab*'s Blood intail'd on *Judah*'s Crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
The cruel Dictates of my Parent's Will.
Of his fair Deeds a distant View I took;
But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;
Forgot his Youth, spent in his Country's Cause,
His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:

But

But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
Broken and old in *Bathſheba*'s Embrace;
Could follow him, where e'er he ſtray'd from Good,
And cite his ſad Example; whilſt I trod
Paths open to Deceit, and track'd with Blood.
Soon docile to the ſecret Acts of Ill,
With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways purſue.
In vain for Life he to the Altar fled:
Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
Ev'n there, my Soul, ev'n there he ſhould have fell;
But that my Intereſt did my Rage conceal.
Doubling my Crime, I promiſe, and deceive;
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, Perſwaſions, Signs, and Tears are vain:
With a mean Lie curs'd vengeance I ſuſtain;
Join Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
'Till of the deſtin'd Fugitive ſecure,
In ſolemn State to Parricide I riſe;
And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Be witneſs to my Tears, Celeſtial Muſe!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe
Fraternal Blood by my Direction ſpilt;
In vain on *Joab*'s Head transfer the Guilt:
The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand:
The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.

Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
Years of Contrition muſt the Crime attone;
Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
Her Love of Truth ſuperior to Her Art,

Already the reflecting Muſe has trac'd
The mournful Figures of my Action paſt.
The penſive Goddeſs has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
From growing Childhood to declining Age,
How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
This Courſe of Vanity almoſt compleat,
Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope retreat
In the ſtill Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their Points broke, retorted from the Head;
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frighted Reaſon! what is Death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted Breath?
The utmoſt Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that riſes from the kindling Fires
Is ſeen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by riſing Winds are toſt,
Their fleeting Forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt:
So vaniſhes our State: ſo paſs our Days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! ſo nigh,
To live is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to dye.

Cure of the Miſer's Wish, and Coward's Fear,
Death only ſhews Us, what We knew was near.
With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;
Nor Nature's Law with fruitleſs Sorrow mourn;
But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou waſt born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wiſe,
To ſuch Adviſe, the Reaſ'ner ſtill replies.

Yet meaſuring all the long continu'd Space,
Ev'ry ſucceſſive Day's repeated Race,

Since

Since Time firſt ſtarted from his priſtin Goal,
'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
Joyn'd to my Body ſwell'd the Womb; I was,
(At leaſt I think ſo) Nothing: muſt I paſs
Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
Ceaſing, conſigns Me o'er to Reſt, and Death?
Muſt the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?
And never ſhall thoſe Particles agree,
That were in Life this Individual He?
But ſever'd, muſt They join the general Maſs,
Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to paſs;
Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was?
Does the great Word that gave him Senſe, ordain,
That Life ſhall never wake that Senſe again?
And will no Pow'r his ſinking Spirits ſave
From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the Grave.

Each Evening I behold the ſetting Sun
With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:
Yet the ſame Light (paſs but ſome fleeting Hours)
Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs;
Starts the bright Race again: His conſtant Flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the ſame.
I mark the various Fury of the Winds:
Theſe neither Seaſons guide, nor Order binds:
They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
Various their Speed, but endleſs is their Courſe.
From his firſt Fountain and beginning Ouze,
Down to the Sea each Brook and Torrent flows:
Tho' ſundry Drops or leave, or ſwell the Stream;
The Whole ſtill runs, with equal Pace, the Same.
Still other Waves ſupply the riſing Urns;
And the eternal Floud no Want of water mourns.

Why then muſt Man obey the ſad Decree,
Which ſubjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn arise,
And flourishing the Day, at Evening dyes;
A Winged Eastern Blast, just skimming o'er
The Ocean's Brow, and sinking on the Shore:
A Fire, whose Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;
A Meteor shooting from the Summer Sky;
A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;
A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream;
Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
Our Earthly Course: But, O my Soul! so fast
Must Life run off; and Death for ever last?

This dark Opinion, sure, is too confin'd:
Else whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?
Does Something still, and Somewhere yet remain,
Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain?
Say: shall our Relicks second Birth receive?
Sleep We to wake, and only dye to live?
When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
Lyes the pale Corps not yet entirely Dead?
The Spirit only from the Body fled,
The grosser Part of Heat and Motion void,
To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time destroy'd;
The Soul, immortal Substance, to remain,
Conscious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
And if Her Acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
Shall She with Safety reach her pristine Seat?
Find her Rest endless, and her Bliss compleat?
And while the buried Man We idly mourn;
Do Angels joy to see His better Half return?
But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life
With murd'rous Rapine, and seditious Strife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n
From the Ætherial Seat, and blissful Heav'n,

In

In everlasting Darkness must She lye,
Still more unhappy, that She cannot dye?

Amid Two Seas on One small Point of Land
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We stand:
On either Side our Thoughts incessant turn:
Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.
Losing the Present in this dubious Haste;
And lost Our selves betwixt the Future, and the Past.

These cruel Doubts contending in my Breast,
My Reason stagg'ring, and my Hopes oppress'd,
Once more I said: once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?
How does She act? and where is She confin'd?
Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We please?
Whence then those Evils, that obstruct our Ease?
We happiness pursue; We fly from Pain;
Yet the Pursuit, and yet the Flight is vain:
And, while poor Nature labors to be blest,
By Day with Pleasure, and by Night with Rest;
Some stronger Pow'r eludes our sickly Will;
Dashes our rising Hope with certain Ill;
And makes Us with reflective Trouble see,
That all is destin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our Mind,
Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd.
Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows ease?
And can our Tears reverse His firm Decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails:
Throw Loads of Incense in, to turn the Scales;
And let the silent Sanctuary show,
What from the babling Scholes We may not know,
How Man may shun, or bear his destin'd Part of Woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our Fate?
Anxious We hover in a mediate State, Betwixt

Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
Or boundless Terms, whose doubtful Sense confounds
Unequal Thought; whilst all We apprehend,
Is, that our Hopes must rise, our Sorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

I said; ——— and instant bad the Priests prepare
The ritual Sacrifice, and solemn Pray'r.
Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
A Hundred Bulls ascend the Sacred Way.
The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
They breath the Flute, or strike the vocal Wire.
The Maids in comely Order next advance;
They beat the Tymbrel, and instruct the Dance.
Follows the chosen Tribe from Levi sprung,
Chanting by just Return the Holy Song.
Along the Choir in Solemn State they pass,
——— The Anxious King came last.
The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
I paid; and bowing at the Altar low,

Father of Heav'n! I said, and Judge of Earth!
Whose Word call'd out this Universe to Birth;
By whose kind Pow'r and influencing Care
The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that Care; withdrawn that Pow'r;
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omni-scient Master, Omni-present King,
To Thee, to Thee, my last Distress I bring.

Thou, that can'st Still the Raging of the Seas,
Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempests cease;
Redeem my ship-wreck'd Soul from raging Gusts
Of cruel Passion, and deceitful Lusts:
From Storms of Rage, and dangerous Rocks of Pride,
Let Thy strong Hand this little Vessel guide
(It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
Direct my Course, and bring me safe to Land.

If,

If, while this weary'd Flesh draws fleeting Breath,
Not satisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I should know
Glimpse of Delight, or Pause from anxious Woe;
From *Now*, from instant *Now*, great Sire, dispell
The Clouds that press my Soul; from *Now* reveal
A gracious Beam of Light; from *Now* inspire
My Tongue to sing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:
My open'd Thought to joyous Prospects raise;
And, for Thy Mercy, let me sing Thy Praise.
Or, if Thy Will ordains, I still shall wait
Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
And raise my Mind superior to my Care.
Let Me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
With humble Zeal confess Thy awful Pow'r;
Still weeping Hope, and wond'ring still adore.
So in my Conquest be Thy Might declar'd:
And, for Thy Justice, be Thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous Gloom
Darkens the Air; loud Thunder shakes the Dome:
To the beginning Miracle succeed
An awful Silence, and religious Dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day;
The sacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows ——
Ambrosial Odor, such as never flows
From *Arab*'s Gum, or the *Sabean* Rose,
Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuse:
The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
Celestial Music (such *Sicilides* Lyre,
Such *Miriam*'s Timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear.
With Ecstasy too fine, and Pleasure hard to bear.

And,

And lo! what sees my ravish'd Eye? what feels
My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals
An Heav'nly Form embody'd and array'd
With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel said:

Cease, Man of VVoman born, to hope Relief
From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the VVind:
Suppress thy Passions; and prepare thy Mind.
Free and familiar with Misfortune grow:
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to VVoe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy Decrease; and hasten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and VVar,
Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
Send the Successive Ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whose Success thy Hope is bound,
E'er thou art scarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;
To Lust of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd,
(That cursed Poyson to the Prince's Mind!)
Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
And lose his great Defence, his People's Love.
Ill Counsell'd, Vanquish'd, Fugitive, Disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the Fame of *Jacob's* Strength effac'd.
Shall sigh, the King diminish'd, and the Crown
With lessen'd Rays descending to his Son.
Shall see the VVreaths, His Grandsire knew to reap
By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
Pining incline their sickly Leaves, and shed
Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.
By Arms, or Pray'r unable to assuage
Domestic Horror, and intestine Rage,
Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquish'd fear,
From *Israel's* Arrow, and from *Judah's* Spear:

Shall

Shall caſt his weary'd Limbs on *Jordan*'s Floud,
By Brother's Arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with Kindred-
[Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years ſhall weep their deſtin'd Race
Charg'd with ill Omens; ſully'd with Diſgrace.
Time by Neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe.
The Empire leſſen'd in a parted Stream,
Shall loſe it's Courſe ———
Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme;
Judah ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by Grief and Shame;
And Men ſhall from her Ruins know her Fame.

New *Ægypts* yet, and ſecond Bonds remain,
A harſher *Pharaoh*, and a heavyer Chain.
Again obedient to a dire Command,
Thy Captive Sons ſhall leave the promis'd Land.
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
Shall, on *Euphrates*' Bank, renew the Grief of *Nile*.

Theſe pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky
Inglorious Change! ſhall in Deſtruction lye
Low, levell'd with the Duſt; their Heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
For laſting Glory built, deſign'd the Seat
Of Kings for ever bleſt, for ever great.
Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
The Tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred Load
Of Gold and Veſſels ſet a-part to GOD,
Then by vile Hands to common Uſe debas'd;
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken Feaſt,
With ſacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jeſt.

Twice fourteen Ages ſhall their Way complete:
Empires by various Turns ſhall riſe and ſet;
While Thy abandon'd Tribes ſhall only know
A diff'rent Maſter, and a Change of Woe:

With

With down-cast Eye-lids, and with Looks aghaſt,
Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Paſt.

Afflicted ISRAEL ſhall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the Streams, where *Babel*'s Waters run;
Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd Limbs aſpiring but to Reſt.
In the reflective Stream the ſighing Bride,
Viewing her Charms impair'd, abaſh'd ſhall hide
Her penſive Head; and in her languid Face
The Bridegroom ſhall fore-ſee his ſickly Race:
While pond'rous Fetters vex their cloſe Embrace.
With irkſome Anguiſh then your Prieſts ſhall mourn
Their long-neglected Feaſts deſpair'd Return,
And ſad Oblivion of their ſolemn Days.
Thenceforth their Voices They ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By Day your frighted Seers
Shall call for Fountains to expreſs their Tears;
And wiſh their Eyes were Flouds: by Night from Dreams
Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the People ſhow
Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Myſtic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant ſhall require,
That They ſhould breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
Shall ſay: can JACOB's ſervile Race rejoice,
Untun'd the Muſic, and diſus'd the Voice?
What can We play? (They ſhall diſcourſe) how ſing
In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
The arbitrary Laſh, to bend, to grieve;
(Out caſt of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
Image of ought delightful, ſoft, or gay?
Alas! when We have toyl'd the longſome Day;
The fulleſt Bliſs our Hearts aſpire to know,
Is but ſome Interval from active Woe; In

In broken Reſt, and ſtartling Sleep to mourn;
'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.
Bred up in Grief, can Pleaſure be our Theme?
Our endleſs Anguiſh does not Nature claim?
Reaſon, and Sorrow are to Us the Same?
Alas! with wild Amazement We require,
If Idle Folly was not Pleaſure's Sire:
Madneſs, VVe fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know.
Illuſtrious VVretch, repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reaſon's Eye;
Too bright the Object is: the Diſtance is too high.
The Man who would reſolve the VVork of Fate,
May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait:
Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Senſe;
Nor let Duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who muſt diſpoſe, and Man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy Sum of Life muſt His Decrees fulfill:
VVhat derogates from His Command, is Ill;
And that alone is Good, which centers in His VVill.

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senſes may not droop,
Loſt to Delight, and deſtitute of Hope;
Remark what I, GOD's Meſſenger, aver
From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
The Land at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn;
Shall from her ſad Captivity return.
Sion ſhall raiſe her long-dejected Head;
And in her Courts the Law again be read.
Again the glorious Temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new Luſtre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.
The promis'd Seat of Empire ſhall again
Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain,

And

And from Thy Race diſtinguiſh'd, *One* ſhall ſpring,
Greater in Act than Victor, more than King,
In Dignity and Pow'r, ſent down from Heav'n,
To ſuccour Earth. To *Him*, to *Him* 'tis giv'n,
Paſſion, and Care, and Anguiſh to deſtroy.
Thro' *Him* ſoft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd ſhall flow.
No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, *Solomon*, remembring Who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
Go forth: Be ſtrong: With Patience, and with Care
Perform, and Suffer: To Thy ſelf ſevere,
Gracious to Others, Thy Deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd Thy Virtues, Firſt of Men, be Beſt.
Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
O may they graven in thy Heart remain!
Be Humble, and be Juſt. The Angel ſaid:
With upward Speed His agile VVings He ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy Ground I proſtrate lay,
By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I ſpoke:

Supreme, Allwiſe, Eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, Sole Diſpoſer of our Fate!
Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
Whom no Man fully ſees, and none can ſee!
Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plaſtic Hand
Diſpoſe it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
Reſtore, Great Father, Thy Inſtructed Son;
And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE

10 JA 67

THE

The CONTENTS.

ON *Exodus* III, 14. *I am that I am.* An Ode. Written in 1688. as an Exercise at St. *John's* College, *Cambridge.* Page 1
To the Countess of *Exeter* playing on the Lute. 4
Picture of *Seneca* dying in a Bath, by *Jordan*, at the Rt. Honorable the Earl of *Exeter's* at *Burleigh* House. 6
An Ode. ibid
An Epistle to *Fleetwood Shephard*, Esq; 8
To the Countess of *Dorset.* Written in her Milton. By Mr. *Bradbury.* 13
To the Lady *Dursley*, on the same Subject. 14
To my L. *Buckhurst*, very young, playing with a Cat. ibid
An Ode. 15
A Song 16
The Despairing Shepherd. ibid
To the Honorable *Charles Montague*, Esq; 17
Hymn to the Sun, Set by Dr. *Purcel*, and Sung before Their Majesties on *New-Years-Day*, 1694. 19
The Ladies Looking-Glass. 21
Love and Friendship: a Pastoral. By Mrs. *Eliz. Singer.* 23
To the Author of the foregoing Pastoral. 25
To a Lady, She refusing to continue a Dispute with Me, and leaving Me in the Argument: An Ode. 26
Seeing the D. of *Ormonde's* Picture at Sir *Godf. Kneller's.* 27
Celia *to* Damon. 28
An Ode presented to the King, on His Majesty's Arrival in *Holland*, after the Queen's Death, 1695. 31
In Imitation of *Anacreon.* 38
An Ode. 39
Ode sur la prise de *Namur* par les Armes du Roy, l'Annee 1692, Par Monsieur *Boileau Despreaux.* 40
An English Ballad, on the Taking of *Namur* by the King of Great *Britain*, 1695. 41
Presented to the King at his Arrival in Holland, after the Discovery of the Conspiracy, 1696. 52
To *Cloe* weeping. 54
To Mr. *Howard.* An Ode. 55
Love disarmed. 56

Cloe

Cloe hunting. 57
Cupid and *Ganymede*, 58
Cupid miſtaken. 60
Venus miſtaken. 61
A Song. ibid
The *Dove*. 62
A Lover's Anger. 66
Mercury and *Cupid*. 67
On Beauty: a Riddle. 68
The Queſtion: to *Liſetta*. 70
Liſetta's Reply. ibid
The Garland. 71
The Lady who offers her Looking-Glaſs to *Venus*. 72
Cloe jealous. ibid
Anſw. to *Cloe* jealous, in the ſame Style; the Author Sick. 74
A better Anſwer. 75
Pallas and *Venus*: an Epigram. 76
To a Young Gentleman in Love. A Tale. ibid
An Engliſh Padlock. 79
Hans Carvel. 81
A Dutch Proverb. 85
Paulo Purganti & his Wife: an Honeſt, but a Simple Pair. ibid
The Ladle. 90
Written at *Paris*, 1700: in the beginning of *Robe*'s Geography. 95
Written in the beginning of *Mezeray*'s Hiſtory of *France*. 96
Written in the *Nouveaux Intereſts des Princes de l'Europe*. 97
Adriana Morientis ad Animam Suam: ibid.
By Monſieur *Fontenelle*. ibid.
Imitated 98
A Paſſage in the *Moriæ Encomium* of *Eraſmus* Imitated: ibid.
To Dr. *Sherlock*, on his practical Diſcourſe concerning Death. 99
Carmen Seculare, for the Year 1700: to the King. 101
Carmen Seculare, *Latinè redditum per* Tho. Dibben, é Col. Trin. Cantab. 117
An Ode inſcribed to the Memory of the Hon. Colonel *George Villiers*, drowned in the River *Piava*, in the Country of *Friuli* 1703: in Imitation of *Horace*, Ode XXVII. *Lib.* I. 133

Pro-

Prologue spoken at Court before the Queen on Her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1704. 136
A Letter to *Monsieur Boileau Despreaux*, occasioned by the Victory at *Blenheim*, 1704. 137
For the Plan of a Fountain, &c. 143
The Chamelion. ibid.
Merry *Andrew*. 145
A Simile. 146
The Flies. ibid.
From the *Greek*. 147
Epigram. ibid.
Another. ibid.
Another. 148
Another. ibid.
To a Person who wrote Ill, and spake Worse against Me. ib.
On the same Person. 149
Quid sit futurum Cras, fuge quærere. ibid.
The Nut-brown Maid: a Poem written Three hundred Years since. ibid.
Henry and *Emma*, a Poem, upon the Model of the Nut-brown Maid. 149
An Ode humbly inscribed to the Queen on the Glorious Success of Her Majesty's Arms, 1706. Written in Imitation of *Spenser*'s Style. 181
Cantata; *Set by Monsieur Galliard*. 195
Her Right Name. 196
Written in an *Ovid*. 197
A True Maid. ibid.
Another. 198
A Reasonable Affliction. ibid.
Another Reasonable Affliction. ibid.
Another. ibid.
On the same Subject. 199
On the Same. ibid
Phyllis's Age. ibid
Forma, Bonum fragile. 200
A Critical Moment. ibid
An Epigram written to the Duke *de Noailles*. ibid
Epilogue to *Phædra*: Spoken by Mrs. *Olfield*, who acted *Ismena*. 201

Epilogue

Epilogue to *Lucius*; Spoken by Mrs. *Horton*. 202
The Thief and the Cordelier: a Ballad, to the Tune of King *John* and the Abbot of *Canterbury*. 204
An Epitaph. 206
To the Right Honorable Mr. *Harley*: in Imitation of *Horace*, Lib. I. Epist. 9. 207
To Mr. *Harley* wounded by *Guiscarde*, 1711: an Ode. 208
An Extempore Invitation to the Earl of *Oxford*, Lord High Treasurer, 1712. 210
Earl *Robert*'s Mice: in *Chaucer*'s Style. ibid
In the same Style. 212
In the same Style. ibid.
A Flower painted by *Simon Varelist*. 213
To the Lady *Elizabeth Harley*, since Marchioness of *Carmarthen*; on a Column of her Drawing. ibid.
Protogenes and *Appelles*. ibid.
Democritus and *Heraclitus*. 216
For my own Tomb Stone. ibid.
Gualterus Danistonus ad Amicos. 217
Imitated, ibid.
The first Hymn of *Callimachus*, to *Jupiter*. 218
The Second Hymn of *Callimachus*, to Appollo. 222
Charity: a Paraphrase on the XIIIth Chapter of the Ist Epistle to the *Corinthians*. 226
Engraven on a Column in the Church at *Halstead* in *Essex*; the Spire of which, burnt down by Light'ning, was rebuilt at the Expence of Mr. *Samuel Fiske*, 1717. 228
Written in *Montaign*'s Essays, given to the Duke of *Shrewsbury* in *France*, after the Peace, 1713. ibid.
An Epistle desiring the Queen's Picture. Written at *Paris*, 1714; but left unfinished by the sudden News of Her Majesty's Death. 229
ALMA, or the Progress of the Mind in Three Canto's.
Canto I. 231 Canto II. 245 Canto III. 260
SOLOMON: a Poem in Three Books.
Knowledge: Book I. 273
Pleasure: Book II. 319
Power: Book III. 349

10 JA 67

FINIS.